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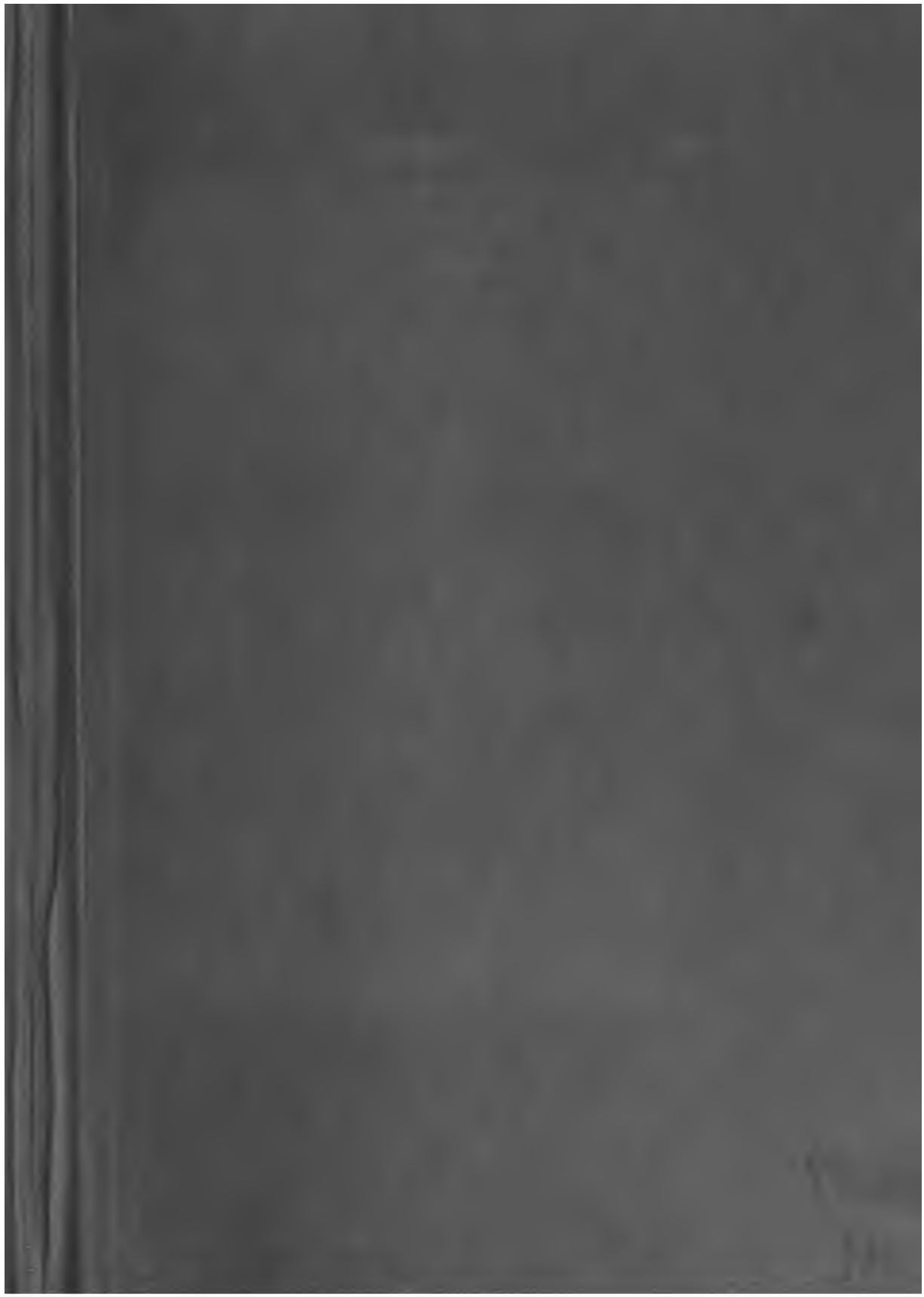

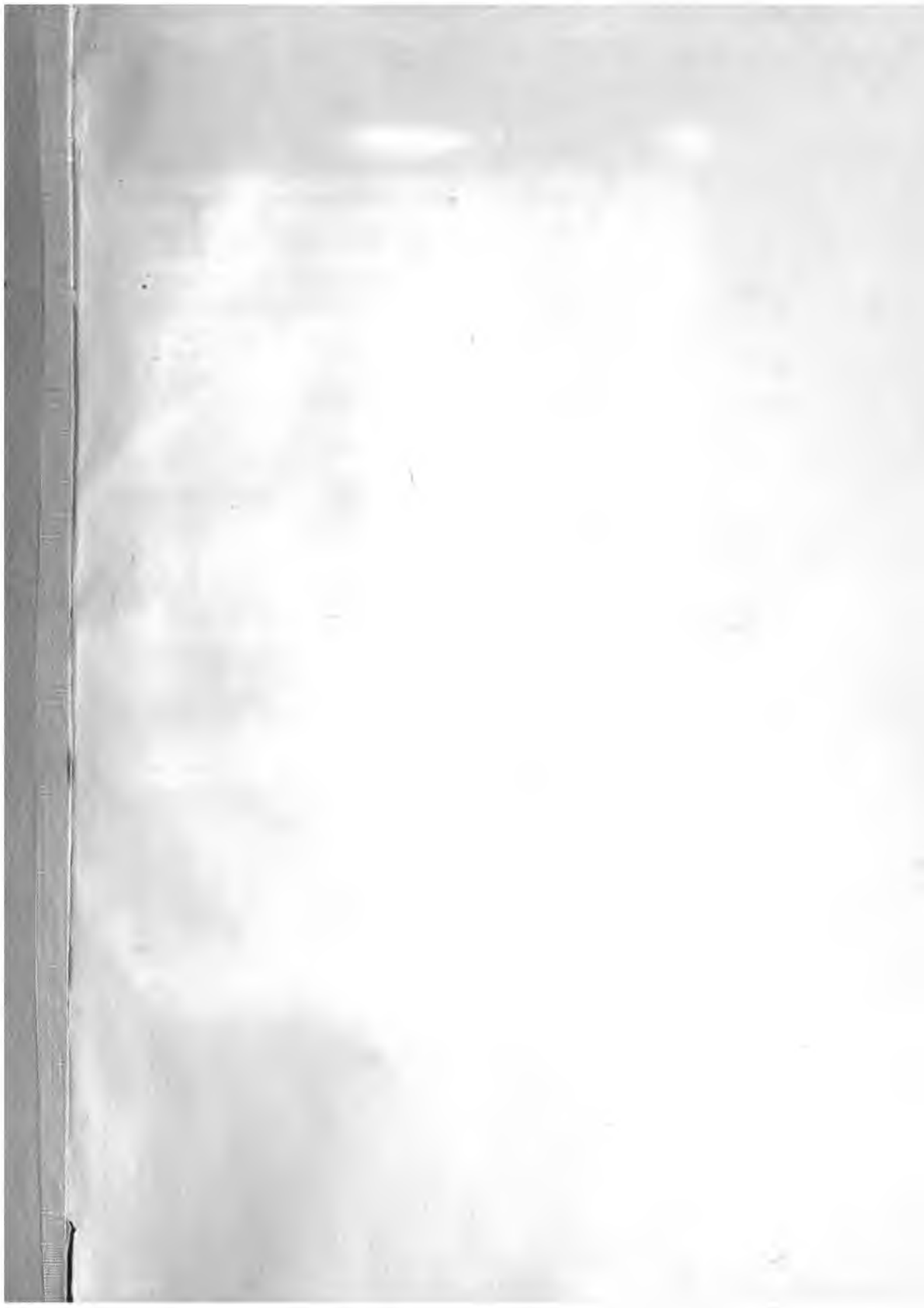

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JOSEPH HASLEWOOD.

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1815.

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Mirror for Magistrates,

IN FIVE PARTS.

VOLUME THE SECOND,

CONTAINING

PART III.

BY FERRERS, CAVYLL, CHALONER, PHAER, BALDWIN, SKELTON, DOLMAN, SACKVILLE, SEGAR, DINGLEY, CHURCHYARD, AND DRAYTON.

PARTS IV. AND V.

BY RICHARD NICCOLS.

COLLATED WITH

VARIOUS EDITIONS, AND HISTORICAL NOTES, &c.

By JOSEPH HASLEWOOD.

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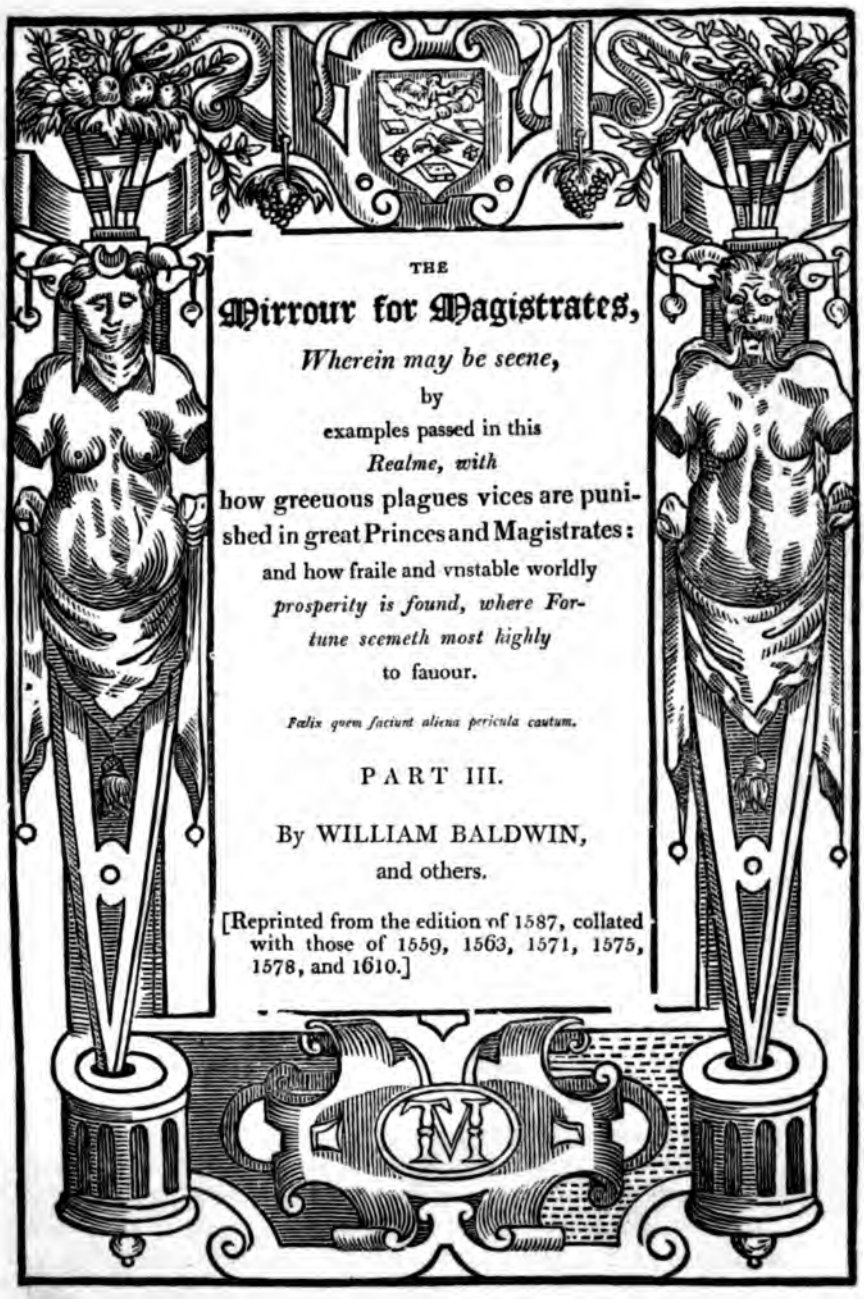

THE

Mirrour for Magistrates,

Wherein may be seene,

by

examples passed in this

Realme, with

how greeuous plagues vices are punished in great Princes and Magistrates:

and how fraile and vnstable worldly

prosperity is found, where Fortune seemeth most highly

to fauour.

Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.

PART III.

By WILLIAM BALDWIN,

and others.

[Reprinted from the edition of 1587, collated with those of 1559, 1563, 1571, 1575, 1578, and 1610.]

[Loue and Liue.

TO ALL THE[1] NOBILITIE, AND ALL OTHER IN OFFICE, GOD GRAUNT WISEdome and all thinges nedefull for the preseruation of their estates. Amen.

PLATO among many of[2] his notable sentences concernyng the gouernement of a common weale hath this: Well is that realme gouerned, in which the ambitious desire not to beare office. Whereby you may perceiue (right honourable) what offices are, where they be duely executed: not gainfull spoyles for the gredy to hunt for, but painefull toyles for the heady[3] to bee charged with. You may perceiue also, by this sentence, there[4] is nothing more necessary in a common weale then that magistrates[5] be diligent and trusty in their charges.

And sure in whatsoeuer realme such prouision is made, that officers be forced to do their duties, there is it as hard a matter to get an officer, as it is in other places to repulse and shift of[6] those that with flattery, brybes, and other shiftes, sue and preace for offices. For the ambitious (that is to saye prollers for power or gayne) seeke not for offices to helpe other, for whych cause officers[7] are ordained: but with the vndoing of other, to enrich themselues.[8] And therfore bar them once of this bayt, and force them to do their dueties, then will they geue more[9] to be rid from their charges, than they did at the first to come by them.[10] For they seeke onely their priuate profite.[11] And therfore where the ambitious seeke no office, there

[1] To the. ed. 1559, 63. [2] Many other of. 1559, 63. [3] Heedy. 1559, 63.
[4] That there. 1559, 63. [5] Officers. 1559, 63. Magistrates. 1575.
[6] Other places to shift of, and put by those that with flattery. 1559, 63.
[7] Offices. 1559, 63. [8] To prank vp themselues. 1559, 63.
[9] Duties, and they wil geue more. 1559, 63. [10] To bye them. 1559, 63.
[11] Seke only their commodity and ease. 1559, 63.

no doubt offices are duely ministred. And where offices are duely ministred, it cannot be chosen, but the people are good, whereof must nedes follow a good common weale. For if the magistrates[1] be good, the people cannot be ill. Thus the goodnes or badnes of any realme lieth in the goodnes or badnes of the rulers. And therfore not without great cause do the holy appostles so earnestly charg vs to pray for the magistrates: for in dede the wealth and quiet of euery common weale, the disorder also and miseries of the same, come specially thorough them. I neede not go eyther to the *Romaines* or *Greekes* for the profe hereof, neither yet to the *Jewes*, or other nations: whose common weales haue alway florished whyle their magistrates[2] were good, and decayed and ran to ruyne when vicious men had the gouernement.[3]

Our countrey[4] stories (if we reade and marke them) wil show vs examples enow, would God we had not sene mo than enow. I purpose not to stand herevpon the particulars, because they be in parte setforth in the tragedies folowing.[5] Yet by the waye, this I note (wishing all other to doe the like) namely, that as good gouernours haue neuer lacked their deserued praises,[6] so haue not the bad escaped infamy, besides such plagues as are horrible to heare of. For God (the ordeiner of offices)[7] although he suffer them for punishment of the people to be often occupied of such, as are rather spoilers and *Judasses*, than toilers or justices (whom the scriptures cal hypocrits)[8] yet suffereth he them not to scape vpunished, because they dishonour him. For it is God's own office, yea his chief office which they beare and abuse. For as justice is the chief vertue so is the ministration thereof, the chiefest office: and therfore hath God established it with the chiefest name, honouring and calling kinges and all officers vnder them by his owne name,

[1] Officers. 1559, 63.
[2] Officers. 1559, 63
[3] When noughtye men had the regiment. 1559, 63.
[4] Our owne countrey. 1559, 63.
[5] 'Folowing,' not in editions 1559, 63.
[6] Deserued praises. 1559, 63, 75.
[7] Offices. 1559, 63. Officers, 1575.
[8] Scripture therfore calleth hypocrites, 1559, 63.

gods: ye be al gods, as many as haue in your charge any ministration of iustice. What a foule shame were it for any nowe to take vpon them the name and office of God, and in their doings to shew themselues deuils? God cannot of justice, but plague suche shamelesse presumption and hipocrisie, and that with shamful death, diseases, or infamye. Howe he hath plagued euil rulers from time to time, in other nations, you may see gathred in *Bochas'* boke intituled: *The fall of Princes*, translated into *English* by *Lydgate*, (a monke of the abbey of *Bury* in *Suff.*)[1] How he hath delt with some of our countrymen, your auncestours, for sundry vices not yet left, this boke named *A Mirrour for Magistrates*, shall in parte plalinye set forth before your eyes which boke I humbly[2] offer vnto your honours, beseching you to accept it fauorably. For here, as in a mirror or loking glasse,[3] you shal se if any vice be found,[4] how the like hath ben punished in other heretofore, wherby admonished, I trust it will bee a good occasione to moue men to the[5] soner amendment. This is the chief end why this booke is[6] set forth, which God graunt it may talke according to the maner of the makers.[7] The worke was begon and part of it printed in quene *Marie's* time, but staid by such as then were chief in office,[8] neuertheles, through the meanes of the right honorable Henry lord *Stafford*,[9] the first part was licenced, and imprinted the first yeare of the raign of this our most noble and vertuous queene, and dedicated to your honours with this preface. Since which time, although I wanted such help as before, yet the said good lord *Stafford*[10] hath

[1] Words within the parenthesis added 1571.

[2] A Mirrour for Magistrates can shewe, which therefore I humbly. 1559, 63, 75.

[3] As in a loking glass. 1559. 63.

[4] Vice be in you. 1559, 63.

[5] Moue to the. 1559, 63.

[6] Chiefest ende whye it is. 1559, 63.

[7] God graunt it may attaine. 1559, 63, 75.

[8] But hyndred by the lorde chauncellor that then was. 1563.—Stephen Gardiner, bishop of Winchester, made chancellor, 21 Sept. 1553, died Nov. 1555, and was succeeded as chancellor, by Heath, archbishop of York, Wednesday, 1st January, 1555.

[9] Of my lord Stafford. 1563.

[10] Although I haue bene called to another trade of lyfe, yet my good lorde Stafford. 1563.

not ceased to cal vpon me to publish so much therof as I had gotten at other mens hands, so that through his lordship's earnest meanes, I haue now also set forth another part, conteining as much as I could obtaine at the hands of my frends. Which[1] in the name of al the authours, I humbly dedicate vnto your honours, instantly wishing, that it may so like and delite your minds, that your chereful receiuing thereof, may encourage worthy wits to enterprise and perform the rest. Which assone as I may procure, I entend through God's leaue and your fauourable allowance, to publish with all expedicion. In[2] the meane whyle my lordes and gods, (for so I may cal you) I moste humbly besech your honours fauourably to accepte this rude worke,[3] and diligentlye to reade and consider it. And although you shal find in it, that some haue for their virtue bin enuied and brought vnto misery:[4] yet cease not you to be vertuous, but do your offices to the vttermost. Embrace vertue and suppresse the contrary, both in[5] your selues and other, so shall God, whose officers[6] you are, eyther so maintaine you that no malice shall preuaile, or if it do, it shall be for your good, and to your eternall glory both here and in heauen which I beseech God you may both seek[7] and attaine.

Amen.

Your's most humble

W. B.[8]]

[1] Another parte, conteynyng as lytle of myne owne, as the fyrst part doth of other men's. Which, &c. 1563.

[2] The wurke was begun, and part of it printed IIII years agoe, but hyndred by the lord chauncellour that then was, nevertheles, through the meanes of my lord Stafford, lately perused and licensed. Whan I first tooke it in hand, I had the help of many graunted and offred of sum, but of few perfourmed, skarce of any. So that when I entended to haue continued it to quene Marie's time, I haue ben faine to end it much sooner: yet so, that it may stande for a patarne till the rest be ready: which, with God's grace, (if I may have anye helpe) shall be shortly. In &c. 1559.

[3] Myrrour. 1559, 63.

[4] Enuyed and murdered. 1559, 63.

[5] Punish sinne boldly, bothe, &c. 1559. Suppres sinne, 1563.

[6] Lieutenauntes. 1559.

[7] Covet. 1559, 63.

[8] From edition, 1578.

[A BRIEFE MEMORIALL OF SONDRY VNFORTUNATE ENGLISHMEN.

WILLIAM BALDWINE

TO THE READER.

When the printer had purposed with himselfe to print *Lidgate's* translation of *Bochas*, of the fall[1] of princes, and had made priuy thereto[2] many both honorable and worshipfull: hee was counsayled by diuers of them to procure to haue the story continued from whereas *Bochas* left, vnto this present time, chiefly of such as fortune hath dalyed with here[3] in this island: which might be as a mirour for men of all estates and degrees as well nobles as others, to beholde[4] the slipery deceiptes of the wauering lady, and the due rewarde of all kinde of vices. Which aduice liked him so well, that hee requyred mee to take paynes therein: but because it was a matter passing my witte and skill, and more thanklesse then gainefull to meddle in, I refused vtterly to vndertake it, except I might haue the helpe[5] of such as in witte were apt, in learning allowed, and in iudgement and estimation able to wielde and furnish so weighty an enterprise, thinking[6] so to shift my handes. But hee earnest and diligent in his affayres, procured *Athlas* to set vnder his

[1] Lidgate's booke of the fall. 1559, 63, 71.
[2] Hauinge made priuy thereto. 1578.
[3] Had abused here. 1578.
[4] For al men as well nobles as others to shewe. 1559, 63, 71.
[5] To enterprise, I refused vtterly alone to vndertake it, without the helpe. 1578.
[6] Able to wield and discharge the weight of sutch a burden, thinkinge. 1578.

shoulder: for shortly after,[1] diuers learned men (whose many giftes neede fewe prayses) consented to take vpon them parte of the trauayle. And when certayne of them to the numbre of seauen,[2] were through a generall assent at one[3] apoynted time and place, gathered together to deuise thereupon I resorted vnto them, bearing with mee the booke of *Bochas*, translated by *Dan Lidgate*, for the better obseruation of his order: which although wee liked well[4] yet would it not conueniently[5] serue, seeing that both *Bochas* and *Lidgate* were deade, neyther were there any aliue that medled with like argument, to whome the vnfortunate might make theyr mone. To make therefore a state meete for the matter, they all agreede that I shoulde vsurpe *Bochas'* rome, and the wretched princes complayne vnto mee: and tooke vpon themselues, euery man for his part to be sundry personages, and in theyr behalfes to bewaile vnto mee theyr greeuous chaunces, heauy destenies, and woefull misfortunes. This done, wee opened such bookes of chronicles as wee had there present, and Maister *Ferrers* (after he had founde where *Bochas* left, which was aboute the ende of king *Edwarde* the thirde's raigne) to begin the matter, sayde thus:

"I maruaile what[6] *Bochas* meaneth to forget among his miserable princes, such as were of our owne[7] nation, whose number is as great as theyr aduentures wonderfull: for to let passe all, both *Britaynes*, *Danes*, and *Saxons*, and to come to the last conqueste, what a sorte are they, and some euen in his owne time,[8] [or not much before?[9]] As for example [*William Rufus* the second king of *England*

[1] Diligent in hys affayres, procure me an Athlas to laye the burden vppon my shoulders which I would not haue undertaken, but that shortly after. 1578.

[2] In the first edition there only appears the productions of Cavil, Churchyard, Ferrers, Phaer, Skelton and Baldwin.

[3] An. 1559, 63, 71, 75, 78.

[4] Wee did not mislyke. 1578.

[5] Cumlily. 1559; cumly. 1563.

[6] I maruayle, quod hee, what. 1578.

[7] Our nation, 1559, 63, 71, 78.

[8] Some also in the time of Bochas himselfe. 1578.

[9] Added in ed. 1571.

after the conquest, slayne in the newe forest (as hee was hunting there) by[1] *Walter Tirell*, with the shotte of an arrowe. *Robert* duke of *Normandy*, eldest sonne to *William Conqueror*, depriued of his inheritance of *England*, by the sayde *William Rufus* his second brother, and after by *Henry*[2] his yongest brother hauing both his eies put out, miserably[3] imprisoned in *Cardiff* castle, whereas hee dyed. Likewise[4] the most lamentable case of *William*, *Richarde*, and *Mary*, children of the sayde *Henry*, drowned vpon the sea.[5] And[6]] king *Richarde* the first slayne with a quarrell in his chiefe prosperity. Also king *Iohn* his brother (as some say) poysoned.[7] Are not theyr historyes rufull, and of rare ensample? But as it shoulde appeare, *Bochas* being an *Italian*, minded most the *Romayne* and *Italike* story, or els perhaps hee wanted the knowledge of ours.[8] It were therefore a goodly and notable[9] matter, to searche and discourse our whole story from the first beginning of the inhabiting of the isle. But seeing the printer's mind is to haue vs followe[10] where *Lidgate* left, wee will leaue that greate labour to other that maye entende it, and (as one being bold first to breake the yse)[11] I will begin at the time[12] of *Richarde* the second, a time as vnfortunate as the ruler therein.[13] And forasmuch (friend *Baldwine*) as it shalbe your charge to note and pen orderly the whole processe: I will so far as my memory and iudgement serueth,

[1] Eyther by malice or misaduenture slaine in the new forest, as he was in hunting there, by. 1575. Eyther by malice or misaduenture slayne hunting in the new forest by. 1578.

[2] England, by Henry, &c. 1578.

[3] And after, myserably. 1578.

[4] Likewise, not in 1578.

[5] Henry the first, called Beauclerke, drowned vpon the sea by the negligence of drunken mariners. 1578.

[6] The passage in brackets added in ed. 1571.

[7] Prosperity. The most vnnaturall murther of Artur, duke of Britayne, right heyre of Englande, by king Ihon his vncle, with the death of Isabell, his sister, by famyne. The myserable ende of the sayd king Ihon their vncle, by surfet, or as some write, poysoned by a monke of the abby of Swinsted in Lyncolneshyre, are, &c. 1578.

[8] Wanted our countrey cronicles. 1559, 63.

[9] And a notable. 1559, 63.

[10] Supply. 1578.

[11] As blinde bayard is alway boldest. 1559, 63.

[12] Reigne. 1578.

[13] A time as troublesome to the people as vnlucky to the prince 1578.

somewhat further you in the trueth of the story. And therefore omitting the ruffle made by *Iacke Strawe* and his meiney,[1] with[2] the murder of many natable men which therby happened, (for *Iacke* as yee knowe was but a poore prince) I will begin with a notable example, which within a while after ensued. And although the person at whome I begin, was no king nor prince: yet[3] sithens hee had a princely office, I will take vpon mee the miserable person of sir *Robert Tresilian* chiefe iustice of *England*, and of other which suffered with him: therby to warne all of his autority and profession, to take heede of wrong iudgementes,[4] misconstruing of lawes, or wresting the same to serue the prince's turnes, which rightfully brought them to a miserable ende, which they may iustly lament in maner ensuing.][5]

[1] Lewd meiney. 1576. [2] And. 1559, 63.
[3] Although he be no great prynce: yet, &c. 1559, 63.
[4] And of other his fellowes learned in the law that were plagued with him: thereby to warne all of theyr callinge and profession, to beware of wrong judgementes. 1578.
[5] This preface is reprinted by Warton, as he says it cannot easily be found. *History of English Poetry*, Vol. III. p. 217.

TO THE READER.

[Before the edition 1610.]

HAVING hitherto continued the storie (gentle reader) from the first entrance of *Brute* into this iland, with the falles of such princes, as were neuer before this time in one volume comprised, I now proceed with the rest, which take their beginning from the Conquest, whose pen-men being many and diuers, all diuerslie affected in the method of this their Mirror, I purpose only to follow the intended scope of that most honorable personage, who, by how much he did surpasse the rest in the eminence of his noble condition, by so much he hath exceeded them all in the excellencie of his heroicall stile, which with a golden pen he hath limmed out to posteritie in that worthy obiect of his minde, the tragedie of the duke of *Buckingham*, and in his preface then intituled master *Sackuil's* induction. This worthie president of learning, intending to perfect all this storie himselfe from the Conquest, being called to a more serious expence of his time in the great state affaires of his most royall ladie and soueraigne, left the dispose thereof to *M. Baldwine*, *M. Ferrers*, and others, the composers of these tragedies, who continuing their methode which was by way of dialogue or interlocution betwixt euery tragedie, gaue it onely place before the duke of *Buckingham's* complaint, which order I since hauing altered, haue placed the induction in the beginning,[1] with euery tragedie following, according to succession and the iust computation of time, which before was not obserued; and lest any one thinke me envious of other's deserts, I haue subscribed the names of all such as I could heare of, vnder such tragedies as each one

[1] In the present edition the original arrangement is preserved.

particularlie hath written; which at the request of the printer, I haue briefely perused as the former. In which (friendly reader) if I haue done amisse, I craue pardon for my ouersight, hoping, if paines will in stead of penance pacifie thee, to yield thee satisfaction and content in my additions following, to which I refer thee.

R. N.

THE FALLE OF ROBERT

Tresilian chiefe justice of England,

and other his fellowes, for miscon-

struing the lawes, and expounding them to

serue the prince's affections. Anno 1388.[1]

1.

In the ruefull[2] register of mischiefe and mishap,
Baldwine we beseech thee with our names to begin,
Whom vnfriendly fortune did trayn vnto a trap,
When wee[3] thought our state most stable to haue bin:
So lightely leese they all, which all do weene to win:
Learne by vs ye laweyers and judges of this land,[4]
Vpright and vncorrupt[5] in dome alway to stand.

2.

And print yee this president[6] to remaine for euer,
Enrolle and record it in tables made of brasse,
Engraue it in marble that may bee razed neuer,
Where the judges[7] of the lawe may see, as in a glasse,
What guerdon is for guile,[8] and what our wages was,
Who for our prince's pleasure,[9] corrupt[10] with meede and awe,
Wittingly and wretchedly[11] did wrest the sence of lawe.

[1] Anno 1388, added 1571. [2] Sad. N.
[3] When as we. N.
[4] The lande. 1578. [5] Vncorrupt and vpright, 1559, 63.
[6] Prynt it for a president. 1559, 63. [7] Where judges. 1578.
[8] What fee is for falshoode. 1559, 63. [9] Princes will. N.
[10] Who for filthy lucre, corrupt. 1578. [11] Gainst justice wretchedly. N.

3.

A chaunge more newe or straunge when was there euer seene,
Then judges from the bench to come downe to the barre,
And counsaylours that were most nigh to king and queene
Exiled their countrye, from court and counsaile farre:
But such is fortune's play, which can both make and marre,
Exalting to most highe that was before moste lowe,
And turning tayle agayne, the lofty downe to throwe.[1]

4.

And such as late afore, could[2] stoutly speake and pleade
Both in court and countrye, carelesse of the triall,
Stand muet as[3] mummers[4] without aduise or reade,
All to seeke of shifting, by trauerse or denyall,[5]
Which haue seene the day, when,[6] for a golden ryall,[7]
By finesse and conning, could haue made blacke[8] seeme white,
And most extorted wrong to haue appeared right.[9]

5.

Whilst thus on bench aboue wee had the highest place,
Our reasons were to strong, for any to confute:
But when at barre beneath, wee came to pleade our case,
Our wits were in the wane, our pleading very brute:
Hard it is for prisoners with judges to dispute:

[1] A chaunge more newe or straunge seldome hath be seen,
Then from the benche above to cum downe to the bar;
Was never state so turned in no time as I ween,
As they to become clyents that counsaylours erst were:
But such is fortune's play, which featly can prefer
The judge that sat above, full lowe beneth to stand,
At the bar as prysoner holding vp his hand. 1559, 63.
[2] Whiche in other's cause, coulde. 1559, 63.
[3] Lyke. 1559, 63. [4] As mummers mute do stand. N.
[5] Vnable to vtter a true plea of denyall. 1559, 63.
[6] When that. 1559. [7] For halfe a ryall. 1559, 63.
[8] We could by very arte haue made the black. 1559, 63.
[9] And matters of most wrong, to haue appered most right. 1559, 63.

When all men against one, and none for one shall speake,
Who weenes himselfe most wise, shall haply bee to weake.[1]

6.

To you therefore that sit, these fewe wordes will I say,
That no man sits so sure, but hee may haply stand:[2]
Wherefore whilst you haue place, and beare the swing, and sway
By fauour, without rigour let poynts of lawe bee skan'd:
Pitty the poore prisoner that holdeth vp his hand,
Ne lade him not with law, who least of law hath knowne,
Remember ere yee dye, the case may bee your owne.[3]

7.

Behold mee vnfortunate forman of this flocke,[4]
Tresilian, sometime[5] chiefe justice of this land,
A gentleman by byrth,[6] no staine was in my stocke,
Locketon, *Holte*, and[7] *Belknap*, with other of my band,
Which the lawe and justice had wholly in our hand,
Under the second *Richarde* a prince of great estate,[8]
To whome and vs also, blinde fortune gaue the mate.[9]

8.

In the common[10] lawes our skill was so profounde,
Our credite and autority such, and so esteemde,
That what wee[11] concluded[12] was taken for a grounde,
Allowed was for lawe what so to vs best seemed,
Life, death, landes, goods,[13] and all by vs was deemed:
Whereby with easy paine great gayne wee did in fet,[14]
And euery thing was fishe, that came vnto our net.

[1] Most wise, may chance be too too weake. N.
[2] But may be brought to stand. 1578.
[3] Stanzas 5 and 6 added 1571.
[4] Behold me one vnfortunate amongst this flocke. N.
[5] Cal'd sometime. N. [6] By discent a gentleman. 1559, 63.
[7] 'And' omitted. N. [8] State. N.
[9] To whom frowarde fortune gaue a foule checkmate. 1559, 63.
[10] In all our common. N. [11] What so wee. 1559, 63.
[12] We did conclude. N. [13] Both life, death, lands, and goods. N.
[14] So great gaine we did get. 1559, 63.

9.

At sessions and at sises,[1] wee bare the stroake and sway,
In patentes and commission, of *quorum* alwaye chiefe:[2]
So that to whether syde soeuer wee did way,
Were it by right or wrong, it past, without repriefe:
The true man wee let hang[3] somewhiles to saue a thiefe,
Of gold, and of siluer, our handes were neuer empty,
Offices, fermes, and fees, fell to vs in great plenty.

10.

But what thing may suffice vnto the greedy man?
The more hee hath in hold, the more hee doth desire:
Happy and twise happy is hee, that wisely can
Content himselfe with that, which reason doth require,
And moyleth for no more then for his needefull hire:
But greedines of minde doth seldome keepe[4] the syse,
To whom enough and more doth neuer well suffice.[5]

11.

For like as dropsy pacients drinke and still bee dry,
Whose vnstaunchst thirst no liquor can alay,
And drinke they nere so much, yet thirst they by and by:[6]
So catchers and snatchers[7] toile both night and day,
Not needy, but greedy, still prolling[8] for their pray:
O endlesse thirste of gold, corrupter of all lawes,
What mischiefe is on moulde whereof thou art not cause?

12.

Thou madest vs forget the fayth of our profession,[9]
When sergeants wee were sworne to serue the common lawe,

[1] And sises. 1578. N. [2] Still chiefe. N.
[3] We let hang the true man. 1559, 63.
[4] Doth neuer keepe. 1559, 63.
[5] Whiche though it haue enough yet dothe it not suffyse. 1559, 63. And more at no time doth suffise. 1578.
[6] And drinke they neuer so much, yet styl for more they cry. 1559, 63.
[7] So couetous catchers toyle. 1559, 63.
[8] Gredy and euer needy, prollyng. 1559, 63.
[9] Fayth we did professe. 1578.

Which was, that in no point wee should make digression[1]
From approued principles, in sentence nor in sawe:
But wee vnhappy wightes[2] without all dread and awe
Of the judge eternall, for worlde's vaine promotion,
More to man then God did beare our whole deuotion.[3]

13.

The lawes wee did interprete[4] and statutes of the land,
Not truely by the texte, but newly by a glose:
And wordes that were most playne, when they by vs were skand,
Wee tourned by construction to[5] a *Welshman's* hose,
Whereby many a one[6] both life and land did lose:
Yet this wee made our meane to mount aloft on mules:
And seruing times and turnes peruerted lawes and rules.[7]

14.

Thus climing and contending alway to the toppe,
From hie vnto higher, and then to bee most hye,
The honny dewe of fortune so fast on vs did droppe,
That of king *Richarde's* counsayle wee came to bee most nye:[8]
Whose fauour to attayne wee[9] were full fine and slye:
Alway to his profite[10] where any thing[11] might sounde,
That way (all were it wrong) the lawes[12] wee did expounde.

15.

So working lawe like waxe, the subiect was not sure
Of life, land,[13] nor goodes but at the prince's will,
Which caused his kingdome the shorter time to dure:

[1] Makyng a solempne oth in no poynt to dygresse. 1578.
[2] Wretches. 1559, 63.
[3] Of the judge eternall, more high to be promoted,
To mammon more then God, all wholly were deuoted. 1578.
[4] We interpreted. 1559, 63. [5] Like a. 1559, 63.
[6] Many one. 1559, 63.
[7] To serue kings in al pointes men must sumwhile breke rules. 1559, 63.
[8] Ful nie. 1559. 63. [9] To crepe into whose fauour we. 1559, 63.
[10] Auayle. 1578. [11] Wurde. 1559, 63. Sense. 1578.
[12] Sence, 1559, 63. [13] Of land. N.

For clayming power absolute both to saue and spill,
The prince thereby presumed his people for to pill,
And set his lustes for lawe, and will had reason's place,
No more but hang and drawe, there was no better grace.

16.

Thus the king outleaping the limits of his lawe,
Not raigning but raging, as youth[1] did him entice,
Wise and worthy persons from court did dayly drawe,
Sage counsayle set at naught, proude vaunters were in price,
And roysters bare the rule, which wasted all in vice:
Of ryot and excesse, grewe scarsity and lacke,
Of lacking came taxing, and so went welth to wracke.[2]

17.

The barons[3] of the land not bearing this abuse,
Conspiring with the commons assembled by assent,
And seeing neyther reason,[4] nor treaty, could induce
The king in any thing his rigour to relent,
Maugre[5] his might they[6] calde a parliament:
Franke and free for all men without checke[7] to debate
As well for weale publique, as for the prince's state.

18.

In this[8] high assembly, great thinges were proponed
Touching the prince's state, his regalty[9] and crowne,
By reason that the king[10] (which much was to be moned)

[1] Wyll. 1578.
[2] The king thus transcendyng the limittes of his lawe,
Not raygning but raging by youthfull insolence,
Wise and wurthy persons did fro the courte wythdraw,
There was no grace ne place for auncient prudence:
Presumpcion and pryde with excesse of expence,
Possessed the palays and pillage the countrye;
Thus all went to wracke vnlike of remedye. 1559, 63.
[3] Baronye. 1559, 63. [4] Seing no reason. 1578.
[5] Maugre all. 1559.
[6] Maugre his princely mynde they. 1578. His kingly might. N.
[7] All men vnchecked. 1578. [8] Which. 1578.
[9] Regally. 1571, 78. [10] That Richard. 1578.

Without regarde at all, of honour or renowne,
Misledde by ill aduice, had tournde all vpside downe,
For surety of whose state, them thought it did behoue
His counsaylours corrupt by reason[1] to remoue:[2]

19.

Among whome, *Robert Veer*[3] calde duke of *Irelande*,
With *Mighell Delapole* of *Suffolke* newe made earle,
Of *Yorke* also the archbishop, dispacht were out of hande,[4]
With *Brembre* of *London* a full vncurteous churle:[5]

[1] Order. 1578.

[2] In whyche parliament muche thynges was proponed
Concerning the regaly and ryghtes of the crowne,
By reason kyng Richarde, whiche was to be moned,
Full lytell regardynge his honour and renowne,
By synister aduyse, had tourned all vpsodowne:
For suerty of whose estate,[a] them thought it did behooue
His corrupt counsaylours, from hym to remooue. 1559, 1563.

[3] In the beginning of the parliament was called Robert Veer, duke of Irelande, Alexander Neuell, archebishop of Yorke, Mighell de la Poole, erle of Suffolk, sir Robert Tresilian, chiefe iustice of Englande, to answere Thomas of Woodstock, duke of Gloucester, Richard, erle of Arondel, Thomas, erle of Derby, and Thomas erle of Nottyngham, vpon certaine articles of high treason, which these lordes did charge them with. And for as much as none of these appered, it was ordeyned by the whole assent of the parliament that they shoulde be banished for euer: and their landes and goodes, moueable and vnmouable, to be forfeit and seased into the kinge's hand, the landes entayled onely except.

Shortly after this, was founde Robert Tresilian, chiefe iustice, lurkyng in a potiearie's house at Westmynster, and there founde the meanes to have spyes daylie vpon the lordes what was done in the parliament: for all the dayes of his lyfe he was craftie, but at the last his craft turned to hys destruction: for he was discouered by his owne seruant, and so taken and brought to the duke of Gloucester, and the same daye had to the Towre, and from thence drawen to Tyborne, and there hanged.

The morow after, syr Nicholas Pembroke, which afore had been maior of the citie of London, against the citezen's will, was brought foorth. *Grafton.*

This man (Tresilian) had disfigured himselfe, as if he had beene a poore weake man, in a frize coat, all old and torne, and had artificially made himselfe a long beard, such as they called a Paris beard, and had defiled his face, to the end he might not be knowen but by his speach. *Stowe.*

[4] Tharchbyshop of Yorke was also of our band, 1578.

[5] See Statutes at large, temp. Rich. II. viz. 11. c. I. II. III. 20. c. VI. and 31. c. XII. XIII.

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[a] State, 1559.

Some learned in the lawe in exile they did hurle:
But I poore[1] *Tresilian* (because I was the chiefe)
Was dampned to the gallowes most vily as[2] a thiefe.

20.

Lo the fine of falshood, [the] stipend of corruption,
The fee of dowble fraude,[3] the fruites it doth procure:
Yee judges vpon earth,[4] let our iuste punition[5]
Teach you to shake off bribes, and kepe your handes pure:[6]
Riches and promotion bee vayne thinges and vnsure,
The fauour of a prince is an vntrusty staye,
But iustice hath a fee that shall remayne alway.

21.

What glory can bee greater before God[7] or man,
Then by pathes of justice[8] in iudgement to proceede?
So duely and so truely[9] the lawes alway[10] to skan,[11]
That right may take his place without regarde[12] or meede:
Set apart all flattery and vayne wordly dreede,
Set[13] God before your eyes the iuste[14] judge supreme,
Remembre well your reckoning at the day extreme.

22.

Abandon all affray, bee soothfast in your sawes,
Be constant, and carelesse of mortall men's displeasure,[15]
With eyes shut and handes close[16] you should pronounce the lawes:

[1] Judge. 1578. [2] To dye there as. 1578.
[3] The fickle fee of fraud. 1578. [4] Ye iudges now liuing. 1578.
[5] Fye on stynkyng lucre, of all vnryght the lure,
Ye judges and ye justicers let my most iust punicion. 1559, 63.
[6] Al pure. 1578. Still pure. N.
[7] What glory is more greater in sight of God. 1578.
[8] By the pathes of equytie. 1559, 63.
[9] And truely. 1578. [10] Alwayes. 1559, 63.
[11] Lawes for to scan. N.
[12] Reward. 1559, 63. That justice may take place without reward. 1578.
[13] Take. 1559, 63. [14] The righteous. 1578. The most iust. N.
[15] Of mortals displeasure. N. [16] Closde. 1578.

Esteeme not worldly goodes,[1] thinke there is a treasure
More worth then golde [or stone] a thousand times in valure
Reposed for all such as righteousnes ensue,
Whereof you can not fayle, the promise made is true.

23.

If judges in our dayes woulde ponder well in minde
The fatall fall of vs, for wresting lawe and right,
Such statutes as touche life should not bee thus definde,
By sences constrayned against true meaning quite,
As well they might affirme the blacke for to bee white:
Wherefore wee wish they woulde our acte and end compare,
And weying well the case, they will wee trust beware.[2]

G. F.[3]

[1] Worldly hyre. 1559, 63. Way not this worldly mucke. 1578.
[2] If som in latter dayes, had called vnto mynde,
The fatall fall of vs for wrestynge of the right,
The statutes of this land they should not haue defynde
So wylfully and wittingly agaynst the sentence quyte:
But though thei skaped paine, the faut was nothing light,
Let them that cum hereafter both that and this compare,
And waying well the ende, they will I trust beware. 1559, 63.
[3] George Ferrers. These initials first added, 1571.

ROGER MORTIMER.

[When maister *Ferrers* had finished his[1] tragedy,[2] which seemed not vnfit for the persons touched in the same: another, which in the meane time had stayed vpon sir *Roger Mortimer*, whose[3] miserable ende (as it shoulde appeare) was somwhat before the others, sayed as foloweth: "Although it be not greatly appertinent to our purpose,[4] yet in my iudgement I thinke it woulde doe well to obserue the times of men, and as they be more auncient, so to place them.[5] For I finde that before these, (of whome maister *Ferrers* here hath spoken) there were two *Mortimers*,[6] the one[7] in *Edwarde*[8] the iij. time, out of our date; an other slayne in *Ireland* in *Richarde* the seconde's time,[9] a yeare before the falle of these iustices: whose history sith it is notable, and the example fruitefull, it were not good to ouerpasse it: and therefore by your licence and agreemente,[10] I will take vpon mee the personage of the laste, who full of woundes[11] mangled,[12] with a pale countenaunce, and griezly looke, may make his mone to *Baldwine*, as foloweth."[13]]

[1] This. 1559, 63. 71.
[2] When finished was this tragedy. 1578.
[3] Syr Roger Mortimer, earle of March, and heyre apparaunt of England, whose. 1578.
[4] Purposed matter. 1578.
[5] Of these great infortunes, and as they be more auncient in tyme, so to place their seuerall plaintes. 1578.
[6] Two earles of the name of Mortimer. 1578.
[7] One hanged in. 1559, 63. [8] In the tyme of king Edward. 1578.
[9] Another in Richard the seconde's time, slayne in Ireland. 1578.
[10] Fauours. 1578.
[11] Personage of the earle Mortimer, called Roger, who full of bloudye woundes. 1578.
[12] To Baldwin, in this wise. 1578.

HOW THE TWO ROGERS,

surnamed Mortimers, for their

sundry vices ended their liues

vnfortunately, the one An. 1329,

the other, 1387.[1]

1.

Among the riders of[2] the rolling wheele
That lost their holdes, *Baldwine*, forget not mee,
Whose fatall thred false fortune needes would reele,[3]
Ere it were twisted by the sisters three:
All folke be fraile, their blisses brittle bee:
For proofe whereof, although none other were,
Suffise may I, sir *Roger Mortimer*.

2.

Not hee that was in *Edwarde's* dayes the thyrde,
Whom fortune brought to boote and eft to bale,[4]
With loue of whome, the king so much shee sturde,
That none but hee was heard in any tale:[5]
And whiles shee smooth blew on this pleasaunt gale,[6]

[1] The dates added 1571—Fabian has given a summary of the life of the second Roger Mortimer, and upon which the poet relied, as of 1387, but the death of Mortimer happened about 1398.

[2] On. 1578. [3] Thred, vntimely death dyd reele. 1578.

[4] Brought from boote to extreme bale. 1578.

[5] ——— the queene so much was stir'd,
As for his sake from honour she did scale. 1578.

[6] Merye gale. 1559, 63.

Hee was created earle of *March*, alas,
Whence enuy sprang which his destruction was.[1]

3.

For welth breedes[2] wrath, in such as welth doe want,
And pride with folly in[3] such as it possesse,
Among a thousand shall you finde one[4] skant,
That can in welth his lofty harte represse,
Which in this earle due proofe did playne expresse:
For whereas hee was somewhat haut before,[5]
His high degree hath made him now much more.[6]

4.

For now alone hee ruleth as him lust,
Ne recketh[7] for reade, saue of king *Edwarde's* mother:[8]
Which forced enuy foulder[9] out the rust,
That in men's hartes before[10] did lye and smother:
The peeres, the people, as well the one as other,[11]
Against him made so haynous a complaynt,
That for a traytour hee was taken and attaynt.[12]

[1] And whilest fortune blew on this pleasaunt gale,
Heauing him high on her triumphall arch,
By meane of her hee was made earle of March. 1578.
[2] Breded. 1559, 63.
[3] Pride folly breeds in. N.
[4] Hym, 1559, 63.
[5] For where he somwhat hauty was before. 1559, 63.
[6] Whence pryde out sprang, as doth appeare by manye,
Whom soden hap, aduaunceth in excesse,
Among thousandes, scarse shal you fynde anye,
Which in high wealth that humor can suppresse,
As in this earle playne proofe did wel expresse:
For whereas hee too loftye was before,
His new degree hath made him now much more. 1578.
[7] Ne recks. N.
[8] Respecting none saue only the queene mother. 1578.
[9] Which moued malice to foulder. 1578.
[10] Which deepe in hate, before. 1578.
[11] Th'one as well as th'other. N.
[12] They did the earle attaynt. 1578. He was soone attaint, N.

5.

Then all such faultes as were forgot afore,[1]
They skowre afresh, and somwhat to them adde:
For cruell enuy[2] hath eloquence in store,
When fortune bids to worse things meanly badde:[3]
Fiue haynous crimes agaynst him soone were had,
First, that hee causde the king to yeelde the *Scot*,
To make a peace, townes that were from him got:[4]

6.

And therewithall the charter called *Ragman*,
That of the *Scots* hee had[5] bribed priuy gayne,[6]
That through[7] his meanes sir *Edwarde* of *Carnaruan*,
In *Barkeley* castle most[8] trayterously was slaine:
That with his prince's mother hee had layne,
And finally with polling[9] at his pleasure,
Had robde[10] the king and commons of theyr treasure.

7.

For these things lo, which erst were out of minde,
Hee was condempned,[11] and hanged at the last,[12]
In whome dame fortune fully shewed her kinde,

[1] Such crimes as hidden lay before. 1578.
[2] For hydden hate. 1578. For enuy still. N.
[3] Biddes small faultes to make more bad. 1578.
[4] Causing the king to yelde vnto the Scot,
Townes that his father, but late afore had got. 1578.
[5] Had, wanting, in 1559, 63. N.
[6] Yeuen to the Scots for brybes and priuie gayne. 1578.
[7] That by. 1578.
[8] Most, wanting. 1559, 63, 71. N. Most cruelly. 1578.
[9] And last of all by pyllage. 1578. [10] Had spoyld. 1578.
[11] Dampned he was. 1578.
[12] Syr Roger Mortymer was accused before the lordys of the parlyament of these artycles with other; whereof v. I fynde expressyd. And firste was layed vnto his charge that by his meaneys syr Edwarde of Carnaruan, by mooste tyrannouse deth, in the castell of Barkley, was murderyd; secondaryly, that to the kynge's great dyshonoure and dammage, the Scottys, by his meanys and treason, escapyd from the kyng at the parke on Stanhope, whiche then shuld haue fallen in

For whom shee heaues shee hurleth downe as fast:
If men to come would learne by other past,
This cosin of mine might[1] cause them set aside
High climing, bribing, murdering, lust, and pride.[2]

8.

The finall cause why I this processe tell,
Is that I may bee knowen from this other,
My like in name, vnlike mee, though hee fell,
Which was I thinke[3] my grandsire, or his brother:
To count my kin, dame *Phillip* was my mother,
Deare[4] daughter and heyre of douty *Lionell*,
The second son of a king who did[5] excell.[6]

---

the kynge's daunger, ne had been the fauoure by the sayde Roger to them than shewyd; thyrdely, to hym was layed, that he, for execucion of the sayd treason, receyued of the capytane of the sayd Scottis, namyd syr Iamys Dowglas, great summys of money, and also for lyke mede he had, to the kynge's great dyshonoure and hurte of his realme, concludyd a peace atwene the kynge and the Scottis, and causyd to be delyuered vnto theym the charter or endenture called Ragman, with many other thynges, to the Scottys great aduauntage and impouerysshynge of this realme of Englande. Fourtlye, was layed to hym, that where by synystre and vnlefull meanys, contrary the kynge's pleasure and wyll, or assent of the lordys of the kynge's counceyll, he had gotten into his possessyon moche of the kynge's treasoure, he vnskylfully wasted and myspent it; by reason whereof the kyng was in necessyte, and dryuen parforce to assaye his frendys. Fyfthlye, that he also had enproperyd vnto hym dyuerse wardys belongynge to the kynge, to his great lucre and the kynge's great hurt, and that he was more secret with quene Isabell, the kynge's mother, than was to Godde's pleasure, or the kynge's honoure: the whiche artycles, with other agayne hym prouyd, he was, by auctoryte of the sayde parlyament, iugyd to deth, and vpon seynt Andrewys euyn next ensuynge, at London, he was drawyn and hangyd. *Fabyan.*

[1] My coosins fall might. 1578. My cosin then might. N.
[2] Brybing, adultery and pride. 1578.
[3] I wene. 1578.
[4] 'Deare,' omitted. N.
[5] That dyd, 1559.
[6] ——— heire of Lyonell,
Of king Edward the third the second sequell. 1578.
The third king Edward's sonne, as stories tell. N.

9.

My father hight sir *Edmund Mortimer*,
True[1] earle of *March*, whence I was after earl
By iust[2] discent, these two my parentes were,
Of which the one of knighthood bare the ferll,
Of womanhood the[3] other was the pearle:
  Through theyr desert so calde of euery wight,
  Till death them tooke, and left mee in[4] theyr right.[5]

10.

For why th'attaynter of my[6] elder *Roger*,
(Whose shamefull death I tolde you but of late)
Was founde to bee vniuste, and passed ouer,[7]
Agaynst the lawe, by those that bare him hate:
For where by lawe the lowest of[8] free estate
  Should personally bee hearde ere iudgement passe,
  They barde him this, where through distroyde he was.[9]

11.

Wherefore by doome of court in[10] parliament,
When we had prou'de our cosin ordered thus,[11]
The king, the lordes, and commons, of assent
His lawles death vnlawfull did discusse:
And both to bloud and good restored vs:

[1] Cald. 1578.
[2] By true. 1578.
[3] Of ladies all the. 1578.
[4] Left in me. 1559, 63.
[5] After whose death I onely stood in plight,
To be next heyre vnto the crowne by right. 1578.
[6] Of the. N.
[7] Touching the case of my cousin Roger,
(Whose ruful end euen now I did relate)
Was found in tyme an vndue atteindre. 1578.
[8] By lawe eche man of. 1578. By law each one of. N.
[9] Should be heard speake before his iudgement passe,
That common grace to him denyed was. 1578.
[10] In court of. 1578. [11] His atteindre appering erroneous. 1578.

A president most worthy, shewed, and lefte
Lordes liues to saue, that laweles might bee refte.[1]

12.

While fortune thus did forder mee a mayne,[2]
King *Richarde's* grace, the second of that[3] name,
(Whose dissolute[4] life did soone abridge his raine)[5]
Made mee his mate in earnest and in game:
The lordes themselues so well allowed the same,
That through my titles duely comming downe,
I was made heyre apparant to the crowne.

13.

Who then but I was euery where esteemed?
Well was the man that might with mee acquaynt,[6]
Whom I allowed, as lordes the people deemed:
To whatsoeuer folly had me bent,
To like it well the people did assent:[7]
To mee as prince attended great and small,
I hoapt[8] a day would come to pay for all.

14.

But seldome ioy continueth trouble voyde,
In greatest charge cares greatest doe ensue,
The most possest are euer most anoyde,
In largest seas sore tempestes lightly brue,
The freshest coulours soonest fade the hue,[9]

[1] A president worthy, in record left,
Lorde's lygnes to saue, by lawless meanes bereft. 1578.
[2] While fortune vnto me her grace did deigne. N.
[3] The. 1559, 63. [4] Looser. N.
[5] Whyle fortune thus did frendly me receyue,
Rychard the king, that second was by name,
Hauing none heire after him to reigne. 1578.
[6] That vnderstoode my bent. 1578.
[7] And me to serue was euery manne's entent,
With all that wyt or cunning could inuent. 1578.
[8] In hope. 1578. [9] Chaunge their hue. 1578.

In thickest place is made the deepest wounde,
True proofe whereof my selfe too soone haue founde.

15.

For whilst fayre fortune luld[1] mee in her lap,
And gaue mee giftes more then I did require,
The subtile queane[2] behinde mee set a trap,
Whereby to dash[3] and lay all in the myre:
The *Irish* men[4] agaynst mee did conspyre,
My landes of *Vlster* fro mee to haue refte,
Which heritage my mother had mee lefte.[5]

16.

And whiles I there, to set all thinges in stay,
(Omit my toyles and troubles thitherwarde)
Among mine owne with my retinue lay,
The wylder men, whom litle I did regarde,[6]
(And had therefore the reckles man's rewarde)[7]
When least I thought set on mee in such numbre,
That fro my corps my life they rent asunder.[8]

17.

Naught might auayle my courage nor my force,
Nor strenght of men[9] which were (alas) to fewe:

[1] For whiles fortune so luld. 1578.
[2] Dame. 1578.
[3] To dash me downe. 1578.
[4] Irish kernes. 1578.
[5] My landes of Vlster vniustly to bereaue,
Which my mother for heritage did me leaue. 1578.
[6] Whom I did not regard. N.
[7] The wylder sort, whom I did least regard,
And therfore the rechlesse manne's reward. 1578.
[8] By auctoryte of the same parliament [in 1585-6] syr Roger Mortymer, erle of the Marche, and sone and heyre vnto syr Edmunde Mortymer, (and of dame Phylyp, eldest daughter and heyer vnto syr Lyonell, the seconde sone of Edwarde the thyrde) was soone after proclaymyd heyer paraunt vnto the crowne of Englande; the which syr Roger shortly after sayled into Irelande; there to pacyfye his lordeshyp of Wulstyr, whiche he was lorde of by his foresayde mother: but whyle he was there occupyed abowte the same, the wylde Iryshe came vpon in noumbre, and slewe hym and moche of his company, *Fabyan.*
[9] Nor helpe of frendes. 1578.

The cruell folke assaulted so my horse:
That all my helpes in peeces they to hewe:
Our bloud distayned the grounde as drops of dewe,
Naught might preuayle to flye nor[1] yet to yeelde,
For whome they take they murder in the fielde.

18.

They know no law of armes,[2] nor none will learne,
They make not warre (as other doe) a play:
The lord, the boy, the gallowglas, the kerne,
Yeelde or not yeelde, whome so they take they slay:
They saue no prisoners[3] for ransome nor for pay:
Theyr chiefest boote they counte theyr bodoh's heade,[4]
Theyr end of warre to see theyr enmy deade.[5]

19.

Amongst these men or rather sauage beastes
I lost my life, by cruell murder slayne:
And therefore, *Baldwine*, note thou well my geastes,
And warne all princes rashnes to refrayne:
Bid them beware theyr enmies when they faine,[6]
Nor yet presume vnequally to striue:
Had I thus done, I had beene man aliue.[7]

20.

But I dispised the naked *Irish* men,
And, for they flew, I feared them the lesse:
I thought one man enough to match with ten,
And through this carelesse vnaduisednes

[1] Or. 1578. [2] No law of armes they know. 1578. [3] No foes. N.
[4] Their booty chiefe, they coumpt a dead man's heade. 1578.
[5] Their chiefest boote is th'aduersarie's head,
They end not warre till th'enemie be dead. N.
[6] Their foes when they doe faine. N.
[7] Nor yet presume to make their match amisse,
Had I not so done, I had not come to this. 1578.
——— I had been left aliue. N.

I was destroyde, and all my men I gesse,[1]
At vnawares assaulted by our foen,
Which were in nombre forty to vs one.

21.

See here the stay of fortunate estate,
The vayne assurance of this brittle life:[2]
For I but yong-proclaymed prince of late,
Right fortunate in children and in wife,[3]
Lost all at once by stroke of bloudy knife:
Whereby assurde let men themselues assure,
That welth and life are doubtfull to endure.

Ca.[4]

[1] At naught I set a sort of naked men,
And much the lesse, seeming to flye away,
One man me thought was good ynough for ten,
Making small account of number more or lesse,
Madnesse it is in war to goo by gesse. 1578.

[2] See here the stay of pompe and highe estate,
The feeble hold of this vncerteyn lyfe. 1578.

[3] Hauiug fayre fruict by my beloued wyfe. 1578. Syr Roger had issu Edmunde, and Roger, Anne, Alys, and Elanoure. *Fabyan.*

[4] Cavil. The "Ca." was first affixed in 1571, and is repeated in all the subsequent editions, except that of 1578, where there appears "T. Ch." the supposed signature of Thomas Churchyard. As from that edition we shall have to notice, presently, another similar alteration, it makes it doubtful whether the same can be considered a misprint, though it does not appear in the enumeration of his own pieces made by Churchyard. See *Bibliographia Poetica.* Since this note was printed the claim of 'Master Chaloner' to this signature has been discovered. See *postea*, p. 53, n. 1.

THOMAS DUKE OF GLOCESTER.

[AFTER this tragedy was[1] ended, maister *Ferrers* sayde: seeing it is best to place eche person in his order, *Baldwine*, take you the chronicles and marke them as they come: for there are many worthy to bee noted, though not treated[2] of. First the lord *Murrey*, a *Scotishman*, who tooke his death's wound through a stroke lent him by the earle of *Notyngham*, whom hee chalenged at the tylt.[3] But to omit him, and also the fatte pryor of *Tiptre*, pressed to death with throng of people vpon *London* bridge at the queene's entry,[4] I will come to the duke of *Glocester*, the king's vncle, a man mynding[5] the common welth, and yet at length miserably made away. In whose person if yee will giene eare, yee shall heare what I thinke meete to be saied.]

[1] Was, omitted. 1578. [2] Not to be treated of, 1559, 63.

[3] In the seuententh yere (1394) came oute of Scotlonde certayne lordes into Englonde, to gete worshypp by fayte of armes. The earl of Morrif chalenged the erle marchall of Englonde to juste wyth hym on horsbacke wyth sharpe speres. And soo they roode togyder certayne courses, but not the full chalenge. For the Scottyshe erle was caste bothe horse and man, and two of his rybbes broken wyth the same fall, and soo borne home into his inne. And anone after was caryed homeward in a lytier. And at Yorke he deyed. Syre Wyllyam Darell banerer of Scotlonde, and syre Pyers Courteney the kynge's banerer of Englonde roode togyder certayne courses of warre hitte and assayed. The Scottisshe knyghte seenge that he myghte not haue the better, yaue it ouer: and wold noo more of the chalenge. Thenne one Cokburne, squyer of Scotlond, and syre Nicholl Hauberk, roode fyue courses, and at euery course the Scot was caste bothe horse and man. *Polychronicon.*

[4] And whan thys ryall maryage was done and fynysshed kynge Rycharde wyth dame Isabel his quene came into Englonde. And the mayre of London, with all his brethren, wyth grete multytude of the comyns of the cyte and the craftes, receyuyd hym worshypfully at Blackheth, and brought hym to Saynt Georges barre. And there taking their leue, the kyng and quene roode to Kenignton. And after that wythin a whyle the quene came to the toure of London, at whose comyng was moche harme doo, for on London bridge were ix persones thrust to deth, of whom the priour of typre was one. *Polychronicon.* The prior of Tiptor, in Essex, was one. *Stowe.*

[5] Muche myndyng, 1559, 63.

HOW SYR THOMAS

of Woodstocke Duke of Glocester,

vncle to King Richarde the second,

was vnlawfully murdered,

Anno 1397.[1]

1.

Whose state stablisht is,[2] in seeming most sure,
And so far from daunger of fortune's blastes,
As by the compasse of man's coniecture,
No brasen piller may be fyxt more fast:
Yet wanting the stay of prudent forecast,
Whan froward fortune list for to frowne,
May in a moment turne vpside downe.

2.

In proofe whereof, O *Baldwine*, take payne,
To hearken a while to[3] *Thomas* of *Woodstocke*,
Addrest in presence his fate to[4] complayne,
In the forlorne hope of[5] *English* flocke:
Extract by discent from the[6] royall stocke,
Sonne to king *Edwarde*, thirde of that name,
And second to none in glory and fame.

[1] Date, added. 1571.
[2] Is stablysht. 1559, 63. Who stablisht is in state, seeming. 1578.
[3] Turne thine eare to. 1578.
[4] Prest in presence on fortune to. 1578.
[5] Of the. 1559, 63.
[6] Who by discent was of the. 1578.

3.

This noble father to mayntayne my state,
With *Buckingham* earledome did mee indowe,
Both nature and fortune to mee were greate,
Denying mee nothing[1] which they might allowe:
Theyr sundry graces in mee did so flowe,
As beauty, strength, high fauour and fame,
Who may of God more wish then the same?

4.

Brothers wee were to the nombre of seauen,
I being the sixt, and yongest but one:
A more royall race was not vnder heauen,
More stout or more stately of stomacke and person,
Princes all peerelesse in eche condition:
Namely sir *Edwarde*, called the blacke prince,
When had *England* the like before, or euer since?[2]

5.

But what of all this, any man to assure,
In state vncarefull of fortune's variaunce?
Syth dayly and hourely wee see it in vre,
That where most cause is of affiaunce,
Euen there is founde most weake assurance:
Let none trust fortune, but follow reason:
For often wee see in trust is treason.

6.

This prouerbe in proofe ouer true I tried,
Finding high treason in place of high trust,
And most fault of fayth[3] where I most affied,
Being, by them that should haue been iuste,
Trayterously entrapt, ere I conld mistrust:

[1] Nought. N. [2] Before, eyther since. 1559. Or since. N.
[3] Most false fayth. 1578.

Ah wretched world world what it is to trust thee?
Let them that will learne now hearken to mee.

7.

After king *Edwarde* the thirde's decease,
Succeeded my nephewe *Richarde* to raigne,
Who for his glory and honour's encrease,
With princely wages did mee entertayne,
Against the *Frenchmen* to bee his chieftayne:
So passing the seas with royall puissaunce,
With God and S. *George* I inuaded *Fraunce.*

8.

Wasting the countrey with sworde and with fire,[1]
Ouerturning townes, high castles and towers,
Like *Mars* god of warre, enflamed with ire,
I forced the *Frenchmen* t'abandon theyr bowres:
Where euer wee matcht[1] I wanne at all howres,
In such wise visiting both city and village,
That alway my souldiers were laden with pillage.

9.

With honour and triomph was my returne,
Was none more ioyous than yong king *Richarde:*
Who minding more highly my state to adorne,
With *Glocester* dukedome did mee rewarde:
And after in mariage I was prefarde,
To a daughter of *Bohun*, an earle honourable,
By whome I was of *England* high constable.

10.

Thus hoysed so high on fortune's wheele,[2]
As one on a stage attending a play,
Seeth not on which side the scaffolde doth reele,

[1] Marcht. N.
[2] Thus hoysted high on fortune's whyrling wheele. 1578.

Till timbre and poales and all fly away:
So fared it by mee: for day by day,
As honour encreased I looked still higher,
Not seeing the daunger of my fond desire.

11.

For fortune's floude thus running with[1] full streame,
And I a duke discended of great kinges,[2]
Constable of *England*, chiefe officer of[3] the realme,
Abused with desperaunce[4] in these vayne thinges,
I went without feete, and flewe without winges,
Presuming so farre vpon my high estate,
That dreade set apart, my prince I would mate.

12.

For where as all[5] kinges haue counsayle of theyr choyse,
To whom they refer the rule of theyr land,
With certayne familiers in whome to reioyce,
For pleasure or profite, as the case shall stand,
I not bearing this, would needes take in hand,
Maugre his will, those persons to disgrace,
And such as I thought fit to settle[6] in theyr place.[7]

13.

But as an old booke sayeth, who so[8] will assay
Aboute the cat's necke to hang on any[9] bell,
Had first neede to cut the cat's clawes away,
Least if the cat bee curst, and[10] not tamed well,
She haply[11] with her nayles may clawe him to the fell:

[1] For whan fortune's flud ran with. 1559, 63.
[2] I beynge a duke discended of kinges. 1559, 63.
[3] In. 1559, 63. [4] Esperaunce. 1559, 63, 71. Assurance. 1578
[5] All, omitted. N. [6] To appoynt. 1559, 63.
[7] And for to settle others in their place. N. [8] So, omitted. N
[9] On a bell. N. [10] Or. 1559, 63.
[11] Haply, omitted. N.

So putting on[1] the bell about the cat's necke,
By being to busy I caught a cruell checke.[2]

14

Reade well the sentence of the rat of renowne,[3]
Which *Pierce* the plowman describes in his dreame,[4]
And who so hath wit the sence to expowne,[5]
Shall finde that to bridell[6] the prince of a reame,
Is euen (as who sayth) to striue with the streame:
Note this all subiects, and construe it well,
And busie not your braines about[7] the cat's bell.

15.

But in that yee bee lieges learne to obay,[8]
Submitting your willes to your prince's lawes:
It fitteth not a subiect to haue[9] his owne way,
Remember this prouerbe[10] of the cat's clawes:
For princes like lions haue long and[11] large pawes
That reache at randon, and whome they once twitch,
They clawe to the bone before the skin itch.

16.

But to my purpose, I being once bent,
Towardes the atchieuing of my attemptate,
Fower bould barons were of mine assent,
By oth and allyaunce fastly confederate:
First *Henry* of *Derby*, an earle of estate,

[1] For doyng on. 1559, 63. On, omitted. N.
[2] A sore checke. 1559, 63. I vnaduised caught a cruell checke N.
[3] Renown'd. N.
[4] For the tale of the rats, whence originates the proverbial observation, "Who shall bell the cat?" see the vision of Pierce the Plowman, by Crowley, ed. 1550, fol. iii. by Dr. Whitaker, 1813, p. 9.
[5] Expound. N. [6] To curb. N. [7] 'Bout. N.
[8] T'obay. N. [9] It fits not a subiect t'haue. N.
[10] Thys by wurde. 1559, 63. [11] And, omitted. N.

Richard of *Arundell*, and *Thomas* of *Warwicke*,
With *Mowbray* the[1] *Marshall*, a man most warlicke.

17.

At *Ratecote* bridge assembled our bande,
The commons in clusters came to vs that day
To daunt *Robert Veere*, then duke of *Irelande*,
By whome king *Richard* was ruled alway:
Wee put him to flight, and brake his aray,
Then maugre the king, his leaue or assent,
By constable's power wee calde a parliament.[2]

18.

Where not in roabes, but with[3] baslardes bright,
Wee came [for] to parle of the publike weale,
Confirming our quarell with maine and [with] might,
With swordes and no wordes wee tried our appeale:
In steede of reason declaring our zeale,
And whome so wee knew with the king in [good] grace,
Wee plainely depriued of[4] power and [of] place.

19.

Some with short processe were banisht the land,
Some executed with capytall paine,
Whereof who so list, the whole to vnderstand,[5]
In the parliament roll it appeareth plaine,
And furder how stoutly wee did the king straine,
The rule of his realme wholly to resygne,
To the order of those, whome wee did assigne.

[1] Erle. 1559, 63.
[2] We by our power did call a parlament. N.
[3] With our. N.
[4] Playnely we depriued him of. 1559, 63.
[5] T'vnderstand. N.

20.

But note the sequele of such presumption,
After wee had these miracles wrought,[1]
The king inflamed with indignation,
That to such bondage hee should bee brought,[2]
Suppressing the ire of his inwarde thought,
Studied naught else but how that hee might
Bee highly reuenged of this[3] high dispite.

21.

Aggreeued was also this latter offence,
With former matter his ire to[4] renue:
For once at *Windsore* I brought to his presence,
The maior of *London* with all his retinue,
To aske a reckoning[5] of the realme's reuenue:
And the souldiers of *Brest* by mee were[6] made bolde,
Their wages to claime[7] when the towne was solde.[8]

[1] Thus wrought. 1578.
[2] By subiectes thus in bondage to bee brought. 1578.
[3] His. 1559, 63. [4] Former cause of rancour to. 1578.
[5] Accoumpt. 1578. [6] Were by me. 1559, 63.
[7] In the twentyest yere kynge Rycharde dide holde a grete feeste at Westmestre. Att whyche feest aryued the souldyours that hadde kepte Breste, and satte att dyner in the halle. And after dyner the duke of Glocestre sayd to the kynge: "Syre, haue ye not seen those fellowes that sate at dyner in your halle." And the kinge demaunded who they were. And he sayde: "Thyse ben your folke that haue serued you, and ben come from Breste. And now wote not what to doo, and haue ben euyl payed." Thenne the kynge sayde that they sholde be payed. Thenne answered the duke of Gloucetre in a grete furye: "Syre, ye oughte fyrste to put your body in deuoyre to gete a towne, or a castell by fayte of warre vpon youre enmyes, er ye sholde selle or delyuer ony townes that your predecessours, kynges of Englonde, haue goten and conquered." To the whyche the kynge answerde ryght angrely: "How saye ye that?" Thenne the duke his vncle sayd it agayne. Thenne the kynge beganne to wexe wrothe, and sayd: "Wene ye that I be a marchaunte or a foole to sell my londe. By saynt Iohnne Baptyst naye: but trouthe it is that our cosyn of Brytayne hath rendred and payd to vs the somme that my predecessours had lent vppon the sayd towne of Breste, and syth he hath payd, it is reason that this towne be delyuered to hym agayne." Thus beganne the wrath bitwene the kynge and his vncle. *Polychronicon.*
[8] To claime entertainment the town beyng solde. 1559, 63. To clayme their wages. 1578.

22.

These griefes remembred with all the remnaunt,
Hourded in his harte hate out of measure,[1]
Yet openly in shewe made hee no semblaunt,
By word or[2] by deede to beare displeasure:
But loue dayes dissembled doe neuer endure,[3]
And who so trusteth a foe reconcylde,
Is for the most part alwayes beguilde.

23.

For as fyre ill quencht will vp at a starte,
And sores not well salued doe breake out of newe,
So hatred hidden in an irefull harte,
Where it hath had long season to brewe,
Upon euery occasion doth easely renewe:
Not failyng at last, if it bee not let,
To pay large vsury besides the due det.

24.

Euen so it fared by this frendship fayned,
Outwardly sounde, and inwardly rotten:
For whan the kinge's fauour in seeming was gayned,
All olde displeasures forgieuen and forgotten,
Euen than at a sodayn the shafte was shotten,
Which pearced my harte voyde of mistrust:
Alas, that a prince should bee so vniust.

25.

For lying at *Plashey* my selfe to repose,
By reason of sickenesse which helde mee full sore:[4]
The king espying mee apart from those,

[1] Of hate in hys hert hourded a tresure. 1559, 63.
Fulfyld his hart with hate. 1578.
[2] Nor. 1559, 63.
[3] But frendship fayned, in proofe is found vnsure. 1578.
[4] With long sicknesse diseased very sore. 1578.

With whom I confedered in hand before,[1]
Thought it not meete to tract the time more,
But glad to take mee at such a vauntage,[2]
Came to salute mee with friendly visage.

26.

Who hauing a band bound to his bent,
By colour of kindnesse to visite his eame,[3]
Tooke time to accomplishe his cruell entent:
And in a small vessell downe by the streame,
Conuey'd mee to *Calais* out of the realme,
Where without processe or dome of my peeres,
Not nature but murder abridged my yeeres.

27.

This act was odious to God and to man,
Yet rygour to cloake in habit of reason,
By crafty compasse deuise they can,
Articles nine of right haynous treason:
But doome after death is sure out of season,
For who euer sawe so straunge a president,
As execution done before[4] iudgement.

28.

Thus hate harboured in depth of minde
By sought occasion burst out of newe,
And cruelty abused the lawe of kinde,
When that the nephue the vncle slewe:
Alas, king *Richard*, sore maist thou rue,
Which by this fact preparedst the way,[5]
Of thy hard destiny to hasten the day.

[1] I was confedered before. 1578. [2] Such aduauntage. 1578.
[3] Eame. This word is used repeatedly in the legends by Ferrers. In the above passage it means uncle. It was also a term for a gossip, compeer, or friend.
[4] To goe before. 1578
[5] Preparedst a playne waye. 1578.

29.

For bloud axeth bloud as guerdon due,
And vengeaunce for vengeaunce is iust rewarde:
O righteous God, thy iudgementes are true,
For looke what measure wee other awarde,[1]
The same for vs agayne is preparde:
Take heede yee princes by examples past,
Bloud will haue bloud, eyther first or last.

G. F.[2]

[1] What measure to others we awarde. 1578.
[2] The initials of George Ferrers, first added, 1571.

[When maister *Ferrers* had ended his[1] fruitfull tragedy, because no man was ready with any other, I, hauing perused the story which came next, sayed: "Because you shall not say, my maisters, but that I will somewhat doe my part, I will, vnder your correction, declare the tragedy of *Thomas Mowbrey*, duke of *Northfolke*,[2] the chiefe worker of the duke of *Glocester's* destruction: who to admonishe all counsailours to beware of flattering princes, or falsely enuying or accusing their peregualles, may lament his vices in maner following."]

[1] This. 1559, 63, 71.
[2] Tragedy of the Lord Mowbray, the chief wurker of the duke's distruction, 1559, 63.

HOW THE LORD

Mowbrey, promoted by King Richard

the second, to the state of a Duke,[1]

was by him banished the realme, the yeare

of Christ, 1398, and after died

miserably in exile.

1.

THOUGH sorrowe and shame abash mee to rehearse
My lothsome life, and death of due deserued,
Yet that the paynes thereof may other pearce
To leaue the like, leaste they bee likewise[2] serued,
Ah *Baldwine*, marke, and se how that I swerued:[3]
Dissembling, enuy, and flattery, bane that bee
Of all their hostes, haue shewde their power on mee.

2.

I blame not fortune, though shee did her parte,
And true it is shee can doe litle harme:
Shee guideth goodes, shee hampreth not the hart,
A minde well bent,[4] is safe from euery charme:
Vice, only vice, with her stoutt strengthlesse arme,
Doth cause the harte from good to ill encline,[5]
Which I, alas, doe finde to true by mine.

[1] To the state of a duke, added. 1571.
[2] Lykely. 1559, 63.
[3] Marke, I will shew thee how I swerued. 1559, 63.
[4] A vertuous mynde. 1559, 63.
[5] The herte to evyll to enclyne. 1559, 63.

3.

For where by birth I came of noble race,[1]
The *Mowbrey's* heyre, a famous house and old,
Fortune I thanke, gaue mee so good a grace,[2]
That of my prince I had what so I would:
Yet neyther was to other greately hold,[3]
For I through[4] flattery abusde[5] his wanton youth,
And his fond[6] trust augmented my vntruth.

4.

Hee made mee first the earle of *Notyngham*,
And marshall of the realme,[6] in which estate
The peeres and people ioyntly to mee came,
With sore complaint against them, that of late
Made[7] officers, had brought the king in hate,
By making sale of justice, right and lawe,
And liuing naught, without all dread or awe.

5.

I gaue them ayde these euills to redresse,
And went to *London* with an army strong,
And caused the king, agaynst his will oppresse
By cruell death, all such as led him wrong:
The lord chiefe justice suffered these among,
So did the steward of his household head,
The chauncellour scapte, for hee aforehand[8] fled.

6.

These wicked men thus from the king remoued,
Who best vs pleased succeeded in their place:
For which both king and commons much vs loued,

[1] Kynde. 1559, 63. [2] I thanke her, was to me so kynde. 1559, 63.
[3] Neyther of vs was muche to other holde. 1559, 63.
[4] Misprinted 'thought' by Higgins and Niccols.
[5] Wrong'd N. [6] Of England. 1578.
[7] Bad officers. N. [8] Afore had. N.

But chiefly I with all stoode high in grace:
The king ensued my rede in euery case,
Whence selfe-loue bred: for glory maketh proude,
And pride aye looketh[1] alone to bee allowde.

7.

Wherefore to th'end I might alone enioy
The king's good will,[2] I made his lust my lawe:
And where of late I laboured to distroy
Such flattering folke, as thereto stoode in awe,
Now learned I among the rest to clawe:
For pride is such, if it bee kindely caught,
As stroyeth good, and stirreth vppe euery naught.

8.

Pride pricketh men to[3] flatter for the pray,
T'oppresse and poll[4] for maintnaunce of the same,
To malice such as match vnethes it may:
And to bee briefe, pride doth the harte enflame,
To fyre what mischiefe any fraude may frame,
And euer[5] at length the euyls by it wrought
Confound the worker, and bring him vnto[6] nought.

9.

Behold in mee due proofe of euery part:
For pride first forced mee my prince to flatter[7]
So much that whatsoeuer[8] pleased his harte
Were it neuer[9] so euill, I thought a lawfull matter,
Which causde the lordes afreshe agaynst him clatter:
Because hee had his holdes beyond sea solde,[10]
And seene his souldiers of theyr wages polde.

[1] Aye seeks. N. [2] The kinge's fauour. 1578.
[3] Pryde prouoketh to. 1578. [4] To poll and oppresse. 1578.
[5] And still. N. [6] Him to. N.
[7] For pryde prickt me first my prince to flatter. 1578.
[8] Who so euer. 1578. [9] Nere. N.
[10] Because of holdes beyond the sea that he solde. 1578.

10.

Though all these ils were done by mine[1] assent,[2]
Yet such was lucke that each man deemed no:
For see, the duke of *Glocester* for mee sent,[3]
With other lordes, whose hartes did bleede for woe,
To see the realme so fast to ruin goe:
In fault whereof, they sayd the two dukes were,
The one of *Yorke*, the other [of] *Lancaster*.

11.

On whose remoue fro being about[4] the king
Wee all agreed, and sware a solemne oth,
And whilst the rest prouided for this thing,
I, flatterer I, to winne the prayse of troth,
Wretch that I was, brake fayth and promise both,
For I bewrayed to th'king[5] theyr whole intent,
For which vnwares they all were tane and shent.[6]

12.

Thus was the warder of the common weale
The duke of *Glocester* giltlesse made away,
With other moe, more wretch I so to deale,
Who through vntruth theyr trust did ill betray:
Yet by this meanes obtayned I my pray,
Of king and dukes I found for this such fauour,
As made mee duke of *Northfolke* for my labour.

[1] My. 1559, 63. [2] Though vnto all these ils I were a frend. N.
[3] The duke of Gloucester for me did send. N. [4] From place. 1578.
[5] Bewrayed the king. 1559, 63, 71, 78.
[6] At Arundell was a counseylle of certayne lordes: as the duke of Gloucetre, tharchebysshop of Caunterbury, the erles of Arundeel, Warwyck, and Marchall, and other, for to refourme the rule abowte the kynge. Whyche lordes promysed eche to abyde by other and soo departed. And anone after the erle Marchall, whiche was captayne of Calays, bewrayed and lete the kyng haue knowleche of all theyr counseylle: wherupon the xxv daye of August, the duke of Glocetre was arested at Plassheye in Estsex, and brought to the toure of London. And from thence sent to Caleys and there murthred and slayne wyth out processe of lawe or justyce. *Polychronicon.*

13.

But see how pride and enuy ioyntly runne,
Because my prince did more than mee prefer,
Sir *Henry Bolenbroke*, the eldest sonne
Of *Iohn* of *Gaunt*, the duke of *Lancaster*,
Proud I, that would alone bee blasing starre,
Enuyde this duke[1] for naught saue that the shyne
Of his desertes did glister more than mine.

14.

To th'end therefore his light should bee the lesse,
I sliely sought all shiftes to put him[2] out:
But as the poyze that would the palme tree presse[3]
Doth cause the bowes sprede larger rounde about,
So spite and enuy causeth glory sprout,
And aye the more the top is ouertrode,
The deeper doth the sound roote sprede abroade.

15.

For when this *Henry* duke[4] of *Hereforde* sawe,
What spoyle the king made of the noble bloud,
And that without all justice, cause, or lawe:
To suffer him so hee thought not sure, nor good,
Wherefore to mee, twofaced in one hood,
As touching this, hee fully brake his minde,
As to his friend that should remedy finde.

16.

But I, although I knewe my prince did ill,
So that my harte abhorred sore the same,
Yet mischiefe so through malice led my will,
To bring this duke[5] from honour vnto shame,
And toward my selfe, my soueraygne to enflame:

[1] Earle. 1559, 63. [2] It out. 1559, 63, 71.
[3] The palme represse. N. [4] Earle. 1559, 63. [5] Earle. 1559, 63.

That I bewrayed his wordes vnto the king,
Not as a reade, but as a [most] haynous thing.

17.

Thus where my duty bound mee to haue tolde
The prince his fault, and wil'd him to rẽfrayne,
Through flattery loe, I did his ill vpholde,
Which turnde at length both him and mee to payne:
Woe, woe to kinges, whose counsaylours doe fayne,
Woe, woe to realmes, where such are put in trust
As leaue the lawe, to serue the prince's lust.

18.

And woe to him that by his flattering reede,
Mayntaynes[1] a prince in any kind of vice:
Woe worth him eke for enuy, pride, or meede,
That misreportes any[2] honest enterprise:
Because I beast in all these poynts was nice,
The plagues of all together on mee light,
And due for ill, doers doth acquite.

19.

For when the duke[3] was charged with my plaint,
Hee flat denyde that any part was true,
And claymde by armes to aunswere his attaynt,
And I by vse that warlyke[4] feates well knewe,
To his desire incontinently drewe:
Wherewith the king did seeme right well content,
As one that past not much with whome it went.

20.

At time and place apoynted wee appearde,
At all poynts armde to proue our quarells iust,
And when our friends on each part had vs chear'd,

[1] Manteyneth. 1559, 63. [2] An. N. [3] Earle. 1559, 63.
[4] Warly. 1559, 63.

And that the herolds bad vs doe our lust,
With speare in rest[1] wee tooke a course to iust:
But ere our horses had run halfe their way,
A shout was made, the king commaunded stay.

21.

And for t'auoyde the sheeding of our bloud
With shame and death, which one must needes haue had,
The king through counsayle of the lordes thought good
To banishe both, which iudgement strayt was rad:
No maruayle then though both were wroth and sad,
But chiefly I, that was exilde for aye,
My enmy straungde but for a ten yeares day.[2]

22.

The date expirde, whan by this doulfull[3] dome
I should depart to liue in banisht land,
On paine of death to *England* not to come,
I went my way: the king seasde in his hand
Mync offices, my honours, goods, and land,
To pay the due (as openly hee tolde)
Of mighty summes, which I had from him polde.

23.

See, *Baldwine*, see, the salary of sinne,
Marke with what[4] meede vile vices are rewarded:
Through [pride and] enuy I lose both kith and kinne,

[1] Misprinted, brest. 1587.

[2] In the same yere (1398) fel a great debate and dyssencyon bytwene the duke of Herforde, erle of Derby, on that one partye, and the duke of Norfolke, erle marchall, on that other partye. In soo moche that they waged battaylle and caste downe their gloues whiche were take vppe before the kynge and ensealed, and the day and place assigned at Couentree. To whyche place the kinge came, the duke of Lancastre, and other lordes. And whan both partyes were in the feelde redy for to fyghte, the kyng toke the matere in his owne honde: and forthwyth he exyled and banysshed the duke of Herforde for ten yeres, and the duke of Norfolke for euermore. The duke of Norfolke deyed at Venyse. *Polychronicon.*

[3] Doubtfull. 1578. [4] That. N.

And for my flattering playnt so well regarded,
Exile and slaunder[1] are iustly[2] mee awarded:
My wife and heire lacke lands and lawfull right,
And me their lord made dame *Dianae's* knight.

24.

If these mishaps at home bee not enough,
Adioyne to them my sorowes in exile:
I went to *Almayne* first, a land right roughe,
In which I found such churlish folke and vile,
As made mee loeth my life ech other while:
There lo, I learned what [it] is to bee a gest
Abroade, and what to liue at home in rest.

25.

For they esteeme no one man more than eche,
They vse as well the lackey as the lorde,
And like theyr maners churlishe in[3] theyr speeche,
Theyr lodging harde, theyr bourd to bee abhord:
Theyr pleited garments therewith[4] well accord,
All iagde and frounst, with diuers colours deckt,
They swere, they curse, and drinke, till they be fleckt.

26.

They hate all such as these theyr maners hate,
Which reason would no wiseman should allowe,
With these I dwelt, lamenting mine estate,
Till at the length they had got knowledge, howe
I was exilde, because I did avow
A false complaynt against my trusty friende,
For which they namde me traytour still vnhende.[5]

[1] Shame. N. [2] Are iust to. 1578.
[3] Is. 1559, 63. [4] Herewyth. 1559, 63, 71, 78.
[5] Which made them thinke mee worse then any feende. 1578.

27.

That what for shame and what for werines[1]
I stale fro thence,[2] and went to *Venise* towne,[3]
Where as I found more ease and friendlines,[4]
But greater griefe:[5] for now the great renowne
Of *Bolenbroke*, whom I would haue put downe,
Was waxt so great in *Britayne* and in *Fraunce*,
That *Venise* through, eche man did him auaunce.

28.

Thus lo, his glory grewe through great despite,[6]
And I thereby encreased in defame:
Thus enuy euer doth her most acquite[7]
With trouble, anguish, sorrow, smart, and shame,
But sets the vertues of her foe in flame:[8]
Like water waues which clense the muddy stone,
And soyles themselues by beating[9] thereupon.

29.

Or eare I had soiournd there a yeare,
Straunge tidinges came hee was to *England* gone,
Had tane the king, and that which touched him neare,
Imprisoned him with other of his fone,
And made him yeelde him vp his crowne, and throne:

[1] For other griefe. 1578. [2] I parted thence and. 1578.
[3] The duke of Norffolke whiche supposed to haue been borne out by the kynge, was sore repentant of his enterprise, and departed sorowfully out of the realme into Almaine, and at the laste came to Venice, where he for thoughte and melancolye deceassed. *Hall.*
[4] More pleasure and reliefe. 1578.
[5] Which was not longe. 1578.
[6] Loo! thus his glory grewe great, by my dispite. 1578.
[7] So enuy euer, her hatred doth acquite. 1578.
[8] Sorrowe and false shame,
Whereby her foes do shine in higher fame. 1578.
[9] Running. 1559.

When I these thinges for true by search had tryed,
Griefe gript mee so, I pinde away and dyed.

30.

Note here the end of pride, see flatteries fine,
Marke the rewarde of enuy and [false] complaynt,
And warne all people from them to decline,
Lest likely fault doe finde the like attaynt:
Let this my life to them bee a restraynt:
By other's harmes who listeth take no heede,
Shall by his owne learne other better reede.

T. Ch.[1]

[1] T. Ch. This signature first added in the edition of 1571, and has been uniformly believed to mean Thomas Churchyard. However, it may be more confidently assigned to Master Chaloner, i. e. Sir Thomas Chaloner.—In the British Museum there is a fragment of the original edition of the *Mirror for Magistrates*, as printed in folio, during the reign of Queen Mary, and suppressed, as already noticed, by the Lord Chancellor. The fragment consists of two leaves, and which, unfortunately, are duplicates, commencing with the interlocutory matter before the legend of Owen Glendower, and ends with the eighteenth stanza of the same legend. It begins "Whan Master Chaloner had ended thys so eloquent a tragedy," and therefore appears conclusive that the above was written by Thomas Chaloner, and that the legend of Richard the Second, by Ferrers, which now follows, was first written for the edition of 1559.

When the legend of Jane Shore was added in 1563, Baldwin says: "This was so well lyked, that all together exhorted me instantly to procure Maister Churchyarde to vndertake and to penne as manye moe of the remaynder as myght by any meanes be attaynted at his handes:" which compliment proves that the author was a new candidate, and upon the signatures being first added in 1571, we find his name affixed to "Shore's Wife," in full, Tho. Churchyarde, to distinguish it from the above abbreviation for Thomas Chaloner.

THIS tragicall example was of all the company we l liked, howbee it a doubt was found therein, and that by meanes of the diuersity of the chronicles: for whereas *Hall* (whose chronicle in this worke wee chiefly followed) maketh *Mowbrey* appellant and *Bolinbroke* defendant, *Fabian* reporteth the matter quite contrary, and that by record of the parliament roll, wherein it is playne that *Bolinbroke* was appellant and *Mowbrey* defendant.[1] Wherefore whatsoeuer shall bee sayde here in the person of *Mowbrey*, (who being a most noble prince, had too much wrong to bee so causeles defamed after his death) imagine that to bee spoken agaynst his accuser. Which matter[2] sith it is more hard to decide than needefull to our purpose, which minde only to disswade from vices and exalt vertue, wee referre to such as may come by the recordes of the actes of the parliament,[3] contented in the meane while with Maister *Halle's* iudgement, which maketh best for[4] our forshewed purpose. This doubt thus let passe. "I would," sayde Maister *Ferrers*, "say some-

[1] About the feeste of seynt Bartholmew fell dyscension and discorde atwene the duke of Herforde and the duke of Norfolke, wherefore the duke of Herforde accusyd that other that he had taken iiii M. marke of the kynge's, of suche money as he shulde therewith haue wagyd certeyne sowdyours at Calays, he lefte vndon, and toke the same money to his owne vse. But another wryter sayeth, that as the sayd ii dukys rode vpon a tyme from the parlyament towarde theyr lodgynges, the duke of Norfolke sayde vnto that other: "Sir, see you not howe varyable the kynge is in his wordis, and how shamefully he puttyth his lordes and kynnes folkys to deth, and other exylyth and holdyth in pryson; wherfore full necessary it is to kepe, and not for to truste moche in his wordis, for with out dowte in tyme to come, he wyll by such lyke meanys bryng vs vnto lyke deth and distruction." Of which wordys the sayd duke of Herforde accusyd that other vnto the kynge; wherefore eyther wagyd batayle, &c. *Fabyan.*

[2] For where as maister Hall, whom in thys storye we chiefely folowed, making Mowbray accuser and Boleynbroke appellant, mayster Fabyan reporteth the matter quite contrary, and that by the reporte of good authours, makyng Boleynbroke the accuser, and Mowbray the appellant. Which matter, &c. 1559, 63.

[3] Recordes of the parliament. 1578.

[4] We referre to the determinacion of the haroldes, or such as may cum by the recordes and registers of these doynges, contented in the mean whyle with the best allowed iudgement and which maketh most for. 1559, 63.

what for king *Richard*,[1] after whose depriuing, his brother[2] and diuers others made a maske, minding by king[3] *Henrye's* destruction to haue restored him, which masker's matter so runneth in this, that I doubt which ought to goe before, but seeing no man is ready to say ought in theyr behalfe, I will giue (who so listeth) leasure to looke[4] therevpon, and in the meane time to furder your enterprise, I will in king *Richarde's* behalfe[5] recount such part of his story as I thinke most necessary. And therefore imagine *Baldwine* that you see the corps of this prince all[6] to be mangled with blewe woundes, lying pale and wan, all naked vpon the cold stones in[7] *Paule's* church, the people standing round about him, and making his complaynt in manner as followeth.

[1] Richard the 2. 1578.

[2] I woulde (quoth one of the cumpany) gladly say sumwhat for king Richarde. But his personage is so sore intangled as I thynke fewe benefices be at this daye, for after hys imprisonment, his brother. 1559, 63.

[3] King, omitted. 1559, 63.

[4] Thinke. 1559, 63, 71, 78.

[5] In the kinge's behalf. 1559, 63.

[6] See him all. 1559, 63.

[7] Vpon a beere in. 1578.

[8] Makyng his mone in thys sort. 1559, 63.

HOW KING RICHARD

the second was for his euill gouern-

aunce deposed from his seate,

in the yeare 1399, *and murdered*

in prison[1] the yeare following.

1.

HAPPY is the prince, that hath in welth the grace
To followe vertue, keeping vices vnder,[2]
But woe to him whose will hath wisdome's place:
For who so renteth right and lawe asunder,
On him at length all the worlde shall wonder:
High byrth, choyce fortune, force, nor princely mace,[3]
Can warrant king or keyser fro the case:
[Shame sueth sinne, as rayne drops doe the thunder:[4]
Let princes therefore vertuous life embrace,[5]
That wilfull pleasures[6] cause them not to blunder.]

2.

Behold my hap, see how the seely rout
On mee doo gaze,[7] and ech to other say:
See where hee lyeth, but late that was so stout,[8]

[1] From his seat, and miserably murdred in prison. 1559, 63.
[2] Vertue to folow and vyces to keepe vnder. 1578.
[3] Boast of high byrth, sword, scepter, ne mace. 1578.
[4] Rayne do drops of thunder. 1578.
[5] Let kinges therfore the lawes of God embrace. 1578.
[6] That vayne delightes. 1578.
[7] Do gase vpon me. 1559, 63.
[8] Lyeth, for whom none late myght rout. 1559, 63.

Loe how the power, the pride, and rich aray
Of mighty rulers[1] lightly fade away:
The king, which erst kept all the realme in doute,
The veriest rascall now dare checke and floute:[2]
[What moulde bee kinges made of, but carion clay?[3]
Behold his woundes how blew they bee about,
Which while hee liued, thought[4] neuer to decay.]

3.

Mee thinke I heare the people thus deuise:
Wherefore, *Baldwine*, sith thou wilt declare[5]
How princes fell, to make the liuing wise,
My lawlesse life[6] in no poynt see thou spare,
But paynt it out, that rulers may beware
Good counsayle, lawe, or vertue to despise:
For realmes haue rules, and rulers haue a sise,
[Which if they breake, thus much to say I dare[7]
That eyther's griefes the other shall agrise
Till one[8] bee lost, the other brought to care.]

4.

I was a king, who ruled all by lust,
Forcing but light of[9] justice, right,[10] or lawe,
Putting alwayes flatterers false in trust,[11]
Ensuing such[12] as could my vices clawe,

[1] Princes. 1578.
[2] Loute. 1559, 63, 71. Dead and least dread, to graue is caryed out. 1578.
[3] But earth and clay. 1578.
[4] Behold the woundes his body all about,
Who liuing here, thought, 1578.
[5] Wilt nowe declare. 1571, 78. [6] My vicious story, 1559, 63.
[7] They kepe not, doutles say I dare. 1559, 63.
[8] Tyll the one. 1559, 63. [9] Without respect of. 1578.
[10] I am a kynge that ruled all by lust,
That forced not of vertue, right. 1559, 63.
[11] But alway put false flatterers most in trust. 1559, 63.
In false flatterers reposinge all my trust. 1578.
[12] Embracinge sutch. 1578.

By faythfull counsayle passing not an hawe,[1]
As pleasure prickt, so needes obay I must:
Hauing delight to feede and serue the gust,[2]
[Three meales a day could scarse content my mawe:[3]
Mee liked least to torney or to just,
To *Venus* sport my fancy did mee[4] drawe:][5]

5.

Which to mayntayne, my people were sore polde[6]
With fines, fifteenes, and loanes by way of prest,[7]
Blanke charters,[8] othes, and shiftes not knowne of olde,
For which the commons[9] did mee sore detest:[10]
I also solde the noble towne[11] of *Brest*,
My fault wherein because mine vncle tolde,
[(For prince's actes may no wise bee[12] controlde)]
I found the meanes his bowels to vnbrest,[13]
[The worthy peeres, which his cause did vpholde[14]
With long exile, or cruell death opprest.][15]

[1] Fro counsell sage I did alwayes withdrawe. 1578.
[2] By faythfull counsayle passing not a strawe;
What pleasure prickt, that thought I to be iust:
I set my minde, to feede, to spoyle, to iust. 1559, 63.
[3] Of God or man I stoode no wise in awe. 1578.
[4] More. 1578.
[5] And to augment my lecherous minde that must
To Venus' pleasures alway be in awe. 1563.
The edition of 1559 reads "and all to augment," &c.
[6] Which to mayntayne I gathered heapes of golde. 1578.
[7] For maytenaunce where of, my realme I polde
Through subsidies, sore fines, loanes, many a prest. 1559, 63.
[8] In the two and twentyest yere of kynge Rycharde there were made blanke chartres, to whyche all the ryche men of the reame were compellyd to sette to theyr seales. *Polychronicon.*
[9] For which my subiectes. 1559, 63.
[10] The people my doinges did detest. 1578.
[11] I also made away the towne. 1559, 63.
[12] Prince's vices may not be. 1559, 63.
[13] I founde the meanes that he to death was sold. N.
[14] His lyfe I tooke, vntried without quest,
And all sutch lordes as did his cause vphold. 1578.
[15] The piers and lordes that did his cause vpholde,
With death, exile, or greuous fines opprest. 1559, 63.

6.

None ayde I lackt in[1] any wicked deede,
For gaping gulles whome I promoted had,
Would furder all in hope of higher meede:
There can no king imagine[2] ought so bad,
But shall finde some that will[3] performe it glad:[4]
For sicknes seldome doth so swiftly breede,
As humours ill doe growe[5] the griefe to feede:
[Thus kinge's estates of all bee worst[6] bestad,
Abusde in welth, abandoned at neede,
And nerest harme when they bee least adrad.]

7.

My life and death the trueth of this hath tryde:[7]
For while I fought in *Ireland* with my foes,
Mine vncle *Edmund*[8] whome I left to guide
My realme at home, rebelliously arose
Percyes to helpe,[9] which plied my depose:[10]
And calde fro *Fraunce* earle *Bolenbroke*, whom I
Exiled had for ten yeares there to lye:[11]
[Who cruelly did put to death all those[12]
That in mine ayde durst looke but once awrye,
Whose numbre was but slender I suppose.][13]

8.

For comming backe this soden stur[14] to stay,
The earle of *Worcester* whome[15] I trusted moste,

[1] Neyther lakt I ayd in. 1559, 63.
[2] A kyng can neuer ymagen. 1559, 63.
[3] But most about hym will. 1559, 63.
[4] Some to do the same most glad. 1578.
[5] As vicious humours growe. 1559, 63.
[6] Be worst of all. 1578.
[7] Thys can trye. 1559, 63.
[8] Edward. 1578.
[9] Traytors to helpe. 1578.
[10] Ryght trayterously arose
To helpe the Percyes, plying my depose. 1559, 63.
[11] Condemned ten yeares in exyle to lye. 1559, 63.
[12] Who tyrant like did execute all those. 1578.
[13] Of which sort soone after some their liues did lose. 1578.
[14] For when I was cum back thys stur. 1559, 63.
[15] My steward false to whom. 1578.

(Whiles I in *Wales* at *Flint* my castle[1] lay,
Both to refresh and multiply myne hoste)
There[2] in my hall, in sight of least and most,[3]
His staffe did breake, which was my householde stay,[4]
Bad ech make shift, and rode himselfe away:
[See princes, see the strength whereof wee bost,
Whom most wee trust, at neede doe vs betray:
Through whose false fayth my land and life I lost.][5]

9.

My stuard false, thus being fled and gone,
My seruants sly shranke of on euery side,
Then caught I was and led vnto my foen,
Who for theyr prince no pallace did prouide,
But pryson strong, where *Henry* puft with pride
Causde mee resigne my kingly state and throne:[6]
And so forsaken and left as post[7] alone,
[These hollow friendes, by *Henry* soone espyed,
Became suspect, and fayth was giuen to none,
Which caused them from fayth agayne to slyde.][8]

10.

And strayt conspyrde[9] theyr newe king[10] to put downe,

[1] We in Wales at Flint our castell. 1559, 63.
[2] Dyd. 1559, 63.
[3] There in my hall, mindinge to fly the coast. 1578.
[4] Rebreake hys staffe, my housholde offyce stay. 1559, 63.
[5] No better stay then in a rotten post. 1578.
[6] Resigne, abandoning my throane. 1578.
[7] Forsaken left and post. N.
[8] For whan my trayterous stuard thus was goen,
My seruantes shranke away on euery syde,
That caught I was, and caryed to my foen:
Who for theyr prince a pryson dyd provyde,
And therin kept me tyll duke Henrye's pryde
Dyd cause me yelde hym vp my crowne and throne:
Which shortely made my frendly foes to grone,
For Henry seyng in me theyr falshode tryed,
Abhorde them all, and would be rulde by none;
For which they sought to stoppe hym strayt a tyde. 1559, 63.
[9] Yet some conspir'd. N.
[10] Conspiring streight their new prince. 1578.

And to that end a solemp[1] oth they swore,
To render mee my royall seate[2] and crowne:
Whereof themselues depriued mee before:
But late medcynes can help no sothbynde sore:[3]
When swelling flouds haue ouer flowen the towne,
To late it is to saue them that shall drowne:
[Till sayles bee spred a ship may keepe the shore,
No anker holde can keepe the vessel downe,
With streme and stere perforce it will bee bore.][4]

11.

For though the peeres set *Henry* in his state,[5]
Yet could they not displace him thence agayne:
And where they easely depriued[6] mee of late,[7]
They could restore mee by no manner payne:[8]
Thinges hardly mend, but may bee mard amayne,
And when a man is fallen in[9] froward fate,
Still mischiefs light one on[10] another's pate:
[And meanes well meant all mishaps[11] to restrayne
Waxe wretched mones, whereby his ioyes abate,
Due proofe whereof in this appeared playne.][12]

[1] The chief conspyrde by death to dryve hym downe,
For which exployte, a solempne. 1559. 63.
Which to performe a solempne. 1578.
[2] My lyberty and. 1559, 63. My sceptre and my. 1578.
[3] No festred sore. 1578.
[4] But salues help seeld an over long suffred sore,
To stopp the brech no boote to runne or rowne,
When swellyng fluds have overflowen the town:
Tyll sayles be spred the shyp may kepe the shore,
The ankers wayed, though all the frayt do frowne,
With streame and steere perforce it shal be bore. 1559, 63.
Then winde and streame hath set the seas in rore. 1578.
[5] In such state. 1578. [6] They soone depriued. N.
[7] Easely put me downe of late. 1559, 63.
[8] And where with ease my pride they did abate,
They were to weake to set me vp agayne. 1578.
[9] By. 1578. [10] In. 1559.
[11] And well meant meanes his mishaps. 1559, 63.
[12] In me appereth playne. 1559, 63.

12.

For whan the king did know[1] that for my cause,
His lordes in maske[2] would kill him on a night,[3]
To dash all doubtes hee tooke no farder pause,
But *Pierce* of *Exton*, a cruell murdering[4] knight,
To *Pomfret* castle sent him, armed bright,[5]
Who causelesse kild mee there against all lawes,[6]
Thus lawles life to lawles death ey drawes:
[Wherefore bid kinges bee rulde and rule by right:
Who worketh his will, and shunneth wisedome's sawes,
In snares of woe, ere hee bee ware, shall light.][7]

G. F.[8]

[1] For when kyng Henry knew. 1559,63.

[2] According to Fabian there was "made prouysyon for a dysguysynge or a mummynge, to be shewyd to the kynge vpon twelfethe nyght:" but Hall describes the plot for the assassination as intended to have been effected during the holding solemn justs at Oxford, and gives a curious and perspicuous account of the preparations made for exhibiting noble acts of chivalry.

[3] Hym yf they myght. 1559, 63. Would murder him by night. 1578.

[4] Cutthroate. 1578.

[5] But sent syr Pierce of Exton, a traytrous knyght,
To Pomfret castell, with other, armed lyght. 1559, 63.

[6] Sent with great dispite,
Who reft my lyfe by force against al lawes. 1578.

[7] In flaterie's clawes, and shame's foule pawes shall lyght. 1559, 63
And so I end concluding with this clause;
That God though late at last wil surely smyte, 1578.

[8] George Ferrers, the initials added, 1571.

[When hee had[1] ended this so woefull a tragedy,[2] and to all princes a right worthy[3] instruction, wee paused:[4] hauing passed through a miserable time full of piteous tragedies. And seeing the raigne of *Henry* the fourth ensued, a man[5] more wary[6] and prosperous in his doings, although not vntroubled with warres both of outforth and inward enemies, wee began to searche what peeres[7] were fallen therein, whereof the nombre was not small: and yet because theyr examples were not much to be noted for our purpose, we passed ouer al the maskers (of whom king *Richard's* brother was chief) which were all slayn and put to death for theyr trayterous attempt. And finding *Owen Glendour* next, one of fortune's owne whelpes, and the *Percies* his confederates, I thought them vnmeete to be ouerpassed, and[8] therefore sayd thus to the sylent company: "What my maisters is euery man at once in a browne study? hath no man affection to any of these stories? you minde so much some other belike, that these doe not moue you: and to say the[9] truth, there is no speciall cause why they should. [10]How be it *Owen Glendour*, because he was one of fortune's owne darlings, and affected to bee prince[11] of *Wales*, although to his owne mischiefe

[1] When maister Ferrers had. 1578.

[2] Whan master Chaloner had ended thys so eloquent a tragedy. Fol. See n. 1, p. 53.

[3] Right notable and wurthy. Fol.

[4] 'We paused,' is transposed to end of sentence, after 'piteous tragedies, we paused awhile. And seeing.' 1578

[5] A prince. 1578. [6] Ware. 1571, 78. [7] Princes. Fol.

[8] Owen Glendour, a great prince in Wales, next in succession of ill fortune with the stout Percies, his confederates, I thought it not meete to ouerpasse so great persons with silence, and therefore. 1578.

[9] 'The,' omitted. Fol.

[10] Howbeit Owen Glendour because he is a man of that countrey whence (as the Welchmen beare me in hand) my petigre is discended, althoughe he be but a slender prince, yet rather then he should be forgotten, I wyll tell his tale for him vnder the priuilege of Martin Hundred: which Owen coming naked out of the wilde mountaynes, like the image of death in all poyntes (his dart onely excepted) so sore hath famine and hunger consumed him, lamenteth his infortune after this maner. Fol.

[11] Monark. 1578.

and destruction, rather then he should bee forgotten, I wil take vpon mee (by your fauour) to say somewhat in his personne:[1] which[2] *Owen* comming out of the wilde mountaynes of *Wales* like the image of death in all poyntes (his harte onely excepted) as a ghost forpined with extreame famine, cold, and hunger, may lament his great misfortune after[3] this manner."][4]

[1] Rather then he should be forgotten. I wil pray maister Phaer, who of late hath placed hymselfe in that country, and haply hath met with his ghost in the forest of Kylgarran, that he wil say somwhat in his person. 1578.

[2] One of fortune's darlynges, rather than he should be forgotten, I will tel hys tale for him vnder the pryuelidge of Martine hundred: which, &c. 1559, 63.

[3] Excepted, so sore hath famyne and hunger consumed hym, may lament his folly after. 1559, 63.

[4] Lamente his great misfortune in sutch maner as you, maister Phaer, are able most amptly to vtter and set forth. 1578.

HOW OWEN GLENDOUR

seduced by false prophesies, tooke

vpon him to bee Prince of Wales,

and was by Henry Prince[1] *of England*

chased[2] to the mountaynes, where hee

miserably died for lack of foode.[3]

Anno 1401.[4]

1.

I PRAY thee, *Baldwine*, sith thou doest entende
To shewe the fall[5] of such as climbe to hie,
Remember mee, whose miserable end
May teach a man his vicious life to flye,[6]
Oh fortune, fortune, out on thee,[7] I crye:
My liuely corps thon hast made leane and slender,
For lacke of foode, whose name was *Owen Glendour*.[8]

[1] Henry then prince. 1559, 63.
[2] Henry then prince thereof chased. Fol.
[3] He most miserably starued for hunger. 1578.
[4] Anno 1401, added. 1571.
[5] Falles. Fol.
[6] May teach all men ambition to flye. 1578.
[7] Her. Fol. 1559, 63.
[8] My body and fame she hathe made leane and slender,
For I, poor wretch, am sterved Owen Glendour. Fol. 1559, 63.
Oh false fortune, fortune, vengeaunce on thee, I crye:
Which offering a sop of sweet receyt,
Haste made me byte the hooke in steede of bayt. 1578.

2.

A *Welshman* borne,[1] and of the *Troyan* bloud,[2]
But ill brought vp, whereby full well I finde,
That neyther byrth nor linage make vs good,[3]
Though it bee true that cat will after kinde:
Fleshe gendreth fleshe, but not the soule or minde,[4]
They gender not, but fouly doe degender,
When men to vice from vertue them surrender.[5]

3.

Each thing by nature tendeth to the same
Whereof it came, and is disposed like:
Downe sinkes the mould, vp mounts the fiery flame,
With horne the hart, with hoofe the horse doth strike,
The wolfe doth spoile, the suttle foxe doth pike,
And to conclude,[6] no fishe, fleshe, foule or plant,
Of their true dame the property doth want.[7]

4.

But as for men, sith seuerally they haue
A minde, whose maners are by learning made,
Good bringing vp all only doth them saue
In honest actes,[8] which with their parents fade:
So that true gentry standeth in the trade
Of vertuous life,[9] not in the fleshely line:
For bloud is brute, but gentry is deuine.

5.

Experience doth cause mee thus to say,
And that the rather for my countreymen,
Which vaunt and boast themselues aboue the day,

[1] A Brytton borne. 1578. [2] Of a gentle blood. Fol. 1559, 63.
[3] Make men good. Fol. [4] So doth not soule or mynd. Fol. 1559, 63
[5] Them doo render. Fol. [6] And generally. Fol.
[7] Doth any property that theyr dame had, want. Fol. 1559, 63.
[8] In vertuous deedes. Fol. 1559, 63. [9] Of vertue's life. 1578.

If they may straine their stocke fro[1] worthy men:
Which let bee true, are they the better than?
Nay far the worse, if so they bee not good,
For why, they staine the bewty of their blood.

6.

How would wee mocke the burden bearing mule,
If hee would brag hee were an horse's sonne,
To presse his pride[2] (might nothing else him rule)
His boastes to proue no more but bid him run:
The horse for swiftnes hath his glory wonne:
The mule[3] could neuer[4] the more aspyer,
Though hee should proue that *Pegas* was[5] his sier.

7.

Each man may[6] crake of that which was[7] his owne,
Our parents' vertues are theirs,[8] and no whit ours:[9]
Who therefore will of noble birth[10] bee knowne,
Ought[11] shine in vertue like his auncestours:
Gentry consisteth not in landes and towers:
Hee is a churle, though all the world were his,[12]
Yea *Arthur's* heyre, if that hee liue amis.

8.

For vertuous life a gentleman doth make[13]
Of her possessour all bee hee poore as *Iob*,
Yea though no name of elders hee can take,[14]
For proofe take *Merlin* fathered by an hob:[15]
But who so sets his minde to spoyle and rob,

[1] For. Fol. [2] The pryde. 1559, 63. [3] To which the mule. 1559, 63.
[4] The braging mule could nere. N. [5] Wer. Fol. Is. 1559, 63.
[6] May, omitted. 1578. [7] Is. Fol. 1559.
[8] Our parents' good is theirs. N.
[9] Vertues theyrs are and not ours. Fol. 1559, 63.
[10] Noble kynd. Fol. 1559, 63. [11] Or shine. N. [12] Be his. Fol.
[13] Doth make a gentilman. Fol. 1559. Make a gentyll man. 1563.
[14] Of elders shew he can. Fol. 1559, 63.
[15] Merlin, whose father was an hob. Fol.

Although hee come by due discent from *Brute*,
Hee is a chorle, vngentle, vile, and brute.

9.

Well, thus did I for want of better wit,
Because my parents naughtely brought mee vp:
For gentlemen (they sayd) was nought so fyt,
As to attast by bold attempts the cup
Of conquest's wine, whereof I thought to sup:
And therefore bent my selfe to rob and ryue,
And whome I could of landes and goodes depriue.

10.

For[1] *Henry* the fourth did then vsurpe the crowne,
Despoyled the king, with *Mortimer* the heyre:
For which his subiects sought to put him downe,
And I, while fortune offered mee so fayre,
Did what I might his honour to appayre:
And tooke on mee to bee the prince of *Walles*,
Entiste thereto by prophesies and tales.[2]

11.

For which, such idle[3] as wayt vpon the spoyle,
From euery part of *Walles* vnto mee drewe:
For loytering youth vntaught in any toyle,
Are ready aye, all mischiefe to ensue:
Through helpe of these so great my glory grewe,
That I defied my king through lofty hart,
And made sharpe warre on all that tooke his part.

12.

See lucke, I tooke lord *Raynold Gray* of *Rythen*,
And him enforst my daughter to espouse,
And so vnraunsomed I[4] held him still; and sythen

[1] For omitted. N.
[2] By many of Merlyne's tales. Fol. 1559, 63.
[3] Such mates. N.
[4] I, inserted. 1571. So perforce I. N.

In *Wigmore* land through battayle rigorous,
I caught the right heyre of the crowned house,
The earle of *March*, sir *Edmund Mortimer*,
And in a dungeon kept him prisoner.

13.

Than all the marches longing vnto *Wales*,
By *Syuerne* west, I did inuade and burne:
Destroyed the townes in mountaynes, and in vales,
And rich in spoyles had[1] homeward[2] safe returne:
Was none so bolde durst once agaynst mee spurne:
Thus prosperously doth fortune forward call,
Those whome shee mindes to geue the sorest fall.

14.

Whan fame had brought these tidings to the king,
(Although the *Scots* than vexed him right sore)
A mighty army against[3] mee hee did bring:
Whereof the *French* king being warned afore,
Who mortall hate against king *Henry* bore,
To greeue our foe hee quickely to mee sent
Twelue thousand *Frenchmen*, armed to warre and bent.

15.

A part of them led by the earle of *March*,
Lord *Iames* of *Burbon*, a valiaunt tried knight,[4]
With held by wyndes to *Walles* ward forth to march,
Tooke land at *Plimmouth* priuely on a[5] night:
And whan hee had done all that[6] hee durst or might,
After that a[7] meyney of his men were slaine,
Hee stole to ship and sailed home agayne.

[1] Did. 1557.
[2] And with rich spoyles did homward. Fol.
[3] 'Gainst. N.
[4] A renowned knight. N.
[5] A, omitted. N.
[6] That, inserted. 1571. Omitted. N.
[7] A, omitted. N.

16.

Twelue thousand moe[1] in *Milford* did ariue,
And came to mee, then lying at *Denbigh:*
With armed *Welshmen* thousands double fiue,
With whome wee went to *Worcester* well nigh,
And there encampt vs on a mount on high,
To abide[2] the king who shortly after came,
And pitched his field, on a hill hard[3] by the same.

17.

There eyght dayes long our hostes lay face to face,
And neyther durst other's power[4] assayle:
But they so stopt the passages the space,
That vitayles could not come to our avayle,
Where through constraynde our hearts began to fayle,
So that the *Frenchmen* shranke away by night,
And I with mine to th' mountaynes[5] tooke our flight.

18.

The king pursued greatly to his cost,
From hilles to woods, from woods to valleys playne:
And by the way his men and stuffe hee lost:
And when hee sawe[6] hee gayned naught but payne,
Hee blewe retreate and gate[7] him home agayne:
Then with my power I boldly came abroade,
Taken in my countrey for a very god.[8]

19.

Immediately after fell a ioly jarre
Betweene the king, and *Percie's* worthy blouds,
Which grue at last vnto a deadly warre:

[1] Other. Fol. [2] T'abide. N.
[3] And pitched downe his field hard. N.
[4] Neither other's power durst. N. [5] To the mountaines. Fol.
[6] See. Fol. 1559, 63. [7] Got. Fol. 1559.
[8] The fragment of the folio, in the British Museum, ends here.

For like as drops engender mighty flouds,
And litle seedes sprout forth great leaues and buds,
Euen so small striues,[1] if they bee suffered run,
Breede wrath and war, and death or they be don.

20.

The king would haue the ransome of such *Scots*
As these the *Percies* tane had in the fielde:
But see how strongly lucre knits her knots,
The king will haue, the *Percies* will not yeelde,
Desire of goods some craues, but graunteth seelde:
Oh cursed goods, desire of you hath wrought
All wickednes, that hath or can bee thought.

21.

The *Percies* deemde it meeter for the king
To haue redeemde theyr cosin *Mortimer*,
Who in his quarell all his power did bring
To fight with mee, that toke him prisoner,
Than of their pray to rob his souldier:
And therefore willed him see some meane were founde,
To quite forth him whome I kept vily bounde.

22.

Because the king misliked theyr request,
They came themselues and did accorde with mee,
Complayning how the kingdome was opprest
By *Henrye's* rule: wherefore wee did agree
To plucke[2] him downe, and part the realme in three:
The north part theyrs, *Wales* wholy[3] to bee mine,
The rest, to rest to th'earle of *Marche's* line.

23.

And for to set vs hereon more agog,
A prophet came (a vengeaunce take them all)
Affirming *Henry* to bee *Gogmagog*,

[1] Strifes. N. [2] To put hym, 1557, 63. [3] Holy. N.

Whom *Merline* doth a mouldwarp euer call,
Accurst of God that must bee brought in thrall
By a wolfe, a dragon, and a lion strong,
Which should deuide his kingdome them among.

24.

This crafty dreamer made vs three such beastes,
To thinke wee were the foresayde beastes in deede:
And for that cause our badges and our creastes
Wee searched out, which scarsly well agreede:
Howbeit the heroldes, ready[1] at such a neede,
Drewe downe such issues from olde auncesters,
As proued these ensignes to bee surely oures.[2]

25.

Yee crafty *Welshmen*, wherefore doe yee mocke,
The noble men thus with your fayned rymes?
Yee noble men, why fly yee not the flocke
Of such as haue seduced so many times?
False prophesies are plagues for diuers crimes,
Which God doth let the deuilish sort deuise,
To trouble such as are not godly wise.

26.

And that appearde by vs three beastes indeede,
Through false perswasion highly borne in hand,
That in our feate wee coulde not chuse but speede,

[1] Apt. N.

[2] Here I passe ouer to declare howe a certayne writer writeth that this earle of Marche, the lorde Percy, and Owen Glendor were vnwisely made beleue by a Welsh prophecier, that kyng Henry was the moldwarpe, cursed of Godde's owne mouthe, that and they thre were the dragon, the lion, and the wolffe, whiche shoulde deuide this realme betwene theim, by the deuiacion and not deuinacion of that mawmet Merlin. I wyll not reherse howe they by their deputies in the howse of the archdeacon of Burgor, seduced with that falce fained prophesie deuided the realme amongest them, nor yet write howe by a tripartie endenture sealed with their seales, all Englande, from Seuerne and Trent, south and eastward, was assigned to the erle of Marche; nor how all Wales, and the landes beyond Seuerne westward, were appoincted to Owen Glendor, and all the remnaunt from Trent northwarde to the lorde Percie. *Hall.*

To kill the king and to enioy his land:
For which exployt wee bound our selues in band,
To stand contented ech man with his parte,
So fully folly assurde[1] our foolish hearte.

27.

But such, they say, as fishe before the net,
Shall seeldome surfet of the pray they take:
Of thinges to come the haps bee so vnset,
That none but fooles may warraunt of them make:
The full assured successe doth oft forsake:
For fortune findeth none so fit to flout,
As sure be[2] sots which cast no kinde of doubt.

28.

How sayst thou, *Henry Hotspur*, doe I lye:
For thou right manly gauest the king a fielde,
And there wast slayne because thou wouldest not fly:
Syr *Thomas Percy* thine vncle forst[3] to yeelde,
Did cast his head (a wonder seene but seelde)
From *Shrewsbury* towne to th'top of *London* bridge:
Loe thus fond hope did both theyr liues abridge.

29.

When king *Henry*[4] this victory had wonne,
Destroyde the *Percyes*, put theyr power to flight,
Hee did apoynt prince *Henry*, his eldest sonne,
With all his power to meete mee if hee might:
But I discomfyt, through my partner's fight,
Had not the heart to meete him face to face,
But fled away, and hee pursued the chase.

[1] So folly did assure. N.
[2] As sures by sots. 1559, 63, 71, 75, 78. As carelesse sots. N.
[3] Thine vncle Thomas Percy forst. N.
[4] When Henry kyng. 1559, 63. When Henry this great victory. N.

30.

Now, *Baldwine*, marke, for I, calde prince of *Wales*,
And made beleeue I should bee hee in deede,
Was made to fly among the hilles and dales,
Where all my men forsooke mee at my neede:
Who trusteth loyterers seelde hath lucky[1] speede:
And when the captayne's courage doth him fayle,
His souldier's hearts a litle thing may quayle.

31.

And so prince *Henry* chased mee, that loe,
I found no place wherein I might abide:
For as the dogges pursue the seely doe,
The brache behinde, the houndes on euery side,
So traste they mee among the mountaynes wide:
Whereby I found I was the hartles hare,
And not the beast colprophet[2] did declare.

32.

And at the last: like as the litle roach,
Must eyther[3] be eate, or leape vpon the shore,
When as the hungry pickerell doth approch,
And there finde death which it escapt before:
So double death assaulted mee so sore,
That eyther I must vnto mine enmy yeelde,
Or starue for hunger in the barrayn feelde.

33.

Here shame and payne a while were at a strife,
Payne bade[4] mee yeelde, shame bad mee rather fast:
The one bad spare, the other bad spend my life,
But shame (shame haue it) ouercame at last:
Then hunger gnew,[5] that doth the stone wall brast,

[1] Luckly. N. [2] The prophet. N.
[3] Else. N. [4] Payn prayed. 1559, 63. [5] Stronge. 1578.

And made mee eat both grauel, durt and mud,
And last of all, my dung, my flesh, and bloud.[1]

34.

This was mine end too horrible to heare,
Yet good enough for a[2] life that was so ill,[3]
Whereby, O *Baldwine*, warne all men to beare
Theyr youth such loue, to bring them vp in skill,[4]
Bid princes fly colprophet's[5] lying byll,[6]
And not presume to climb aboue theyr states:[7]
For they bee faultes that foyle men, not theyr fates.

Th. Ph.[8]

[1] Forst mee to feede on barke of trees, and wood,
And last of all, to gnaw my flesh and bloud. 1578.
[2] A, omitted. N. [3] For him that did so ill. 1578.
[4] The vayne desires, when wit doth yeeld to will. 1578.
[5] Fly false prophets. N. [6] Lyinge skill. 1578.
[7] Owen and his sedicious fautors, which beyng dismaied and in maner desperate of all comfort by the reason of the kynge's late victory fled in desert places and solitary caues, where he receiued a finall reward mete and prepared by Godde's prouidence for suche a rebell and sedicious seducer. For beyng destitute of all comfort, dreadyng to shewe his face to any creature, lackyng meate to sustain nature, for pure hunger and lacke of fode miserably ended his wretched life. This ende was prouided for suche as gaue credence to false prophesies. This ende had they that by diabolical deuinations wer promised great possessions and seignories. This ende happeneth to suche as beleuyng suche fantasticall folies, aspire and gape for honor and high promocions. *Hall.*
[8] Thomas Phaer. The above signature first added in ed. 1578, is omitted in ed. 1587, though confirmed by the next note. The name is subscribed in Niccols.

[WHAN starued *Owen* had ended his hungry exhortation, it was well enough liked, howbeit one founde a doubte[1] worth the mouing, and that concerning this title, earle of *March:* for as it appeareth, there were three men of three diuers nations together in one time entituled by that honour: first syr *Edmund Mortimer*, whom *Owen* kept in pryson, an *Englishman:* the second the lord *George* of *Dunbar*, a valiaunt *Scot*, banished out of his countrey, and well esteemed of *Henry* the fouerth: the thirde lord *Iames* of *Bourbon*, a *Frenchman*, sent by the *Frenche* king to help *Owen Glendour*.

These three men had this title all at once, which caused him to aske how it was true that euery one of these could bee earle of *March:* whereto was answered, that euery countrey hath *Marches* belonging vnto them, and those so large, that they were earledomes, and the lords thereof entituled thereby: so the[2] lord *Edmund Mortimer* was earle of *March* in *England*, lord *Iames* of *Burbon*, of the *Marches* of *Fraunce*, and lorde *George* of *Dunbar*, earle of the *Marches* in *Scotland*. For otherwise neyther coulde haue interest in other's title. This doubt thus dissolued, maister *Ferrers* sayde: "If no man haue affection to the *Percies*, let vs passe the times both of *Henry* the fourth and the fift, and come to *Henry* the sixt, in whose time fortune (as shee doth in the minority of princes) bare a great stroke among the nobles. And yet in *Henry* the fourth's time are examples which I would wish, *Baldewine*, that you should not forget, as the conspiracy made by the byshop of *Yorke*, and the lord *Mowbrey*, sonne of him whome you late treated of, pricked forwarde by the earle of *Northumberland*, father to sir *Henry Hot-*

[1] Whan mayster Phaer had ended the tragedy of thys hunger staruen prynce of Wales, it was well liked of al the company that a Saxon would speake so mutch for a Brytton, then sodenly one found a doubt. 1578.

[2] That. 1559, 63.

spur, who fled himselfe, but his parteners were apprehended and put to death, with *Bainton* and *Blinkinsops*, which could not see theyr duty to theyr king, but tooke parte with *Percy*, that banished rebell." As hee was proceding, hee was desired to stay by one which had pondered the story of the *Percies*, who briefly sayde: "To the end, *Baldwine*, that you may knowe what to say of the *Percies*, whose story is not all out of memory (and is a notable story) I will take vpon mee the person of the lord *Henry Percy*,[1] earle of *Northumberland*, father of sir[2] *Henry Hotspur*, in whose behalfe this may be sayd as follow-eth."][3]

[1] Percy, added. 1571. [2] Sir, added. 1571.
[3] As followeth, added. 1571.

HOW HENRY PERCY

Earle of Northumberland, was for his

couetous and trayterous attempt

put to death at Yorke,

Anno 1407.[1]

1.

O MORALL *Senec*, true finde I thy saying,
That neither kinne,[2] riches, strength, or fauour,
Are free from fortune, but are aye decaying:
No worldly welth is ought saue doubtfull labour,
Man's life in earth is like vnto a tabour,
Which nowe to myrth doth mildly men prouoke
And straight to warre, with a more sturdy stroke.

2.

All this full true I *Percy* finde by proofe,
Which whilom was earle of *Northumberland:*
And therefore, *Baldwine*, for my pier's[3] behoofe,
To note men's falles sith thou hast tane in hand,
I would thou should my state well vnderstand:
For fewe kinges were more than I redouted,[4]
Whom double fortune lifted vp and louted.

[1] Anno 1407, added. 1571.
[2] Kynsfolke. 1559, 63.
[3] For our peers. N.
[4] For few there were, that were so much redoubted. N.

3.

As for my kinne their noblenesse is knowen,
My valiaunt acts were[1] folly for to prayse,
Where through the *Scots*[2] so oft were ouerthrowen,
That who but I was doubted in my dayes:
And that king *Richarde* found at all assayes,
For neuer *Scots*[3] rebelled in his raigne,
But through my force were eyther caught or slayne.

4.

A brother I had was earle of *Worcester*,
Alwayes in office and fauour[4] with the king,
And by my wife dame *Elinor Mortimer*,
A sonne I had[5] which so the *Scots*[6] did sting,
That being yong, and but a very spring,
Henry Hotspur they gaue him vnto name,[7]
And though I say it, hee did deserue the same.

5.

Wee three triumphed in king *Richard's* time,
Till fortune ought both him and vs a spite:
But chiefly mee, whome clerely from[8] any crime,
My king did banishe from his fauour quite,
Proclayming mee a trayterous knight:[9]
Where through false slaunder forced mee to bee,
That which before I did most deadly flee.

6.

Let men beware how they true folke defame,
Or threaten on them the blame of vices nought,
For infamy breedeth wrath, wreke followeth shame:

[1] My valyauntise were. 1559, 63. [2] Through our foes. N.
[3] Foes. N. [4] In favour and offyce. 1559, 63.
[5] I had a son. 1559, 63. [6] Foes. N.
[7] Syr Henry Hotspur they gaue hym to name. 1559, 63.
[8] Clere from. 1559, 63, 71. N.
[9] And openly proclaymed trayterous knight. 1559. 63. A most disloyall knight. N.

Eke open slannder often times hath brought
That to effect, that erst was neuer thought:
To bee misdeemed men suffer in a sort,
But none can beare the griefe of misreport.

7.

Because my king did shame mee wrongfully,
I hated him and in deede[1] became his foe:
And while hee did at warre in *Ireland* lye,
I did conspire to turne his weale to woe:
And through the duke of *Yorke* and other moe,
All royall power from him wee quickely tooke,
And gaue the same to *Henry Bolenbroke.*

8.

Neither did wee this onely[2] for this cause,
But to say truth, force draue vs to the same:
For hee despising God and all his lawes,
Slewe whome hee would, made sinne a very game:
And seeing neyther age[3] nor counsaile could him tame,
Wee thought it well done for the kingdome's sake,
To leaue his rule, that did all rule forsake.

9.

But when sir *Henry* had attaynde his place,
Hee strayght became in all poynts worse then hee,
Destroyed the peeres, and slewe king *Richard's* grace,
Against his othe made to the lordes and mee:
And seeking quarels how to disagree,
Hee shamelesly required mee and my sonne,
To yeelde hym *Scots*[4] which wee in fielde had wonne.

10.

My nephue also *Edmund Mortimer,*
The very heyre apparant to the crowne,
Whome *Owen Glendour* held as prisoner,

[1] And soone. N. [2] This alonely. 1559, 63. [3] Nor age. N. [4] Foes. N.

Vilely bound[1] in dungeon deepe cast downe,
Hee would not raunsome, but did felly frowne
Against my brother and mee,[2] which[3] for him spake,
And him proclaymed traytour for our sake.

11.

This foule despite did cause vs to conspire,
To put him downe as wee did *Richard* erst,
And that wee might this matter set on fire,
From *Owen's* jaile, our coosin wee remerst,
And vnto *Glendour* all our griefes reherst,
Who made a bond with *Mortimer* and mee,
To priue the king and part the realme in three.

12.

But when king *Henry* heard of this deuise,
Toward[4] *Owen Glendour* hee sped him very quicke,
Mynding by force to stop hur[5] enterprise:
And as the deuill would, than fell I sicke,
Howbeit my brother, and sonne, more polliticke
Than prosperous, with an hoast from *Scotland* brought,
Encountred him at *Shrewesbury*, where they fought.

13.

The one was tane and kild, the other slayne,
And shortly after was *Owen* put to flight,
By meanes whereof I forced was to fayne,
That I knewe nothing of the former fight:
Fraude oft auayles more then doth sturdy might,
For by my faining I brought him in beliefe,
I knewe not that wherein my part was chiefe.

[1] With chaines fast bound N.
[2] 'Gainst Mortimer and me. N.
[3] That. 1559, 63.
[4] To. N.
[5] Our. N.

14.

And while the king thus tooke mee for his frend,
I sought all meane my former wrong to wreake,
Which that I might bring to the sooner end,
To the bishop of *Yorke* I did the matter breake,
And to th'earle marshall likewise did I speake,
Whose father was through *Henrie's* cause exiled,
The bishop's brother with trayterous death defiled.

15.

These strayt assented to doe what they could,
So did the lord *Hastings* and lord *Fauconbridge:*
Which altogether promised they would
Set all their power the king's dayes to abridge:
But see the spite, before the byrdes were flydge
The king had word and seasoned[1] on the nest,
Whereby, alas, my freendes were all opprest.

16.

The bloudy tyrant brought them all to end
Excepted mee, which into *Scotland* scapt,[2]
To *George* of *Dunbar* th'earle of *March*, my frend,
Who in my cause all that hee could ey scrapt:
And when I had for greater succour gapt,[3]
Both at the *Frenchmen* and the *Fleming's* hand,
And could get none, I tooke such as I fand.

17.

And with the helpe of *George* my very frend,
I did enuade *Northumberland* full bolde,
Whereas the folke drewe to mee still on end,[4]

[1] Seased. N. [2] Into Scotland fled. N.
[3] Who in my cause with many more made head,
And when on hope of greater aid I fed. N.
[4] Vnend. 1559, 63.

Bent to death my party to vpholde:
Through helpe of these, full many a fort and holde,
The which the king right manfully had mand,
I easely wonne, and seised in my hand.

18.

Not so content (for vengeauncc draue mee on)
I entred *Yorkeshire*, there to wast and spoile:
But ere I had far in the countrye gone,
The shiriffe thereof, *Rafe Rokesby* did assoyle
My trobled hoast of much part of our toyle:
For hee assaulting freshly tooke through power,
Mee and lord *Bardolph* both, at *Bramham* More.

19.

And thence conueyed vs to the towne of *Yorke*,
Untill hee knewe what was the kinge's entent:[1]
There loe lord *Bardolph* kinder than the storke,
Did lose his head, which was to *London* sent,
With whome for friendship mine in like case went,
This was my hap my fortune or my faute,
This life I led and thus I came to naught.

[1] Therle of Northumberland, which had been in Fraunce and other regions to obteigne aide against kyng Henry, and had missed of his purpose, nowe putte his whole confidence in the Scottes, and in especiall in hys old frende George earle of Marche, and so assembled a greate power of the Scottish nacion to inuade Northumberlande, and recouered diuerse of his owne castles and seignories, to whome the people without nombre daily resorted. Wherfore he entendyng to be reuenged of hys olde greues, accompaignied with the lorde Bardolffe and diuerse other Scottes and Englishemen entred into Yorkeshire and there began to destroy and depopulate the countrye. Wherof the kynge beyng aduertised, caused a greate army to bee assembled and marched toward his enemies, but or the kyng came to Notyngham, Raufe Rekesbie, shrife of Yorkshire, in the middest of February, with the power of the countrye, sodainly set on therle and his compaignie, at the place called Bramham More, where after long fighting, the erle and the lorde Bardolffe, and many other, were taken and brought to Yorke and there executed, and their heddes sent to London. *Hall.*

20.

Wherefore, good *Baldwine*, will the peeres take heede,
Of slaunder, malice, and conspiracy,
Of couetise, whence all the rest proceede,
For couetise ioynt with contumacy,
Doth cause all mischiefe in men's hartes to breede:
And therefore this to *esperance* my word,
Who causeth bloudshed shall not escape[1] the sword.[2]

[1] Scape. N.
[2] This legend is without signature in all the editions, but usually attributed to William Baldwin.

[By that this was ended, I had found out the story of *Richard* earle of *Cambridge:* and because it contained matter in it, though not very notable, yet for the better vnderstanding of the rest, I thought it meete to touch it, and therefore saide as followeth: "You haue saide well of the *Percies* and fauourably; for in deede, as it should appeare, the chiefe cause of their conspiracy against king *Henry*, was for *Edmund Mortimer* their cousin's sake, whome the king very maliciously proclaymed to haue yeelded him selfe to *Owen* coulourably, when, as in deede, hee was taken forcibly against his will and very cruelly ordered in prison. And seeing wee are in hand with *Mortimer's* matter, I will take vpon mee the person of *Richard Plantagenet*, earle of *Cambridge*, who for his sake likewise died. And therefore I let passe *Edmund Holland*, earle of *Kent*, whome *Henry* the fourth made admirall to scoure the seas, because the *Britayns* were abroad. Which earle (as many thinges happen in war) was slaine with an arrowe at the assaulte of *Briacke*:[1] shortly after whose death this king died, and his sonne *Henry* the fift of that name, succeded in his place. In the beginning of this *Henry* the fifte's raigne, died this *Richard*, and with him *Henry* the lord *Scrope* and other, in whose behalfe this may bee saide."]

[1] In the ix yere was syr Edmond erle of Kent made amerall of the see, whyche kept the see worthyly wyth many ryall shyppes. And at laste he londed at the costes of Brytayn in the yle of Bryak, and beseged the castell, and sawted it. And with a quarel he was slayn. But neuertheless the castel was goten. And thenne his meyne came home agayn wyth therles body, whyche was buryed wyth his auncestres worshipfully. *Polychronicon.*

HOW RICHARD PLAN-

tagenet[1] *Earle of Cambridge entend-*

ing the king's destruction, was

put to death at Southamton,

Anno Dom. 1415.[2]

1.

Haste maketh waste, hath commonly ben sayd,
And secrete mischiefe seelde hath lucky speede:
A murdering minde with proper poyze is wayd,
All this is[3] true, I finde it in[4] my creede:
And therefore, *Baldwine*, warne all states take heede,
How they conspire any other to betrappe,
Least mischiefe ment, light in the miner's lappe.[5]

2.

For I lord *Richard*, heyre *Plantagenet*,
Was earle of *Cambridge* and right fortunate,
If I had had the grace my wit to set,
To haue content mee with mine owne estate:
But, O, false honours, breeders of debate,
The loue of you our lewde hartes doth[6] allure,
To leese our selues by seeking you vnsure.

[1] Plantagenet, added. 1571. [2] Anno Dom. 1415. added. 1571.
[3] Most. 1578. [4] As. 1578. [5] Meaners. 1578. [6] Do. 1578.

3.

Because my brother *Edmund Mortimer*,
Whose eldest sister was my wedded wife,
I meane that *Edmund* that was prisoner
In *Walles* so long, through *Owen's* busie strife,
Because I say that after *Edmunde's* life,
His rightes and titles must by lawe bee mine,
For hee ne had, nor could encrease his line.

4.

Because the right of realme and crowne was ours,
I searched meanes to helpe him thereunto:
And where the *Henries* held it by theyr powres,
I sought a shift their tenures to vndoe,
Which being force, sith force or sleight must doe,
I voide of might, because their powre was strong,
Set priuy sleight against their open wrong.

5.

But sith the death of most part of my kin
Did dashe my hope, through out the father's dayes
I let it slip, and thought it best begin,
Whan as the sonne should dred least such assaies:
For force through spede, sleight speedeth through delayes,
And seeld doth treason time so fitly finde,
As whan all daungers most bee out of minde.

6.

Wherefore while *Henry*, of that name the fifte,
Prepard his army to goe conquere *Fraunce*,
Lord *Scroope* and I thought to attempt a drift
To put him downe, my brother to auaunce:
But were it[1] God's will, my lucke, or his good chaunce
The king wist wholly where about wee went
The night before to shipward hee him bent.

[1] Wer't. N.

7.

Then were wee straight as traytours apprehended,
Our purpose spied, the cause thereof was hid,
And therefore, loe a false cause wee pretended,
Where through my brother was fro daunger rid:
Wee sayd, for hire of[1] *French* kinge's coyne wee did
Behight to kill the king: and thus with shame
Wee staind our selues, to saue our frend fro blame.[2]

8.

When wee had thus confest so foule a treason,
That wee deserued, wee suffered by the lawe:
See, *Baldwine*, see, and note (as it is reason)
How wicked deedes to woefull endes doe drawe:
All force doth faile, no craft is worth a strawe
To attayne thinges lost, and therefore let them goe,
For might ruleth[3] right, and will though truth[4] say no.[5]

[1] Of the. 1559, 63.

[2] The night before the day of deperture appoincted, he (the king) was credebly informed that Richarde, earle of Cambridge, brother to Edward, duke of Yorke, and Henry, lorde Scrope, and syr Thomas Gray, knyght, had compassed his death and finall destruction: wherfore he caused theim to be apprehended lamentyng sore his chaunce that he should be compelled to loose suche personages by whose valiantnes and puissaunce he shuld be more dreadfull and fearefull to his foes and enemies. When these prisoners were examined, they not onely confessed the conspiracy, but also declared that for a great some of mony which they had receiued of the Frenche kyng, they intended either to deliuer the kyng aliue in to the handes of his enemies, or els to murther hym before that he should arriue in the duchy of Normandy. *Hall.*

[3] Rules. N. [4] God. 1559, 1563. [5] W. Baldwine N.

[WHAN stout *Richarde* had stoutely sayd his minde: "Belike," sayd[1] one, "this *Richard* was but a litle man, or els litle fauoured of the[2] writers, for our cronicles speake very litle of him. But seeing wee be come nowe to king *Henrie's* voyage into *Fraunce*, we cannot lacke valiaunt men to speake of, for among so many as were led and sent by the king out of this realme thyther, it cannot be chosen but some, and that a great somme were slayne among them: wherefore to speake of them all, I thinke not needefull. And therefore to let passe *Edwarde* duke of *Yorke*, and the earle of *Suffolke*, slayne both at the battayl of *Agincourt*, as were also many other, let vs end the time of *Henry* the fift, and come to his sonne *Henry* the sixt: whose nonage brought *Fraunce* and *Normandy* out of bondage, and was cause that so[3] few of our noble men died aged: of whome to let passe the nombre, I will take vpon mee the person of *Thomas Montague*, earle of *Salisbury*, whose name was not so good at home (and yet hee was called the good earle) as it was dreadful abroade: who exclayming vpon the mutability of fortune may iustly say[4] in maner as followeth."]

[1] Q. for quoth. 1563. [2] The, added. 1587. [3] So, added. 1571.
[4] Of fortune, iustly may say thus. 1559, 63.

HOW THOMAS MONTA-

gue Earle[1] *of Salisbury in the middest*

of his glory, was chaunceably slayne

at Orleaunce[2] *with a piece of ordinaunce,*

the 3. of Nouember, Anno 1428.[3]

1.

WHAT fooles bee we to trust vnto our strength,
Our wit, our courage, or our noble fame,
Which time it selfe must nedes deuour at length,
Though froward fortune could not foile the same:
But seeing this goddesse guideth all the game,
Which still to chaunge doth set her onely lust,
Why toyle wee so for thinges so harde to trust?

2.

A goodly thing it is, surely, good report,[4]
Which noble hartes doe seeke by course of kinde:
But seeing[5] the date so doubtfull and so short,
The way so rough whereby wee doe it finde,
I cannot choose but prayse the princely minde
That preaseth for it, though wee finde opprest,
By foule defame, those that deserue it best.

[1] The earle. 1559, 63. [2] At Orleaunce, added. 1571.
[3] The 3 of Nouember, Anno 1428, added. 1571.
[4] A goodly thing we deeme of good report. N.
[5] Seen. 1559, 63, 75, 78.

3.

Concerning whome, marke, *Baldwine*, what I say,
I meane the vertuous, hindred of their brute,
Among which nombre reckon well I may
My valiaunt father *Iohn* lord *Montacute*,
Who lost his life I iudge through[1] iust pursute:
I say the cause and not the casuall speede
Is to be wayed, in euery kinde of deede.

4.

This rule obserued, how many shall wee finde
For vertue's sake with infamy opprest?
How many[2] againe, through helpe of fortune blinde,
For ill attemptes atchieued, with honour blest?
Successe is worst oftimes whan cause is best:
Therefore, say I, God send them sory haps,
That iudge the causes by their afterclaps.

5.

The end in deede is iudge of euery thing,
Which is the cause or latter poynt of time:
The first true verdict at the first may bring,
The last is slow, or slipper as the slime,
Oft chaunging names of innocence and crime:
Duke *Thomas'* death was justice two yeares long,
And euer since, sore tyranny and wrong.

6.

Wherefore, I pray thee, *Baldwine*, way the cause,
And prayse my father as hee doth deserue?
Because earle *Henry*, king agaynst all lawes,
Endeuoured king *Richard* for to starue
In iayle, whereby the regall crowne might swarue
Out of the line to which it than was due,
(Whereby God knowes what euill might ensue.)

[1] In. 1559, 63. [2] How some. N.

7.

My lord *Iohn Holland*, duke of *Excester*,
Which was deare cosin to this wretched king,
Did moue my father, and the earle[1] of *Glocester*,
With other lordes to ponder well the thing:
Who seeing the mischiefe that began to spring,
Did all consent this *Henry* to depose,
And to restore king *Richard* to the rose.

8.

And while they did deuise a prety trayne,
Whereby to bring their purpose better[2] about,
Which was in maske this *Henry* to haue slaine,
The duke of *Aumerle* blew their counsaile out:
Yet was their purpose good there is no doubt:
What cause can bee more worthy for a knight,
Than saue his king, and helpe true heyres to right?

9.

For this with them my father was destroyde,
And buried in the dunghill of defame:
Thus euill chaunce their glory did auoide,
Whereas theyr cause doth claime eternall fame:
Whan deedes therefore vnluckely doe frame,
Men ought not iudge the aucthors to bee naught,
For right through might is often oueraught.

10.

And God doth suffer that it should bee so,
But why, my wit is feeble to decise,
Except it bee to heape vp wrath[3] and wo
On wicked heades that iniuries deuise:
The cause why mischiefes many times arise,
And light on them that would men's wronges redresse,
Is for the rancour that they beare, I gesse.

[1] My sire and th'earle. N. [2] Purpose well. N. [3] Of wrath. 1578.

11.

God hates[1] rigour though it furder right,
For sinne is sinne, how euer it bee vsed:
And therefore suffereth shame and death to light,
To punishe vice, though it bee well abused:
Who furdereth right is not thereby excused,
If through the same hee doe some other wrong:
To euery vice due guerdon doth belong.

12.

What preach I now, I am a man of warre,
And that my body[2] I dare say doth professe,
Of cured woundes beset with many a skarre,
My broken jaw vnheald can say no lesse:
O fortune, fortune, cause of all distresse,
My father had great cause thy fraud to curse
But much more I, abused ten times worse.

13.

Thou neuer flatteredst him in all thy[3] life,
But mee thou dandledst like thy[4] darling deare:
Thy giftes I found in euery corner rife,
Where euer[5] I went I met thy smiling cheare:
Which was not for a day or for a yeare,
But through the raygne of three right worthy kinges,
I found thee forward in all kinde of thinges.

14

The while king *Henry* conquered in *Fraunce*
I sued the warres and still found victory,
In all assaultes, so happy was my chaunce,
Holdes yeelde or won did make my enemies sory:
Dame *Prudence* eke augmented so my glory,

[1] Hath, misprint. 1563. Hateth. N. [2] My lims. N.
[3] Hys. 1559, 63. [4] The, misprint. 1563. [5] Where ere. N.

That in all treaties euer I was one,
Whan weyghty matters were agreed vpon.

15.

But when this king this mighty conquerour,
Through death vnripe was both his realmes bereft,
His seely infant did receiue his power,
Poore litle babe full yong in cradell left,
Where crowne and scepter hurt him with the heft,
Whose worthy vncles had the gouernannce,
The one at home, the other abroad in *Fraunce*.

16.

And I which was in peace and warre well skilled,[1]
With both these rulers greately was esteemed:
Bare rule at home as often as they willed,
And fought in *Fraunce* whan they it needefull deemed,
And euery where so good my seruice seemed,
That *English* men to mee great loue did beare,
Our foes the *French*, my force fulfilled with feare.

17.

I alwayes thought it fitly for a prince,
And such as haue the regiment of realmes,
His subiecte's hartes with mildnes to conuince,
With justice mixt, auoyding all extreames:
For like as *Phœbus* with his cherefull beames,
Doth freshly force the fragrant flowres to florish,
So ruler's mildnes subiect's loue doth norish.[2]

18.

This found I true: for through my milde behauiour,
Their hartes I had with mee to liue and die,
And in their speach bewrayer of[3] theyr fauour,

[1] Lorde Thomas Montacute, earle of Salisbury, a man bothe for his greate pollicie and haut corage more to be compared to the old valiant Romans then to men of his daies. *Hall.*

[2] Do norish. 1578. [3] And in theyr speeh for to declare of. 1589.

They cald mee still good earle of *Salisbury*,[1]
The lordes confest the[2] commons did not lye:
For vertuous life, free hart, and lowly minde,
With high and lowe shall alwayes fauour finde.

19.

Which vertues chiefe become a man of warre,
Whereof in *Fraunce* I found experience:
For in assautes due mildnes passeth farre
All rigour, force, and sturdy violence:
For men will stoutly sticke to their defence,
When cruell captaines couet after spoile,[3]
And so enforst, oft geue theyr foes the foile.

20.

But when they knowe they shal be frendly vsed,
They hazard not their heades but rather yeelde:
For this my offers neuer were refused
Of any towne, or surely very seelde:
But force and furies fyt bee for the fielde,
And there in deede I vsed so the same,
My foes would flye if they but[4] heard my name.

21.

For whan lord *Steward* and earle *Vantadore*
Had cruelly besieged *Crauant* towne,
Which we[5] had wonne, and kept long time before

[1] He was the man at that tyme, by whose wit, strength, and pollicie, the Englishe name was muche fearfull and terrible to the Frenche nacion, whiche of hymselfe might bothe appoynt, commaunde and do all thynges in maner at hys pleasure, in whose power (as it appeared after hys deathe) a greate part of the conquest consisted and was estemed, because he was a man bothe painfull and diligent, redy to withstand thynges perilous and imminent, and prompt in counsail, and with no labor be weried, nor yet hys corage at any tyme abated or appalled, so that all men put no more trust in any one man, nor no synguler person gat more the hartes of all men. *Hall.*

[2] Confesse. N. [3] Covet them to spoyle. 1559. [4] Had. 1559.

[5] The text is restored here from the editions of 1559, and 63, as in the others it uniformly stands 'hee.'

Which lieth in *Awxer* on the riuer *Youne*,
To raise the siege the regent sent mee downe:[1]
Where, as I vsed all rigour that I might,
I killed all that were not saued by flight.

22.

When th'erle of *Bedford*, then in *Fraunce* lord regent,
Knewe in what sort I had remoued the siege,[2]
In *Brye* and *Champayne* hee made mee vicegerent,
And lieutenaunt for him and for my liege:
Which caused mee to goe[3] to *Brye*, and there besiege
Mountaguillon with twenty weekes assaut,
Which at the last was yeelded mee for naught.[4]

23.

And for the duke of *Britayne's* brother, *Arthur*,
Both earle of *Richmond* and of *Yuery*,
Against his oth from vs had made departure,
To *Charles* the *Dolphin* our chiefe enemy,
I with the regent went to *Normandy*,
To take his towne of *Yuery* which of spight,
Did to vs daily all the harme they might.

[1] The dolphyn sent lorde Wyllyam Stuard, constable of Scotland, and therle of Ventadore in Auergne, and many other nobles of his part to laie siege to the toune of Crauant, in the countie of Auxerre, within the partes of Burgoyn, wherof heryng the lorde regent and the duke of Burgoyn thei assembled a greate armie, the erle of Salisbury was ordeined capitaine of the whiche. *Hall.*

[2] After thys fortunate vyctorye obteigned, the englishemen fyrste gaue greate laudes and thankes to allmyghtie God and after entered into the towne of Crauant much praisinge the doynges of the capitaines and the fidelitie of the citezens, and when they had set all thynges in an ordre they returned to Paris where of the regente they wer ioyously receiued, whiche there constituted therle of Salisbury (as he was wel worthy) vicegerent and lieftenaunt for the king and him in the countries of Fraunce, Bry, and Champaigne. *Hall.*

[3] Causde me go. N.

[4] Therle of Salisbury whiche could not slepe in his great office of truste, layde siege to the toune and castle of Monntaguilon in Bry, wherof were capitainis Pregent of Cotyny, and Giulle Bourgoys, Brytons, whiche valiantly defended the castle by the space of v. monethes, &c. *Hall.*

24.

They at the first compounded by a day
To yeelde, if rescues did not come before,
And while in hope to fight, wee at it lay,
The dolphin gathered men two thousand score,
With earles, lordes,[1] and captaynes ioly store:
Of which the duke of *Alanson* was guide,
And sent them downe to see if wee would bide.

25.

But they left vs, and downe to *Vernoyle* went,
And made their vaunt they had our army slayne,
And through that lye, that towne from vs they hent,
Which shortly after turned to their payne:
For there both armies met vpon the plaine:
And wee eight thousand, whom they [flew, not] slew before,
Did kill of them, ten thousand men and more.

26.

When wee had taken *Vernoyle* thus againe,
To driue the Dolphin vtterly out of *Fraunce*,[2]
The regent sent mee to *Aniovy*[3] and to *Mayne*,
Where I besieged the warlike towne of *Mawns*:
There lord of *Toyser's*, *Baldwin's* valiaunce
Did well appeare, which would not yeelde the towne,
Till all the towres and walles were battered downe.

27.

But here now, *Baldwine*, take it in good part,
Though that I brought this *Baldwine* there to yeelde,
The lyon fearce for all his noble hart,
Being ouer matched, is forst to flye the fielde:[4]

[1] With earles, with lordes. N.
[2] To driue the treacherous dolphin out of France. N.
[3] T'Aniow. N. [4] Flee. 1563.

If *Mars* himselfe there had ben with his shielde,
And in my stormes had stoutly mee withstood,
Hee should haue yeeld, or els haue shed my bloud.

28.

This worthy knight both hardy, stout, and wise,
Wrought well his feat: as time and place require,
When fortune failes, it is the best aduise
To strike the sayle, least all lye in the mire:
This haue I sayd to th'end thou take no ire,
For though no cause bee found, so nature frames,
Men haue a zeale to such as beare theyr names.

29.

But to retourne, in *Mayne* wan I at length,
Such townes and forts as might eyther helpe[1] or hurt,
I manned *Mayon* and *Suzan's*, townes of strength,
Fort *Barnard*, *Thanceaur*, and S. *Cales* the curt,
With *Lile sues Bolton*, standing in the durt:
Eke *Gwerland*, *Suze*, *Loupeland* and *Mountsure*,
With *Malycorne*, these wan I and kept full sure.

30.

Besides all this I tooke nere forty holdes,
But those I razed euen with the ground:
And for these deedes, as seely sheepe in foldes
Doe shrinke for feare at euery litle sound,
So fled my foes before my face, full round
Was none so hardy that durst abide the fight,
So *Mars* and fortune furdered mee their knight.

31.

I tell no lye, so gastfull grewe my name,
That it alone discomfited an hoast:
The *Scots* and *Frenchmen*[2] well[3] confesse the same,

[1] As might or help. N.
[2] The boldest Frenchmen. N.
[3] 'Will' in all the editions except that of 1587.

Els will the towne which they like cowards lost:
For whan they sieged *Beauron* with great boast,
Being fourty thousand *Britaynes*, *French*, and *Scots*,
Fiue hundred men did vanquish them like sots.[1]

32.

For while the *Frenchmen* freshly assaulted[2] still,
Our *Englishmen* came boldly forth at night,
Crying: "Sainct *George*, *Salisbury*, kill, kill, [kill:"]
And offered freshly with their focs to fight,
And they as *Frenchly* tooke themselues to flight:
Supposing surely that I had bene there,
See how my name did put them all in feare.

33.

Thus was the Dolphin's power discomfited,
Four thousand slayne, theyr campe tane as it stood,
Whereby our towne and souldiers profited,
For there were vitayles plentifull and good:
This while was I in *England*, by the rood,
To appease a strife that was right foule befall,
Betweene duke *Humfrey* and the cardinall.

34.

The duke of *Exeter* shortly[3] after died,
Which of the king at home had gouernaunce,
Whose roume the earle of *Warwicke* then supplied,
And I tooke his and sped mee into *Fraunce*,
And hauing a zeale to[4] conquere *Orliaunce*,
With much a doe I gat the regent's aide,
And marched thither,[5] and siege about it layde.

[1] Being fortie thousand well arm'd in field,
Fiue hundred men enforced them to yeeld. N.
[2] Did assault them. 1559. Fresh assaulted. N.
[3] Soone. N. [4] Where in good hope to. N.
[5] Forth. N.

35.

But in the way I tooke the towne of *Yayne*,
Where murdered were for stoutnes many a man:
But *Baugencey* I tooke with litle payne,
For which to shewe them fauour I began:
This caused the townes of *Meune* and *Iargeman*,
That stoode on *Loyer*, to profer mee the keyes,
Ere I came nere them, wel nigh by two dayes.

36.

See here how fortune froward[1] can allure,
What baytes shee layeth to bring men to their endes:
Who hauing hap like this, but hopeth sure,[2]
To bring to bale what euer hee entendes?
But soone is sower the sweete that fortune sendes:
Whan hope and hap, when health and wealth is highest,
Then woe and wracke, disease, and neede bee nighest.

37.

For while I, suing this so good successe,
Layde siege to *Orliaunce* on the riuer side,
The bastard (cuckold *Cawnie's* sonne I gesse,
Tho thought the duke's) who had the towne in guide,
Came fiercely forth, when hee his time espyde,
To rayse the siege, but was bet backe agayne,
And hard pursued both to his losse and payne.

38.

For there wee wan the bulwarke on the bridge,
With a mighty tower standing fast thereby:
Ah, cursed tower, that didst my dayes abridge,
Would God thou hadst bene furder, eyther I:
For in this tower a chamber standes on hie,

[1] Forward. 1559, 63, 71, 78.
[2] But would hope sure. 1559.

From which a man may view through all the towne
By certayn windowes iron grated downe.

39.

Where on a day, now, *Baldwine*, note mine end,
I stoode in viewing where the towne was weake,
And as I busily talked with my frend,
Shot fro the towne, which all the grate did breake,
A pellet came, and droue a mighty fleake
Against my face and tare away my cheeke,
For payne whereof I died within a weeke.[1]

40.

See, *Baldwine*, see the vncertayne glory,[2]
How sodayne mischief dasheth all to dust,
And warne all princes by my broken story,
The happiest fortune chiefly to mistrust:
Was neuer man that alway had his lust:
Then such be[3] **fooles, in fancy more then mad,**
Which hope to haue that neuer any had.[4]

[1] It so chaunced that the lix. daie after the siege laied before the cytie, therle of Salisbury, sir Thomas Gargraue, and Wyllyam Glasdale, and diuerse other, went into the said toure and so into the highe chambre, and loked out at the grate, and within a shorte space, the sonne of the maister gonner, perceiued men loking out at the wyndowe, tooke his matche, as his father had taughte hym whiche was gone doune to dinner, and fired the gonne, whiche brake and sheuered the yron barres of the grate, wherof one strake therle so strongly on the hed, that it stroke away one of his iyes and the side of hys cheke. Sir Thomas Gargraue was lykewyse striken, so that he died within two daies. Therle was conueyed to Meum vpon Loyre, where he laie beyng wounded viii. dayes, duryng whiche tyme he receiued deuoutly the holy sacramentes, and so commended his soule to almighty God, whose body was conueyed into Englande with all funerall and pompe, and buried at Bissam, by his progenitors. *Hall.*

[2] Of glory. 1559, 63, 71, 75. The most vncertaine glorie. N.

[3] Sure be, misprint. 1587. Then mortall fooles. N.

[4] W. Baldwine. N.

[This straunge aduenture of the good earle draue vs all into a dumpe, inwardly lamenting his woefull destiny, out of which wee were awaked after this sort. "To what end," sayde[1] one, "muse we so much on the matter. This earle is neyther first nor last[2] whom fortune hath foundred in the height of theyr prosperity. For all through the raigne of this vnfortunate king *Henry*, we shall finde many which haue beene likewise serued, whose chaunces sith they be martiall, and therefore honourable, may the better be omitted. And therefore wee will let goe the lordes *Molines*, and *Poyninges*, slayne both at the siege of *Orleaunce*, shortly after the death of this earle. Also the valiaunt earle of *Arundel* destroyed with a bowlet at the assault of *Gerborye*,[3] whose stories neuerthelesse are worth the hearing. And to quicken vp your spirites, I will take vpon mee a tragicall person in deede, I meane king *Iamy* slayn by his seruauntes in his priuy chamber: who although he be a *Scot*, yet seeing hee was brought vp in *England*, where hee learned the language, his example also so notable, it were not meete it should bee forgotten. And therfore marke, *Baldwine*, what, I thinke, he may say."]

[1] Quoth. 1559, 63. [2] Nor the last. 1559, 63, 71, 75.

[3] The heire (sir Stephen de Veignolles) perceiuynge the hartes, corage, and defence of the Englishe people, caused thre culuerynes to be shot emongest theim, whereof one strake the erle (of Arundel) on the ancle, and so brake hys legge that for pain he fell from hys horsse, then the Frenche men entered emongest the Englishe army, and tooke the erle beyng on the grounde, prisoner....The erle was caried to Beauoys, where of this hurte he shortly died, and was buried in the frier's minors. He was a man of a singuler vertue, constancie and grauitie, whose death in so troubelous a worlde, did sore appall the hartes of his nacion. *Hall.*

[HOWE KING IAMES

the first, for breaking his othes and

bondes, was by God's sufferaunce

miserably murdered of his owne subiectes,

Anno 1437.[1]

1.

If for example's sake thou wrote[2] thy booke,
I charge thee, *Baldwine*, thou forget mee not,
Whom fortune alwayes frowardly forsooke,
Such was my lucke, my merite, or my lot:
I am that *Iames*, king *Robert's* sonne, the *Scot*
That was in *England* prysoner all his youth,
Through mine vncle *Walter's* trayterous vntruth.

2.

For when my father through disease and age,
Unwieldy was to gouerne well his land,
Because his brother *Walter* seemed sage,
Hee put the rule thereof into his hand:
Than had my father (you shall vnderstand)
Of lawfull barnes mee and one only other,
Nempt *Dauy Rothsay*, who was mine elder brother.

[1] Anno 1437, added. 1571. [2] Write. 1559, 63, 71.

3.

This *Dauy* was prince of *Scotland*, and so take
Till his aduoutry caused men complayne:
Which that hee might by monishment forsake,
My father prayed mine uncle take the payne,
To threaten him his vices to refrayne:
But hee false traytor, bucherly, murdering wretch,
To get the crowne began to fetch a fetch.

4.

And finding now a proffer to his pray,
Deuised meanes my brother to deuour,
And for that cause conuayde him, day by day,
From place to place, from castle vnto towre,
To *Faulkland* fort, where like a tormentour
Hee starued him, and put to death a wife
Whom through a reede hee suckt to saue his life.

5.

O wretched death, fye cruell tyranny,
A prince in pryson lost for want of foode![1]
Was neuer enmy wrought such vilany,
A trusty brother destroy his brother's bloode:[2]
Woe worth so friendly, fye on double hoode:
Ah, wretched father, see thy sonne is lost,
Starued by thy brother whome thou trustedst most.

6.

Of whom when some beganne to finde the fraud,
(And yet the traytor made himselfe so cleare,
That hee should seeme to haue deserued laud,
So woefull did hee for his prince[3] appeare)

[1] For fault of foode. 1559, 63, 71, 75, 78.
[2] A trusted brother 'stroy hys brother's blood. 1559, 63. Trusted brother distroy. 1571.
[3] Hys deth. 1559, 63.

My doubtfull father, louing mee full deare,
T'avoyde[1] all daunger that might after chaunce,
Sent mee away, but nine yeares olde, to *Fraunce.*

7.

But windes and weather were so contrary,
That wee were driuen to the *English* coast,
Which realme with *Scotland* at that time did vary,
So that they tooke mee as prysoner,[2] not as[3] hoast:[4]
For which my father, fearing I was[5] lost,
Conceiued shortly such an inward thought,
As to the graue immediatly him brought.

8.

Then had mine uncle all the regiment
At home, and I in *England* prisoner lay:
For to himselfe hee thought it detriment
For my release any ransome for to pay,
For as hee thought hee had possest his pray:
And therefore wisht I might in duraunce dure
Till I had died, so should his raigne be sure.

9.

But good king *Henry*, seeing I was a childe,
And heyr by right vnto a realme and crowne,
Did bring mee vp, (not like my brother, wilde)
But vertuously, in feates of high renowne,
In liberall artes, in instrumentall sowne:

[1] To auoyd. 1559, 63, 71, 75, 78.
[2] Me prysoner. 1559, 63, 71. [3] An, misprint. 1587.
[4] This young prince and Henry Percie, sonne to the lorde Percie slaine before at Shrewesbury, by rigor of tempest were driuen on the cost of Holdeines, called Flamborough hed, the xxx daie of Marche, where the yonge prince for to refreshe hymselfe toke lande. He wrought not so preuely, but he was knowen and taken with all his company, and conueighed to the kyng beynge at Winsore. *Hall.*
[5] I were. 1559, 63, 71.

By meane whereof when I was after king,
I did my realme to ciuill order bring.[1]

10.

For ere I had beene prysoner eighteene yeere,
In which short space two noble princes dyed,
Whereof the first in prudence had no peere,
The other in warre most valiaunt throughly tryed,
Whose roume his sonne babe *Henry*, eke supplyed:
The peeres of *England* which did gouerne all,
Did of theyr goodnes helpe mee out of thrall.

11.

They maryed mee to a cosin of theyr king,
The duke of *Somerset's* daughter rich and fayre,[2]
Releast my ransome saue a trifling thing:
And after I had done homage to th'heyre,[3]
And sworne my frendship neuer should appayre,
They brought mee kingly furnisht to my land,
Which I receaued at mine vncle's hand.

[1] Before that tyme the people of Scotland were rude, rusticall, without any vrbanitie, hauyng litle lernyng, and lesse good maners, and good qualities least of all. This prince beeyng xviii. yeres prisoner within this realme, was so instructed and taught by hys schoolmaster, and pedagoges apointed to hym by the onely clemencie of the kynge, that he not onely florished in good learnynge and freshe litterature (as the tyme then serued) but also excelled in all poynctes of marciall feates, musicall instrumentes, poeticall artes and liberall sciences. In so muche that at hys returne from captiuitee, he furnished hys realme bothe with good learnynge and ciuill policye, whiche before was barbarous, seuage, rude, and without all good nurtur. *Hall.*

[2] The protector of the realme of Englande, by the consent of the whole baronage of the same gaue to him in maryage the lady Jane doughter to Jhon earle of Sommerset, desceased, not onely syster to Iohn then duke of Sommerset, but also cosyn germayne remoued to the kynge and nece to the cardynall of Wynchester and the duke of Exceter. *Hall.*

[3] The heyre. 1559, 63, 71, 75, 78.

12.

Whereof my lords and commons were full glad,
So was mine vncle chiefly, as hee sayde,
Who in his mouth no other matter had,
Saue punish such as had my brother trayed:
The fault whereof apparauntly hee layed
To good duke *Murdo*, his elder brother's sonne,
Whose father dyed long ere this was done.

13.

My cursed vncle, slyer than the snake,
Which would by craft vnto the crowne aspire,
Because hee sawe this *Murdo*[1] was a stake
That stayed vp the top of his desire,
(For his elder brother was duke *Murdoe's* syre)[1]
Hee thought it best to haue him made away,
So was hee sure (I gone) to haue his pray.

14.

And by his craftes the traytour brought to passe,
That I destroyde duke *Murdo* and his kin,
Poore innocents, my louing friendes, alas:
O kinges, and princes, what plight stand wee in,
A trusted traytour shall you quickly win,
To put to death your kin and friendes most iust:
Take heede therefore, take heede whose reede yee trust.

15.

And at the last to bring mee whole in hate
With God and man, at home and eke abrode,
Hee counsayl'd mee, for suraunce of my state
To help the *Frenchmen*, then nigh ouertrode

[1] Mardo, in ed. 1587; all the others support the above correction.

By *Englishmen:* and more to lay on lode,
With power and force all *England* to inuade,
Against the oth and homage that I made.

16.

And though at first my conscience did grudge,
To breake the boundes of friendship knit by oth,
Yet after proofe (see mischiefe) I did iudge
It madnes for a king to keepe his troth,
And semblably with all the world it goth:
Sinnes oft assayde are thought to bee no sinne,
So soyleth sinne the soule it sinketh in.

17.

But as diseases common cause of death,
Bring daunger most when least they pricke and smart,
Which is a signe they haue expulst the breath
Of liuely heate, which doth defend the heart:
Euen so such sinnes as felt are on no part
Haue conquered grace, and by theyr wicked vre
So kild the soule, that it can haue no cure.

18.

And grace agate, vice still succedeth vice,
And all to haste the vengeaunce for the furst,
I areade therefore all people to bee wise,
And stop the brake when it begins to burst:
Attast no poyson (vice is venim worst,
It mates the minde) beware eke of too much,
All kill through muchnes, some with onely touch.

19.

When I had learnde to set my oth at nought,
And through much vse the sence of sinne exiled,
Against king *Henry* what I could, I wrought,

My fayth, my oth, vniustly foule defiled:[1]
And while slye fortune at my doings smyled,
The wrath of God, which I had well deserued,
Fell on my necke, for thus loe was I serued.

20.

Ere I had raygned fully fifteene yeare,
While time I lay at *Pertho*, at my place,
With the queene my wife and children mee to chare,
My murdring uncle with the double face,
That longed for my kingdome and my mace,
To slay mee there suborned *Robert Grame*,
With whom his nephue, *Robert Stuard*, came.

21.

And when theyr time fit for theyr[2] purpose founde,
Into my priuy chamber they astart,
Where with theyr swordes they gaue mee many a wound,
And slue all such as stuck vnto my part:
There loe my wife did shew her louing heart,
Who, to defend mee, felled one or twayne,
And was sore wounded ere I coulde bee slayne.[3]

[1] Neither regarding his othe, nor estemynge the great abundaunce of plate and riche clothes of Arras, to hym by the mother and vncles of his wife liberally geuen and frendly deliuered, (of whiche sorte of riches fewe or none before that daie wer euer seen in the countrey of Scotlande) like a dogge whiche hath cast vp his stomacke and retourneth to his vomet, or like a snake whiche after his engenderyng with a lampray taketh again his old poyson, after he had once taken the ayre and smelled the sent of the Scottishe soyle became like his false fraudulent forefathers, an vntrue prince, &c. *Hall.*

[2] The. 1559, 63.

[3] He (Walter Steward, erle of Atholl) perswaded Robert Steward, hys nephew, and Robert Grame, hys cosyn, and dyuerse other, to murther and sleye the kynge theyre souereigne lorde, whiche therto by diuelyshe instigacyon incenced and procured, came to the toune of Pertho (commonly called S. Ihon's towne) and there entered into the kinge's priuy chambre, and slewe first diuerse of hys seruauntes, whiche made resistance and after kylled the kyng with many mortall strokes, and hurt the quene, whiche, in defence of her husband, felled one of the traytors. *Hall.*

22.

See *Baldwine*, *Baldwine*, the vnhappy endes
Of such as passe not for theyr lawfull oth:
Of those that causeles leaue theyr fayth and[1] frendes,
And murder kinsfolkes through their foes vntroth:
Warne, warne all princes, all like sinnes to loth,
And chiefly such as in my realme be borne,
For God hates highly all that[2] are forsworne.][3]

[1] Or. 1559, 63, 71, 78. [2] Such as. 1559.
[3] Without signature in every edition, and therefore attributed to Baldwin.

[WHEN[1] this was sayde, quoth[2] one of the company: "Let passe these *Scottish* matters, and returne wee to our *English* storyes which minister matter enough of tragedy, without seking or trauayling to forayne countreyes. Therefore returne wee to the rest of the tragicall troubles and broyles which happened in this realme during the minority of king *Henry* the sixt, and the sondry falls and ouerthrowes of great princes and other noble persons happening thereby." "Well sayd (qd maister *Ferrers)* as[3] it happeneth I haue penned here two[4] notable tragedies, the one of *Humfrey* duke of *Glocester*, the other of the duchess *Elianor* his wife, which (as mee seemeth) be two of the most memorable matters fortuning in that[5] time: but whether of them is to bee placed first in[6] the order of our booke, I somwhat stand in doubt. For albeit the sayd duke's death happened before the deceasse of the duches, yet was her fall first, which finally was cause of both."[7] "Why should you doubt then (quod the rest of the company) for seeing the cause doth alwayes goe before th'effect and sequell of any thing, it is good reason you should begin with her first. And therefore wee pray you let vs heare first what shee hath to say: for all this while wee haue not heard the complaynt of any lady or other woman."]

[1] The legends of dame Elinour Cobham, and of Humphrey, duke of Gloucester, were only first printed 1578. That they were written, and probably printed, in 1559, (if not for the edition in folio,) appears certain as well by the table of contents, where they are enumerated, as by the interlocutory connection being nearly the same with the above, and which in the succeeding editions of 1563, 1571, and 1575, is varied according to the notes upon the prefixture of the legend of the duke of Suffolk, given p. 146.

[2] Quod. 1559. [3] (Q. M. Fer.) and as. 1559.

[4] Haue here ready penned ii. 1559 [5] The. 1559.

[6] Is fyrst to be placed in. 1559.

[7] Was cause of ouerthrow to both. 1559.

HOW DAME ELIANOR

Cobham Duchesse of Glocester, for

practising of witchraft and sorcery,

suffred open penaunce, and after was

banished the realme into the

Ile of Man.

1.

If a poore lady damned in exile
Amongst princes may bee allowed place,
Then, gentle *Baldwine*, stay thy pen a while,
And of pure pitty ponder well my case,
How I a duches, destitute of grace,
Haue found by proofe, as many haue and shall,
The prouerbe true, that pride will haue a fall.

2.

A noble prince extract of royall bloud,
Humfrey, sometime protector of this land,
Of *Glocester* duke, for vertue calde, the good,
When I but base beneath his state did stande,
Vouchsafte with mee to ioyne in wedlocke's band,
Hauing in court no name of high degree,
But *Elinor Cobham*, as parents left to mee.

3.

And though by birth[1] of noble race I was,
Of baron's bloud, yet was I thought vnfitte
So high to match, yet so it came to passe,
Whether by grace, good fortune, or by witte,
Dame *Venus'* lures so in mine eyes did sitte,
As this great prince without respect of state,
Did worthy mee to bee his wedded mate.

4.

His wife I was, and hee my true husband,
Though for a while hee had the company
Of lady *Iaquet*, [the] dutchesse of *Holland*,
Being an heyre of ample patrimony,
But that fell out to bee no matrimony:
For after warre, long sute in lawe, and strife,
Shee proued was the duke of *Brabant's* wife.

5.

Thus of a damsell [a] duchesse I became,
My state and place aduaunced next the queene,
Whereby mee thought I felt no ground, but swam,
For in the court mine equall was not seene,
And so possest with pleasure of the spleene,
The sparkes of pride so kindled in my brest,
As I in court would shine aboue the rest.

6.

Such giftes of nature God in mee had graft
Of shape and stature,[2] with other graces moe,
That by the shot of *Cupid's* fiery shaft,
Which to the harte of this great prince did goe,
This mighty duke with loue was kindled so,
As hee abasing the height of his degree,
Set his whole hart, to loue and honour mee.

[1] Blith. N. [2] Form. N.

7.

Grudge who so would, to him I was most deere,
Aboue all ladyes[1] aduaunced in degree,
(The queene except) no princesse was my peere,
But gaue mee place, and lordes with cap and knee
Did all honour and reuerence vnto mee:
Thus hoisted high vppon the rolling wheele,
I sate so sure, mee thought I could not reele.

8.

And weening least that fortune hath a turne,
I lookt aloft, and would not looke alowe,
The brondes of pride so in my brest did burne
As the hot sparkes, burst forth in open showe,
And more and more the fire began to glowe
Without quenching, and daily did encrease,
Till fortune's blastes with shame did make it cease.

9.

For (as tis sayd) pride passeth on afore,
And shame followes, for iust rewarde and meede,
Would God ladyes, both now and euermore,
Of my hard hap, which shall the story reede,
Would beare in mind, and trust it as their creede,
That pryde of hart is a most hatefull vice,
And lowlines, a pearle of passing price.

10.

Namely in queenes, and ladyes of estate,
Within whose mindes all meekenes should abound,
Since high disdayne doth alwayes purchase hate,
Being a vice, that most part doth redound
To their reproach, in whome the same is found,
And seeldome gets good fauour or good fame,
But is at last knit vp with worldly shame.

[1] Dames. N.

11.

The proofe wherof I found most true in deede,
That pryde afore, hath shame to wayt behinde:
Let no man doubt, in whom this vice doth breede,
But shame for pride by iustice is assynde,
Which I well found, for truely in my minde
Was neuer none, whome pride did more enflame,
Nor neuer none receiued greater shame.

12.

For not content to bee a duchesse great,
I longed sore to beare the name of queene,
Aspiring still vnto an higher seat,
And with that hope my selfe did ouerweene
Since there was none, which that time was betweene
Henry the king, and my good duke his eame,
Heyre to the crowne and kingdome of this realme.

13.

So neare to bee, was cause of my vayne hope
And long awayte, when this faire hap would fall:
My studies all were tending to that scope,
Alas, the while to councell I did call
Such as would seeme, by skill coniecturall
Of art magique and wicked sorcery,
To deeme and dyuine[1] the prince's destiny:

14.

Among which sort of those that bare most fame
There was a beldame called the witch of *Ey*,
Old mother *Madge* her neighbours did her name,[2]

[1] For to diuine. N.

[2] There was taken also Margerie Gurdemaine, a witch of Eye, besides Westminster, whose sorcerie and witchcraft the said Elianor had long time vsed, and by hir medicines and drinkes enforced the duke of Glocester to loue hir, and after to wed hir. *Stowe.*

Which wrought wonders in countryes by here say,
Both feendes and fayries her[1] charming would obay:
And dead corpsis[2] from graue shee could vp rere,
Such an inchauntresse [as] that time had no peere.

15.

Two priests also, the one hight *Bolenbroke*,
The other *Suthwell*, [great] clerkes in coniuration,[3]
These two chapleins were they that vndertooke
To cast and calke the kinge's constellation,[4]
And then to iudge by deepe[5] diuination
Of thinges to come, and who should next succede
To *Englande's* crowne, all this was true in deede.

16.

And further sure they neuer did proceede,
Though I confesse that this attempt was ill,
But for my part, for any thing in deede,
Wrought, or else thought, by any kinde of skill,
God is my iudge I neuer had the will,
By any inchauntment, sorcery, or charme,
Or otherwise, to worke my prince's harme.

[1] Furies and feends her. N. [2] Corps. N.

[3] Roger Bolinbrooke, a great astronomer, with Thomas Southwell, a chanon of S. Stephen's chappell at Westminster, were taken as conspiratours of the king's death, for it was said that the same Roger should labour to consume the king's by waie of negromancie, and the said Thomas should say masses in the lodge of Harnesey parke, beside London, vpon certaine instruments, with the which the said Roger should vse his crafte of negromancie, against the faith, and was assenting to the said Roger in all his workes. And the fiue and twentith day of Julie, being Sondaie, Roger Bolingbroke, with all his instruments of negromancie, that is to say, a chayre painted wherein he was woont to sit; vppon the foure corners of which chayre stoode foure swordes, and vpon euery sworde an image of copper hanging, with many other instrumentes: he stoode on a high scaffolde in Paule's churchyarde, before the crosse, holding a sword in his right hand, and a scepter in his left, arrayed in a maruellous attire, and after the sermon was ended by master Low, bishop of Rochester, he abiured all articles longing to the crafte of negromancie, or missowning to the faith. *Stowe.*

[4] The king's true constellation. N.

[5] Deepest. N.

17.

Yet nethelesse,[1] when this case came to light
By secrete spies to *Cayphas*, our cardinall,
Who long in hart had borne a priuy spight
To my good duke, his nephue naturall,
Glad of the chaunce so fitly forth to fall,
His long hid hate with justice to color,
Used this case with most extreame rigor.

18.

And caused mee with my complices all,
To bee cyted by processe peremptory,
Before judges, in place judiciall,
Whereas *Cayphas*, sitting in his glory,
Would not allow my aunswere dilatory,
Ne doctor, or proctor, to alledge the lawes,
But forced mee to plead in mine owne cause.

19.

The kinge's councell were called to the case,
(My husband than shut out for the season)
In whose absence I found but little grace,
For lawyers turned our offence to treason:
And so with rigor, without ruth or reason,
Sentence was gieuen that I for the same
Should doe penaunce, and suffer open shame.

20.

Nay the like shame had neuer wight I weene,
Duches, lady, ne damsel of degree,
As I that was a princesse, next the queene,
Wife to a prince, and none so great as hee,
A kinge's vncle, protector of his countrey,
With taper burning, shrouded in a sheete,
Three dayes a row, to passe the open strecte,

[1] Nerethelesse. N.

21.

Bareleg'd, and barefoote, to all the worlde's wonder,
Yea, and as though such shame did not suffise,
With more despite then to part asunder
Mee and my duke, which traytors did deuise
By statute lawe, in most vnlawfull wise,
First sending mee with shame into exile,
Then murdring him by trechery and gyle.

22.

Yea, and besides this cruell banishment,[1]
Far from all friendes to comfort mee in care,
And husband's death, there was by parliament
Ordayn'd for mee a messe of courser fare:
For they to bryng mee to begger's state most bare,
By the same act from mee did then withdrawe
Such right of dower, as widowe's haue by lawe.[2]

[1] This yere (1442-3) dame Elyanour Cobham, wyfe to the sayd duke, was accused of treason, for that she, by sorcery and enchaunment, entended to destroy the kyng to thentent to aduaunce and promote her husbande to the croune: vpon thys she was examined in sainct Stephen's chapell, before the bishop of Canterbury, and there by examinacion conuict and iudged to do open penaunce, in iii. open places, within the cytie of London, and after that adiudged to perpetuall prisone, in the Isle of Man, vnder the kepyng of Sir Ihon Stanley, knyght. At the same season wer arrested as ayders and counsailers to the said duchesse, Thomas Southwell, prieste and chanon of saincte Stephens in Westmynster, Ihon Hum, prieste, Roger Bolyngbroke, a conyng nycromancier, and Margerie Jourdayne, surnamed the witche of Eye, to whose charge it was laied, that thei, at the request of the duchesse had deuised an image of waxe, representyng the kyng whiche by their sorcery, a litle and litle consumed, entending therby in conclusion to waist, and destroy the kynge's person, and so to bryng him to deathe, for the whiche treison, thei wer adiudged to dye, and so Margery Jordayne was brent in Smithfelde, and Roger Bolyngbroke was drawen and quartered at Tiborne, takyng vpon his deathe that there was neuer no suche thyng by theim ymagined, Jhon Hum had his pardon, and Southwell died in the toure before execution: the duke of Gloucester toke all these thynges paciently, and saied litle. *Hall.*

[2] The 9 of Nouember dame Elianor appeered before the archbishop and other in the sayde chappell (of S. Stephen's), and receiued her penance which she performed. On Monday the 13 of Nouember, she came from Westminster, by water, and landed at the Temple bridge, from whence with a taper of waxe of two pound in hir hande, she went through Fletestreete, hoodlesse (saue a kerchefe)

23.

Death (as tis sayd) doth set all things at rest,
Which fell not so in mine vnhappy case:
For since my death, mine enmies made a jest
In minstrel's rymes, mine honour to deface:
And then to bring my name in more disgrace,
A song was made in manner of a laye,
Which olde wiues sing of mee vnto this day.[1]

24.

Yet with these spites theyr malice could not end,
For shortly after, my sorrowes to renue,
My loyall lord, which neuer did offend,
Was calde in haste, the cause hee litle knew,
To a parliament, without sommons due,
Whereas his death was cruelly contriued,
And I, his wife, of earthly ioyes depriued.

25.

For all the while my duke had life and breath,
So long I stoode in hope of my restore:
But when I heard of his most causles death,
Then the best salue for my recureless sore

---

to Paul's, where she offered hir taper at the high altar. On the Wednesday next shee landed at the swan in Thamis streete, and then went through Bridgestreete, Gracechurchstreete, straight to Leaden Hall, and so to Christ church by Aldegate. On fryday she landed at Queene hiue, and so went through Cheape to S. Michael's in Cornehill, in forme aforesaid: at all which times the maior, sherifes, and crafts of London, receiued her and accompanied hir. This being done she was committed to the ward of Sir Thomas Stanley, wherein she remained during hir life in the castle of Chester, hauing yeerely 100 markes assigned for hir finding, in the 22 of Henry the sixt she was remooued to Kenilwoorth, there to be safely kept, whose pride, false couetise, and lecherie, were cause of hir confusion. *Stowe.*

[1] A ballad, that has been modernized, entitled "the lamentable fall of the dutchess of Gloucester, wife to good duke Humphry, with the manner of her doing penance in London streets, and of her exile in the Isle of Man, where she ended her days," may be found in Evans's *Old Ballads, historical and narrative,* ed. 1784, Vol. I. p. 317.

Was to despayre of cure for euermore,
And as I could, my carefull heart to cure
With pacience, most paynfull to endure.

26.

O traytors fell, which in your heartes could find,
Like feendes of hell, the guiltles to betray,
But yee chiefly his kinsmen most vnkinde,
Which gaue consent to make him so away,
That vnto God, with all my heart I pray,
Vengeaunce may light on him that caused all,
Beaufort, I meane, that cursed cardinall.

27.

Which bastard priest of th'house[1] of *Lancaster*,
Sonne to duke *Iohn*, surnamed *Iohn* of *Gaunt*,
Was first create byshop of *Winchester*,
For no learning whereof hee might well vaunt,
Ne for vertue, which hee did neuer haunt,
But for his gold and sommes that were not small,
Payde to the pope, was made a cardinall.

28.

Proud *Lucifer*, which from the heauens on high
Downe to the pit of hell belowe was cast,
And being once an aungell bright in sky,
For his high pride in hell is chained fast
In deepe darknes that euermore shall last,
More hawt of heart was not before his fall,
Then was this proud and pompous cardinall:

29.

Whose life, good *Baldwine*, paynt out in his pickle,
And blase this *Baal* and belligod most blinde,
An hypocrite, all faythles, false, and fickle,

[1] The house. 578.

A wicked wretch, a kinsman most vnkind,
A deuill incarnat, all deuishly enclinde,
And (to discharge my conscience all at once)
The deuill him gnawe, both body, bloud, and bones.

30.

The spitefull prieste would needes make mee a witch,
As would to God I had beene for his sake,
I would haue claw'd him where hee did not itche,
I would haue playde the lady of the lake,
And as *Merline* was, cloasde him in a brake,
Ye a meridian to lul him by day light,
And a night mare to ride on him by night.

31.

The fiery feends with feuers hot and frenzy,
The ayery beggs with stench and carren sauoures,
The watry ghostes with gowtes and with dropsy,
The earthy goblines, with aches at all houres,
Furyes and fayryes, with all infernall powers,
I would haue stir'd from the darke dungeon
Of hell centre, as deepe as demagorgon.

32.

Or had I now the skill of dame *Erichto*,
Whose dreadfull charmes (as *Lucan* doth expresse)
All feendes did feare, so far forth as prince *Pluto*,
Was at her call for dread of more distresse,
Then would I send of helhoundes more and lesse
A legion at least, at him to cry and yel,
And with that chyrme, herrie him downe to hell.

33.

Which neede not, for sure I thinke that hee
Who here in earth leades *Epicurus'* life,
As farre from God as possible may be,

With whome all sinne and vices are most rife,
Using at will both widdow, mayde, and wife,
But that some deuill his body doth possesse,
His life is such as men can iudge no lesse.

34.

And God forgieue my wrath and wreakefull minde,
Such is my hate to that most wicked wretch,
Dye when hee shall, in heart I could well finde
Out of the graue his corps agayne to fetch,
And racke his limmes as long as they would stretch,
And take delight to listen euery day
How hee could sing a masse of welaway.

35.

The ile of *Man* was the apoynted place
To penaunce mee for euer in exile,
Thither in haste they poasted mee apace,
And douting scape, they pind mee in a pyle,
Close by my selfe in care, alas, the while,
There felt I first poore prysoner's hungry fare,
Much want, thinges skant, and stone walles harde and bare.

36.

The chaunge was straunge, from sylke and cloth of gold
To rugged fryze my carcas for to cloath,
From prince's fare, and daynties hot and cold,
To rotten fish, and meates that one would loath,
The diet and dressing were much alike boath,
Bedding and lodging were all alike fine,
Such downe it was as serued well for swyne.

37.

Neyther doe I myne owne case thus complayne,
Which I confesse came partly by desert:
The only cause which doubleth all my payne,

And which most neere goeth now vnto my hearte,
Is that my fault did finally reuert
To him that was least guilty of the same,
Whose death it was, though I abode the shame.

38.

Whose fatall fall when I doe call to minde,
And how by mee his mischiefe first began,
So ofte I cry on fortune most vnkinde,
And my mishap most vtterly doe banne,
That euer I to such a noble man,
Who from my crime was innocent and cleare,
Should bee a cause to buy his loue so deare.

39.

Oh, to my heart how greeuous is the wounde,
Calling to minde this dismall deadly case:
I would I had beene doluen vnder ground
When hee first saw or looked on my face,
Or tooke delight in any kinde of grace
Seeming in mee, that him did stir or moue
To fancy mee, or set his heart to loue.

40.

Farewell, *Greenewych*, my pallace of delight,
Where I was wont to see the christall streames
Of royall *Thames*, most plesaunt to my sight:
And farewell, *Kent*, right famous in all realmes,
A thousand times I minde you in my dreames,
And when I wake most griefe it is to mee,
That neuer more agayne I shall you see.[1]

41.

In the night time when I should take my rest
I weepe, I wayle, I weat my bed with teares,
And when dead sleape my spirites hath opprest,

[1] I shall see you. 1578.

Troubled with dreames I fantazy vayne feares,
Myne husband's voyce then ringeth at mine eares,
Crying for help: " O saue mee from the death,
These vilaynes here doe seeke to stop my breath."

42.

Yea, and sometimes mee thinkes his drery ghost
Appeares in sight, and shewes mee in what wise
Those fell tyraunts with torments had emboost
His winde and breath, to abuse people's eyes,
So as no doubt or question should arise
Among rude folke, which litle vnderstand,
But that his death came only by God's hand.

43.

I playne in vayne, where eares bee none to heare,
But roring seas, and blustring of the winde,
And of redresse am near a whit the neere,
But with waste wordes to feede my mournfull minde,
Wishing full oft the *Parcas* had vntwinde
My vitall stringes, or *Atropose* with knife
Had cut the lyne of my most wretched life.

44.

Oh that *Neptune*, and *Æolus* also,
Th'one god of seas, the other of weather,
Ere mine arriuall into that ile of woe,
Had sunke the ship wherein I sayled thether,
(The shipmen saued) so as I together
With my good duke, might haue beene deade afore
Fortune had wroken her wrath on vs so sore.

45.

Or els that God, when my first passage was
Into exile along Saynt *Albon's* towne,
Had neuer let mee further for to passe,

But in the streete with death had strucke mee downe:
Then had I sped of my desired bowne,
That my poore corps mought there haue lien with his
Both in one graue, and so haue gone to blisse.

46.

But I, alas, the greater is my greefe,
Am past that hope to haue my sepulture
Nere vnto him, which was to mee most leefe,
But in an ile and country most obscure,
To pyne in payne whilst my poore life will dure,
And being dead, all honourlesse to lye
In simple graue, as other poore that dye.

47.

My tale is tolde, and time it is to ceasse
Of troubles past, all which haue had theyr end:
My graue I trust shall purchase mee such peace[1]
In such a world, where no wight doth contend
For higher place, whereto all flesh shall wend:
And so I end, vsing one word for all
As I began, that pryde will haue a fall.

Quod G. F.[2]

[1] Good peace. 1578.
[2] G. Ferrers. The peculiarity of the above signature in the addition of *quod* is noticeable, though, probably, it originated with the printer.

[" SVRELY," sayd one of the company, " this lady hath done much to moue the hearers to pitye her, and hath very well knit vp her[1] tragedy according to the beginning: but I meruayl much where shee learned all this poetry touched in her tale, for in her dayes learning was not common, but a rare thing, namely in women." " Yes," quod Maister *Ferrers*, " that might shee very well learne of the duke her husband, who was a prince so excellently learned, as the like of his degree was no where to bee founde. And not only so, but was also a patron to poets and orators, much like as *Mecenas* was in the time of *Augustus Cæsar*. This duke was founder of the diuinity schole in *Oxford*, whereas he caused *Aristotle's* workes to bee translated out of Greeke into Latin, and caused many other thinges to bee done for aduauncement of learning, hauing alwayes learned men nere about him, no meruayl therefore though the duchesse brought some pece away." " Mee-thinke," quod another, " shee passeth boundes of a ladye's modesty, to inuey so cruelly against the cardinall *Beaufort*." " Not a whit," quod another, " hauing such cause as shee had, and somwhat ye must beare with women's passions. Therefore leaue wee her to eternall rest, and let vs heare what Maister *Ferrers* will say for the duke her husband, whose case was the more lamentable, in that hee suffered without cause. And surely though the cardinall against nature was the duke's mortall foe, yet the chiefe causers of his confusion was the queene and *William Delapoole*, earle of *Suffolke*, and afterwardes duke, whose counsayle was chiefly followed in the contriuing of this noble man's destruction. Shee through ambition to haue soueraynty and rule, and hee through flattery to purchase honour and promotion, which as hee in short time obtayned, so in as short time he lost agayne, and his

[1] Knyt vp the ende of her. 1578.

life withall by the iust iudgement of God, receiuing such measure as he before met to this good prince. This drift of his turned to the vtter ouerthrowe of the king himselfe, the queene his wife, and *Edward* theyr son a most goodly prince, and to the subuersion of the whole house of *Lancaster*, as you may see at large in the cronicles: but now let vs heare what the duke will say."]

HOWE HVMFREY PLAN-

tagenet Duke of Glocester Protector

of England, during the minority

of his nephue King Henry the

sixt, (commonly called the good

Duke) by practise of ene-

myes was brought to

confusion.

1.

As highest hilles with tempestes beene most touched,
And tops of trees most subiect vnto winde,
And as great towers with stone strongly cowched,
Haue heauy falles when they be vndermynde,
Euen so by proofe in worldly thinges wee finde,
That such as clime the top of high degree
From perill of falling neuer can bee free.

2.

To proue this true, good *Baldwine*, hearken hyther,
See, and behold mee vnhappy *Humfrey*,[1]
England's protector and duke of *Glocester*,

[1] Behold me Humfrey hight by name. N

Who in the time of the sixt king *Henry*,
Ruled this realme yeares moe then twenty:
Note well the cause of my ecay and fall,
And make a myrour for magistrates all.[1]

3.

In theyr moste weale to beware of vnhap,[2]
And not to sleepe in slumbring sickernes,
Whilst fortune false doth lul them in her lap
Drowned in dreames of brittle blessednesse,
But then to feare her freakes and ficklenesse,
Accompting still the higher they ascend,
More nigh to bee to daunger in the end.

4.

And that vayne trust in bloud or royall race,
Abuse them not with careles assuraunce[3]
To trust fortune,[4] but waying well my case,
When shee most smyleth to haue in remembraunce[5]
My sodayne fall, who in all apparaunce[6]
Hauing most stayes which man[7] in state mayntayne,
Haue found the same vntrusty and most vayne.

5.

Better then I none may the same affirme,[8]
Who trusting all in height of high estate,
Led by the eares with false flatterie's chyrme,[9]
Which neuer prince could banish from his gate,

[1] Who in the sixt king Henrie's rule, with fame
Twice ten yeares kept the troubled state in frame;
Note well the cause of my vnhappie case,
And 'mongst thy mirrours let the same haue place. N.
[2] Weale, let men beware mishap. N.
[3] With blind securitie. N. [4] To trust their state. N.
[5] Most smiles to haue in memorie. N.
[6] Who in most certaintie. N. [7] Men. N. [8] Same approue. N.
[9] To bite on fawning flatterie's bait did loue N.

Did litle thinke on such a sodayne mate,
Not heeding, lesse breeding, all vnaware,
By foes least feared was trapt in a snare.

6.

If noble byrth or high autority,
Nombre of friendes, kinred, or alliaunce,
If wisedome, learning, [or] worldly pollicy,
Mought haue beene stayers to fortune's variaunce,
None stoode more strong, in worldly countenaunce,
For all these helpes had I to auayle mee,
And yet in fine, all the same did fayle mee.[1]

7.

Of king *Henry* the fourth,[2] fourth sonne I was,
Brother to *Henry*, the fift of that name,[3]
And uncle to *Henry* the sixt,[4] but, alas,
What cause had I to presume on[5] the same?
Or for vayne glory, aduauncing my[6] fame
My selfe to call in recordes and writinges,
The sonne, brother, and vncle vnto kinges.

8.

This was my boast, which lastly was my bane,
Yet not this boast was it that brought me dowue:
The very cause which made my weale to wane
So neere of kin that I was to the crowne,
That was the rock that made my ship to drowne
A rule there is not fayling, but most sure,
Kingdome no kin doth know, ne can indure.

[1] Had I to high degree,
And yet in fine they all beguiled mee. N.
[2] Of Henry fourth by name. N.
[3] Henry fift of that same name. N.
[4] To the sixt Henrie vncle. N.
[5] To build vpon. N.
[6] To aduance my. N.

9.

For after my brother, the fift *Henry*,[1]
Wan by conquest the royall realme of *Fraunce*,
And of two kingdoms made one monarchy
Before his death, for better obaysaunce
To his yong sonne, not ripe to gouernaunce,
Protector of *England* I was by testament,
And *Iohn* my brother in *Fraunce* made regent.

10.

To whome if God had lent a longer life,
Our house to haue[2] kept from stormes of inward strife,
Or it had beene the Lord Almightie's will
Plantagenet[*te's* name] in state had standen still:
But deadly discord, which kingdomes great doth spill[3]
Bred by desire of high domination,
Brought our whole house to playne desolation.

11.

It is for truth in an history founde,
That *Henry Plantagenet*, first of our name,
Who called was king *Henry* the second,
Sonne of dame *Mawde*, the empresse of high fame,
Would oft report that his auncient grandame,
Though seeming in shape a woman naturall,
Was a feend of the kind that *(Succubæ)* some call.

12.

Which old fable, so long time told before,
When this kinge's sonnes against him did rebell,
Hee cald to minde, and being greeued sore,
"Loe! now," quod hee, "I see and proue full well
The story true, which folk of old did tell,

[1] When the fift Henry by his valiancie. N.
[2] Thaue. N. [3] Which all states do spill. N.

That from the deuill[1] descended all our race,
And now my children verify[2] the case."

13.

Whereof to leaue a long memoriall
In minde of man euermore[3] to rest,
A picture hee made and hung it in his hall
Of a pellicane sitting on his nest,
With four yong byrdes, three pecking at his brest,
With bloudy beakes, and furder did deuise,
The yongest byrde to pecke the father's eyes.

14.

Meaning hereby his rebell children three,
Henry and *Richard*, [who] bet him on the breast:
(*Ieffrey* onely from that offence was free)
Henry dyed of *England's* crowne possest:
Richard liued his father to molest,
Iohn the yongest pect [still] his father's eye,
Whose deedes vnkind the sooner made him dye.

15.

This king (some write) in his sicknes last
Sayde, as it were by way of prophecye,
How that the deuill a darnell grayne had cast
Among his kin, to encrease enmity,
Which should remayne in theyr posterity
Till mischiefe and murder had spent them all,
Not leauing one to pisse against the wall.

16.

And yet from him in order did succeede
In *England* here of crowned kinges, fourteene
Of that surname, and of that line and seede,

[1] From a feend. N. [2] Do verefy. 1578. [3] For euermore. N.

With dukes and earles, and many a noble queene,
The numbre such as all the world would weene,
So many ympes could neuer so be spent,
But some heyr male should bee of that discent.

17.

Which to bee true if any stand in doubt,
Because I meane not further to digresse,
Let him peruse the storyes[1] throughout
Of *English* kinges whom practise did oppresse,
And hee shall finde the cause of theyr distresse
From first to last, vnkindly to begin
Alwayes by those that next were of the kin.

18.

Was not *Richard*, of whom I spake before,
A rebell playne vntill his father dyed,
And *Iohn* likewise an enmy euermore
To *Richard* agayne, and for a rebell tryed?
After whose death, it cannot bee denied,
Agaynst all right this *Iohn* most cruelly,
His brother's children caused for to dye.

19.

Arthur and *Isabell* (I meane) that were
Ieffrey's children, then duke of *Britayne*,
Henrye's thyrd sonne, by one degree more neere
Then was this *Iohn*, as storyes shew most playne,
Which two children were famisht or els slayne
By *Iohn* theyr eame, cald *Saunzterre* by name,
Of whose foule act all countreys speake great shame.

20.

Edward and *Richard*, second both by name,
Kinges of this land, fell downe by fatall fate:
What was the cause that princes of such fame

[1] Histories. N.

Did leese at last theyr honour, life, and state?
Nothing at all, but discord and debate,
  Which when it haps in kinred, or in bloud,
  Erynnis rage was neuer halfe so wood.

21.

Be sure therefore, ye kinges and princes all,
That concord in kingdomes is chiefe assuraunce,
And that your families doe neuer fall,
But where discord doth leade the doubtfull daunce
With busy brawles, and turnes of variaunce:
  Where malice is minstrel, the pype ill report,
  The maske mischiefe, and so endes the sport.

22.

But now to come to my purpose agayne,
Whilst I my charge applyed in *England*,
My brother in *Fraunce* long time did remayne,
Cardinal *Beauford* tooke proudly in hand,
In causes publique agaynst mee to stand,
  Who of great malice, so much as hee might,
  Sought in all thinges to doe mee despite.

23.

Which prowde prelate to mee was bastard eame,
Sonne to duke *Iohn* of *Gaunt* as they did fayne,
Who being made high chauncellour of the realme,
Not like a priest, but like a prince did raigne,
Nothing wanting which might his pryde maynteine,
  Bishop besides of *Winchester* hee was,
  And cardinall of *Rome* which angels brought to passe.

24.

Not God's angels, but angels of old gold,
Lift him aloft in whome no cause there was
By iust desert so high to bee extold,
(Riches except) whereby this golden asse

At home and abroad all matters brought to passe,
Namely at *Rome*, hauing no meane but that
To purchase there his crimzin cardinall hat.

25.

Which thing the king my father him forbad
Playnly saying, that hee could not abide
Within his realme a subiect to bee had
His prince's peere, yet such was this man's pride,
That hee forthwith, after my father died,
(The king then young) obtayned of the pope
That honour high, which erst hee could not hope.

26.

Whose prowde attemptes because that I withstood,
My bounde duty the better to acquite,
This holy father waxed welnere wood,
Of meere malice deuising day and night
To worke to mee dishonour and despite,
Whereby there fell betweene vs such a iarre,
As in this land was like a ciuill warre.

27.

My brother *Iohn*, which lay this while in *Fraunce*,
Heard of this hurle, and past the seas in hast,
By whose traueil this troublesome distaunce
Ceassed a while, but nethelesse[1] in wast:
For rooted hate will hardly bee displast
Out of high hartes, and namely where debate,
Happeneth amongst great persons of estate.

28.

For like as a match doth lye and smolder
Long time before it commeth to the trayne:
But yet when fire hath caught in the poulder,

[1] Neretheless. N.

No arte is able the flames to restrayne:
Euen so the sparkes of enuy and disdayne,
Out of the smoke burst forth in such a flame,
That *Fraunce* and *England* yet may rue the same.

29.

So when of two realmes the regiment royall,
Betweene brothers was parted equally,
One placed in *Fraunce* for affayres martiall,
And I at home for ciuill pollicy:
To serue the state, wee both did so apply,
As honour and fame to both did encrease,
To him for the warre, to mee for the peace.

30.

Whence enuy sprang, and specially because
This proud prelate could not abide a peere
Within the land to rule the state by lawes,
Wherefore sifting my life and actes most neere,
Hee neuer ceast, vntill, as you shall heare,
By practise foule of him and his allies,
My death was wrought in most vnworthy wise.

31.

And first hee sought my doings to defame,
By rumours false, which hee and his did sowe:
Letters and billes to my reproach and shame
Hee did deuise, and all about bestowe,
Whereby my troth in doubt should daily growe,
In *England* first, and afterward in *Fraunce*,
Mouing all meanes to bring mee to mischaunce.

32.

One quarell was, that where by common lawe
Murder and theft beene punisht all alike,
So as manslears, which bloudy blades doe drawe,

Suffer no more then hee that doth but pike,
Mee thought the same no order pollitike,
In setting paynes to make no difference,
Betweene the lesser and greater offence.

33.

I being seene somewhat in ciuill lawe,
The rules thereof reputed much better:[1]
Wherefore to keepe offenders more in awe,
Like as the fault was smaller or greater,
So set I paynes more easier or bitter,
Waying the quality of euery offence,
And so according pronounced sentence.

34.

Amongst my other *Delicta Iuuentutis*,
Whilst rage of youth my reason did subdue,
I must confesse as the very truth is,
Driuen by desire, fond fancies to ensue,
A thing I did whereof great trouble grewe,
Abusing one, to my no small rebuke,
Which wife was than to *Iohn*, of *Brabant* duke.

35.

Called shee was lady *Iaquet* the fayre,
Delightfull in loue like *Helene* of *Troy*:
To the duke of *Bauier* sole daughter and heyre,
Her did I marry to my great annoy:[2]
Yet for a time, this dame I did enioy,

[1] Bitter. N.

[2] In this season (i of Hen. VI.) Homfrey duke of Gloucester, either blynded with ambicion or dotyng for loue, maried the lady Jaquet or Jacomin doughter and sole heire to William of Bauier duke of Holland, whiche was lawfull wife to Ihon duke of Brabant then liuyng. Which mariage was not onely woundered at of the common people but also detested of the nobilitie, and abhorred of the clergie. But suerly the swete tast, of this plasant mariage, brought after a sower sauce, bothe to the amorous housbande and to the wanton wife. *Hall.*

With her whole landes, witholding them by force,
Till *Martin* the pope, betweene vs made diuorce.

36.

Yet all these blastes not able were to moue
The anchor strong, whereby my ship did stay,
Some other shift to seeke him did behoue,
Whereto ere long ill fortune made the way,
Which finally was cause of my decay
And cruell death, contriued by my foes,
Which fell out thus, as now I shall disclose.

37.

Elianor my wife, my duches only deare,
I knowe not howe, but as the nature is
Of women all, aye curious to enquire
Of thinges to come (though I confesse in this
Her fault not small) and that shee did amisse,
By witche's skill, which sorcery some call,
Would knowe of thinges which after should befall.

38.

And for that cause made her selfe acquainted
With mother *Madge*, called the witch of *Eye*,
And with a clerke that after was attaynted,
Bolenbroke hee hight, that learned was that way,
With other moe, which famous were that day,
As well in science called mathematicall,
As also in magique [and] skill supernaturall.

39.

These cunning folkes shee set on worke to knowe
The time how long the king should liue and raygne,
Some by the starres, and some by deuills[a] belowe,
Some by witchcraft sought knowledge to attayne,

[a] Feends. N

With like fancies, friuolous, fond, and vayne,
Whereof though I knewe least of any mân,
Yet by that meane my mischiefe first began.

40.

Yet besides this there was a greater thing,
How shee in waxe, by councell of the witch,
An image made, crowned like a king,
With sword in hand, in shape and likenes syche
As was the king, which daily they did pitch
Against a fire, that as the waxe did melt,
So should his life consume away vnfelt.

41.

My duchesse thus accused of this cryme,
As shee that should such practise first begin,
My part was then to yeelde vnto the time,
Geuing her leaue to deale alone therein:
And since the cause concerned deadly sinne,
Which to the clergie onely doth pertayne,
To deale therein I playnely did refrayne.

42.

And suffered them her person to ascite
Into their courtes, to aunswere and appeare,
Which to my hart was sure the greatest spight
That could be wrought, and touched mee most neare,
To see my wife, and lady leefe and deare,
To my reproch, and playne before my face,
Entreated so, as one of sort most base.

43.

The clergie then examining her cause,
Conuinced[1] her, as guilty in the same,
And sentence gaue, according to their lawes,

[1] So in editions 1578, 87, and Niccols, but appears a misprint for convicted

That shee and they whom I before did name
Should suffer death, or els some open shame:
Of which penaunce my wife by sentence had
To suffer shame, of both the two, more bad.

44.

And first shee must by dayes together three,
Through *London* streetes passe all along in sight
Barelegd and barefoote, that all the world might see,
Bearing in hand a burning taper bright,
And not content with this extreme despite,
To worke mee woe in all they may or can,
Exilde shee was into the ile of *Man*.

45.

This heynous crime and open worldly shame,
Was[1] such rigour shewed vnto my wife,
With[2] a fine fetch further thinges to frame,
And nothing els but a preparatiue
First from office, and finally from life
Mee to depriue, and so passing further,
What lawe could not, to execute by murther.

46.

Which by slie driftes and windlaces aloofe,
They brought about, perswading first the queene,
That in effect it was the kinge's reproofe,
And her's also, to bee exempted cleane
From princely rule, or that it should be seene
A king of yeares, still gouerned to bee
Like a pupill, that nothing could foresee.

47.

The daunger more, considering the king
Was without childe, I being his next heyre,
To rule the realme as prince in euery thing

[1] With. N. [2] Was. N.

Without restraynt, and all the sway to beare:
With people's loue, whereby it was to feare
That my haut heart, vnbrideled in desire,
Time would preuent, and to the crowne aspire.

48.

These with such like were put into her heade,
Who of her selfe was thereto soone enclind,
Other there were that this ill humour fed,
To neyther part that had good will or mind,
The duke of *Yorke* our cosin most vnkinde,
Who keeping close a title to the crowne,
Lancaster's house did labour to pull downe.

49.

The stay whereof hee tooke to stand in mee,
Seeing the king of courage nothing stout,
Neyther of witte great perill to foresee,
So for purpose, if hee could bring about
Mee to displace, then did hee litle doubt
To gayne the goale, for which hee droue the ball,
The crowne (I meane) to catch ere it should fall.

50.

This hope made him agaynst mee to conspyre
With those which foes were to ech other late,
The queene did weene to win her whole desire,
Which was to rule the king and all the state
If I were rid, whom therefore shee did hate,
Forecasting not, when that was brought to passe,
How weake of friendes the king her husband, was.

51.

The dukes two, of *Excester*, and *Buckingham*,
With the marquise *Dorset* therein did agree,
But namely the marquise of *Suffolke*, *William*,

Contriuer chiefe of this conspiracy,
With other moe, that sate still and did see
Theyr mortall foes on mee to whet theyr knives,
Which turnde at last to losse of all theyr lives.

52.

But vayne desire of soueraynty and rule,
Which otherwise (ambition) hath to name,
So stird the queene, that wilfull as a mule,
Headlong she runnes from smoke into the flame,
Driuing a drift, which after did so frame,
As shee, the king, with all theyr line and race,
Depriued were of honour, life, and place.

53.

So for purpose shee thought it very good,
With former foes in frendship to confeder,
The duke of *Yorke*, and other of his bloud,
With *Neuills* all, knit were then altogether,
And *Delapoole*, friend afore to neither:
The cardinall also came within this list,
As Herode and Pilate to iudge Iheaus Christ.

54.

This cursed league too late discouered was
By bayardes blinde, that linked in the line,
The queene and cardinall brought it so to passe,
With marquise *Suffolke* maister of this myne,
Whose ill aduise was counted very fine,
With other moe which finely could disguise,
With false visours my mischiefe to deuise.

55.

Concluding thus, they poynt without delay
Parliament to holde, in some vnhaunted place,
Far from *London*, out of the common way,

Where few or none should vnderstand the case,
But whom the queene and cardinall did embrace:
And so for place they chose Saint *Edmondsbury*,
Since when (some say) *England* was neuer mery.

56.

Somens was sent this company to call,
Which made mee muse, that in so great a case
I should no whit of counsayle bee at all,
Who yet had rule, and next the king in place,
Me thought nothing my state could more disgrace
Then to beare name, and in effect to bee
A cypher in algrim, as all men mought see.

57.

And though iust cause I had for to suspect
The time and place apoynted by my foes,
And that my friendes most playnly did detect
The subtil trayne, and practise of all those
Which agaynst mee great treasons did suppose:
Yet trust of truth with a conscience cleare
Gaue mee good heart in that place to appeare.

58.

Upon which trust with more haste then good speede,
Forward I went to that vnlucky place
Duty to show, and no whit was in dread
Of any trayne, but bold to shew my face
As a true man, yet so fel out the case
That after trauayle seeking for repose,
An armed band my lodging did enclose.

59.

The vicount *Beaumont*, who for the time supplyed
The office of high constable of the land,
Was with the queene and cardinall allied,

By whose support hee stoutly tooke in hand
My lodging to entre with an armed band,
And for high treason my person did arest,
And layde mee that night where him seemed best.

60.

Then shaking and quaking, for dread of a dreame,
Halfe waked, all naked, in bed as I lay,
What time strake the chime of mine houre extreame,
Opprest was my rest with mortall affray,
My foes did vnclose, I know not which way,
My chambre dores, and boldly they in brake,
And had mee fast before I could awake.[1]

61.

Thou lookest now, that of my secret murther,
I should at large the maner how declare,
I pray thee, *Baldwine*, aske of me no further,
For speaking playne, it came so at vnware,
As I my selfe, which caught was in the snare,
Scarcely am able the circumstaunce to shew,
Which was kept close, and knowne but vnto fewe.

62.

But bee thou sure by violence it was,
And no whit bred by sicknes or disease,
That felt it well before my life did passe,
For when these wolues my body once did cease,
Used I was but smally to mine ease,
With torments strong which went so nere the quicke,
As made mee dye before that I was sicke.

63.

A palsey (they sayd) my vital spirites opprest,
Bred by excesse of melancholie black,
This for excuse to lay, them seemed best,

[1] Could wake. N.

Least my true friendes the cause might furder racke,
And so perhaps discouer the whole packe
Of the conspirers,[1] whom they might well suspect
For causes great, which after tooke effect.

64.

Dead was I found by such as best did know
The maner how the same was brought to passe,
And then my corps was set out for a show,
By view whereof nothing perceiued was:[2]
Whereby the worlde may see as in a glasse,
Th'vnsure[3] state of them that stand most hye,
Which than dread least, when daunger is most nye.

65.

And also see what daunger they are in,[4]
Which next theyr king are to succede in place:
Since kinges most part bee ielous of theyr kynne,
Whome I aduise, forewarned by my case,
To beare low sayle, and not too much embrace
The people's loue: for as *Senec* sayth truly:
O quam funestus est fauor populi.

G. F.[5]

[1] Of my false foes. N.

[2] A parliament was somoned to be kept at Bery, whether resorted all the peres of the realme, and emongest them the duke of Gloucester, whiche on the second daie of the session was by the lord Beamonde, then highe constable of Englande, accompanied with the duke of Buckyngham, and other, arrested, apprehended, and put in warde, and all his seruauntes sequestred from hym, and xxxii. of the chiefe of his retinue, were sente to diuerse prisons, to the greate admiracion of the common people. The duke the night after hys emprisonement, was found dedde in his bed, and his body shewed to the lordes and commons, as thoughe he had died of a palsey or empostome: but all indifferent persons well knewe that he died of no natural death, but of some violent force. *Hall.*

[3] The vnsure. 1578. [4] They lyue in. 1578. [5] G. Ferrers. N.

[The good duke hauing ended his wofull tragedy, after much talke hadde concerning discention among those that bee magistrates: "*Good Lord*," quod one, "what mischiefe and destruction doth priuy grudge and malice rayse among all sortes of people both hye and lowe? but especially among magistrates being the head and guide of the commonwealth: for what mischief did the discention betwene these two persons (being both of hye estate bring after to both realmes:[1] yea and the vtter ruin of most of them that were workers[2] of this duke's death." "You say troth," quoth I, "and now for that, if I may craue your pacience a while, you shall heare what I haue noted in the duke of *Suffolke's* doings, one of the chiefe procurours of duke *Humfreye's* destruction, who[3] by the prouidence of God came shortly after in such hatred of the people, that the king himselfe could not saue him from a straunge and notable death.[4] For being banisht the realme for the terme of fiue yeares, to appease the continuall rumours and inward grudges, that not only the commons, but most part of the nobility of *England*, bare towardes him for the death of the sayde duke, he sayling[5] towardes *Fraunce*, was met with a ship of *Deuonshire*, and beheaded forthwith the first day of May, Anno 1450. And the dead corps throwen vp at *Douer*, vpon the sandes, which may lament his death after this maner.]

[1] Both the realmes. 1578. [2] Were the chiefe workers. 1578.

[3] When thys was sayd: "Let kyng Jamy go," quod mayster Ferrers, "and returne we to our owne story, and se what broyles wer among the nobylyty in the kynge's mynoryty. How that cardinall Bewford malygneth the estate of good duke Humfrey the kynge's vncle and protector of the realme, and by what driftes he first banisheth his wife from him. And lastly howe the good duke is murderously made away through conspiracy of queene Margaret and other: both whose tragedyes I entend at leysure to declare, for they be notable." "Do so, I pray you," quod another, "but take heede ye demurre not vpon them. And I to be occupyed the meane time, will shew what I haue noted in the duke of Suffolke's doynges, one of the chiefest of duke Humfrey's destroyers, who, &c. 1563, 71. See p. 111, note 1.

[4] Notable death, which he may lament after thys maner. 1559, 63.

[5] And sayling. 1571, 75.

HOW LORD[1] WILLIAM

De la pole, Duke of Suffolke, was

worthely banished, for abusing

his King, and causing the destruction

of the good Duke Humfrey,[2]

Anno 1450.[3]

1.

Heauy is the hap whereto all men bee bound,
I meane the death, which no estate may flie:
But to be banisht, [be]headed, and than drownd[4]
In sinke of shame from top of honors hie,
Was neuer man so serude, I thinke, but I:
Wherefore, *Baldwine*,[5] amongest the rest by right,
I clayme of thee my woefull case to write.[6]

2.

My only life in all poynts may suffise,
To shewe how base all baytes of fortune bee,
Which thawe like yse, through heate of enuie's eyes,

[1] Lord, omitted. 1578.
[2] And procuringe the death of Duke Humfrey of Glocester, protector of England. 1578
[3] Anno 1450. added 1571. Anno Dom. N.
[4] Banysht, headed so, and drowned. 1559, 63.
[5] Wherfore good Baldwin. 1578.
[6] And therfore, Baldwyn, fro thy grave of gryefe
Reiect me not, of wretched prynces chief. 1559, 63.

Of[1] vicious deedes which much possessed mee:
Good hap with vice, long time cannot agree,[2]
Which bring best fortunes to the basest fall,
And happiest hap to enuy to bee thrall.

3.

Called I was *William*[3] *De la Pole*,
Of *Suffolke* duke, in[4] queene *Margeret's* dayes,
That found the meane duke *Humfrey's* bloud to coole,
Whose worthy actes[5] deserue eternall prayse,
Whereby I note that fortune cannot rayse
Any one aloft, without some other's wracke:
Fluds drowne no fieldes before they finde a bracke.

4.

But as the waters which doe breake the walles
Doe lose their[6] course they had within the shore,
And daily rotting stinke within their stalles,
For faut of mouing which they found before,
Euen so the state that ouer high is bore,
Doth lose the life of people's loue it had,
And rots it selfe vntill it fall to bad.

5.

For while I was but earle, ech man was glad
To say and doe the best by mee they might:
And fortune euer since I was a lad,
Did smile vpon mee with a chearefull sight,
For whan my king had doubed mee a knight,
And sent mee forth to serue at warre in *Fraunce*,
My lucky[7] speede mine honour did enhaunce.

[1] Or. 1559, 63. [2] Good hap wyth vyces cannot long agree. 1559, 63.
[3] I am the prynce duke Wyllyam. 1559, 63.
[4] That was so famous in. 1559. 63.
[5] Whose vertuous paynes. 1559, 63.
[6] The. 1559. [7] Luckly. N.

6.

Where, to omitte the many feates I wrought
Under other's guide, I doe remember one,
Which with my souldiers valiantly was fought,
None other captayne saue my selfe alone,
I meane not now the apprinze of *Pucell Jone*
In which attempt my trauaile was not small,
Though the duke of *Burgoyne* had the prayse of all.[1]

7.

[But] the siege of *Awmarle* is the feate I prayse:
A strong built towne, with castels, walles, and vaultes,
With men and weapon armde at all assayes:
To which I gaue nigh fiue times fyue assaultes,
Til at the last they yeelded it for naughtes:
Yet lord *Rambur's*, like a valiaunt knight,
Defended it as long as euer[2] hee might.

8.

But what preuayled it these townes to winne,
Which shortly after must bee lost agayne?
Whereby I see there is more glory in
The keeping things, than is in their attayne:
To get and keepe not, is but losse and[3] payne:
Therefore ought men prouide to saue theyr winnings
In all attempts, els lose they their beginnings.

9.

Because wee could not keepe the townes we won,
(For they were more then wee might easely wyeld,)
One yeare vndid what wee in ten had done:
[For] enuy at home [and] treason abroade, did yeelde
King *Charles* his realme of *Fraunce*, made barrain field:

[1] Though Burgoyne duke had then the praise of all. N.
[2] Ere. N. [3] Of. 1578.

For bloudy warres had wasted all encrease,
Which causde the pope helpe pouerty, sue[1] for peace.

10.

So that in *Tourayn* at the towne of *Toures*,
Duke *Charles* and other for their prince appered,
So did lord *Rosse* and I than earle, for oures:
And whan wee shewed wherein ech other dered,
Wee sought out meanes all quarels to haue clered,
Wherein the lordes of *Germany*, of *Spayne*,
Of *Hungary*, and *Denmarke*, tooke exceeding payne.

11.

But sith wee could no finall peace induce,
For neyther would the other's couenauntes here,
For eyghteene monthes wee did conclude a truce:
And while as friendes wee lay together there,
Because my warrant did mee therein beare,
To make a perfite peace and through accord,
I sought a mariage for my soueraigne lord.

12.

And for the *French* kinge's daughters were to small,
I fancied most dame *Margaret* his niece,
A louely lady, beautifull, and tall,
Fayre spoken, pleasant, a very princely[2] piece
In wit and learning, matchlesse hence to *Greece*,
Duke *Rayner's* daughter[3] of *Aniow*, king by stile
Of *Naples*, *Ierusalem*, and[4] *Scicil* ile.

13.

But ere I could the graunt of her attayne,
All that our king had of her father's landes,
As *Maunes* the citty, the county whole of *Mayne*,

[1] Help need to sue. N. [2] And a princely. N.
[3] Heire. N. [4] And of. 1578.

And most of *Aniow* duchy in our handes,
I did release him by assured bandes,
And as for dowry with her none I sought,
I thought no peace could bee to derely bought.

14.

And whan this mariage throwly was agreed
Although my king were glad of such a make,
His vncle *Humfrey* abhorred[1] it in deede,
Because thereby his precontract hee brake,
Made with the heyre of the earle of *Arminacke*,
A noble maide with store of goodes endowed,
Which more than this with losse, the duke allowed.

15.

But loue and beawty in the king so wrought,
That neyther profite,[2] or promise, hee regarded,
But set his vncle's counsaile still at nought,
And for my paynes I highly was awarded:
Thus vertue starues, but lustfoode must bee larded:
For I, made marquise, went to *Fraunce* agayne,
And brought this bride vnto my soueraygne.

16.

At home[3] because duke *Humfrey* aye repined,
Calling their mariage aduoutry (as it was)
The queene did moue mee, erst thereto enclined,
To helpe to bring him to his *requiem* masse,
Which sith it could for no crime come to passe,
His life and doinges were so right and clere,
Through priuy murder wee brought him to his bere.

17.

Thus righteousness brought *Humfrey* to rebuke,
Because hee would[4] no wickednes allowe,
But for my doinges I was made a duke:

[1] Hated it. N. [2] Gaine. N. [3] Whom. 1559, 63, 71, 78.
[4] Should. 1578.

So fortune can both bend and smoth her browe
On whome shee list, not passing why or how:
O Lord how high, how soone shee did mee raise,
How fast shee filde mee both with prayes and praise.

18.

The lordes and commons both of like assent,
Besought my soueraigne kneeling on their knees,
To record my doinges[1] in the parliament,
As deedes deseruing euerlasting fees:
In which attempt they did no labour leese,
For they set not my prayse so fast in flame,
As hee was ready to reward the same.

19.

But note the ende: my deedes so worthy deemed
Of king, of lordes, and commons, altogether,
Were shortly after treasons false esteemed,
And all men curst queene *Marget's* comming hither:
For *Charles* the *French* king, in his feates not lither,
Whan wee had rendered *Rayner*, *Mauntes*, and *Mayne*,
Found meane to wyn all *Normandy* againe.

20.

This made the people curse the mariage,
Esteeming it the cause of euery losse:
Wherefore at mee with open mouth they rage,
Affirming mee t'haue[2] brought the realme to mosse:
Whan king and queene sawe thinges thus goe a crosse,
To quiet all a parliament they called,
And caused mee in prison to bee thralled.

21.

And shortly after brought mee forth abrode,
Which made the commons more than double woode:
And some with weapons would haue laide on lode,

[1] Deeds. N. [2] To have. 1559, 63, 71, 75, 78.

If their graund captayne, *Blewberd*, in his moode
Had not in time with wisedome beene withstoode:
But though that hee and more were executed,
The people still their worst against mee bruted.[1]

22.

And so applied the parliament with billes,
Of haynous wronges and open trayterous crimes,
That king and queene were forst against their willes,
Fro place to place t'adiourne[2] it diuers times,
For prince's power is like the sandy slimes,
Which must perforce gieue place vnto the waue,
Or sue the windy sourges whan they raue.

23.

Their life was not more deare to them than I,
Which made them search all shiftes to saue mee still,
But ay my foes such faultes did on mee try,
That to preserue mee from a worser ill,
The king was faine full sore against his will,
For fiue yeares space to send mee in exile,
In hope to haue restorde mee in a while.

[1] The queene, whiche entierly loued the duke, fearynge that some commocion and trouble might ryse, if he were let goo vnpuneshed, caused hym to be committed to the towre, where he was kepte with as muche pleasure as he that was at large, and oute of all captiuitie. But after that a monethe was expyred, she ymagenynge the people to bee pacifyed with this open emprysonment, caused hym both to be deliuered, and also to be restored to the kynge's fauour and grace, as muche as euer he was before that tyme. But this doynge incensed the furye of the mutable commons, muche more then before: openly demounsynge and saiyng, that it was a shame to all the realme, to se such a persone, infected with so many mysdedes, either to rule about a prince or be had in honor. Of these wordes sprang dedes, and of this talkyng rose displeasure, whiche had growen to greate mischiefe, if politique prouision had not, with all celeritye, resisted the first fury: for the commons in sundry places of the realme assembled together, gathered great companies, and elected a capytayn, whom they called blew berde: but or they had attempted any enterprise, their headdes were apprehended and so the members sodainly were dispersed, without any hurte committed, or perpetrated. *Hall.*

[2] To adiourne. 1559, 63, 71, 75, 78.

24.

But marke how vengeaunce wayteth vpon vice,
To shun this storme, in sayling towardes *Fraunce*,
A pyrat's barke, that was of litle price,[1]
Encountred mee vpon the seas by chaunce,
Whose captayn there tooke mee, as in a traunce,[2]
Let passe my shippes with all theyr frayt and loade,
And led mee backe againe to[3] *Douer* roade.

25.

Where vnto mee recounting all my[4] faultes,
As murdering of duke *Humfrey* in his bed,
And how I had brought all the realme to naughtes,
Causing[5] the king vnlawfully to wed,
There was no grace but I must lose my head:
Wherefore hee made mee [to] shriue mee in his bote,
And on the brinke my[6] necke in two hee smote.[7]

26.

This was mine end: which was by reason due
To mee, and such as other's deaths procure:
Therefore bee bold to write, for it is true,

[1] As I was saylyng toward the coast of Fraunce,
The earle of Deuonshyre's barke, of lytle pryce. 1559, 63.
[2] Whose captayne toke me by hys valyaunce. 1559, 63.
[3] But led me with hym into. 1559, 63.
[4] Where whan he had recounted me my. 1559, 63.
[5] In causyng. 1559, 63. [6] On the edge wherof my. 1559, 63.
[7] Fortune wold not, that this flagitious person, shoulde so escape, for when he shipped in Suffolke, entendynge to be transported into Fraunce, he was encontered with a shippe of warre appertaininge to the duke of Excester, the constable of the towre of London, called the Nicholas of the Toure. The capitaine of the same barke with small fighte, entered into the duke's shippe, and perceiuynge his person present, brought hym to Douer rode, and there on the one syde of a cocke bote, caused his heade to be striken of, and left hys body with the heade vpon the sandes of Douer, whiche corse was there founde by a chapelayne of his, and conuaied to Wyngfelde colledge in Suffolke, and there buried. This ende had William de la Pole, first duke of Suffolke, as men iudge, by God's punishment: for aboue all thynges he was noted to be the very organ, engine, and deuiser of the destrucion of Humfrey the good duke of Gloucester, and so the bloudde of the innocente man was with his dolorous deathe, recompensed and punished. *Hall.*

That who so doth such practise put in vre,
Of due reward at last shal be most sure,
For God is iust, whose stroke delayed long,
Doth light at last with paine more sharpe and strong.[1]

W. B.[2]

[1] A pyteous ende, and therefore, Baldwyn, warne
All pyers and prynces, to abhorre vntroth,
For vycyous grayne must cum to fowl endes barne:
Who brueth breach of lawfull bond or oth,
God wyll ere long, cause all the world to loth:
Was neuer prynce that other dyd oppresse
Vnryghteously, but dyed in distresse. 1559, 63.

[2] Initials added in ed. 1571. W. Baldwine. N.

[WHAN this was sayd, euery man reioysed to heare of a wicked person so righteously punished:[1] for though fortune in many points bee iniurious to princes, yet in this and such like she is most righteous: and only deserueth the name of a goddesse, whan she prouideth meanes to punishe and destroy tyrantes. And when we had a while considered the driftes of the king and queene to haue saued this duke: and yet they could not: "It is worth the labour," sayd one, "to way the workes and iudgements of God: which seeing they are knowen most euidently by comparing contraries, I will touch the story of *Iacke Cade* in order next following, whome king *Henry*, with all his puissaunce, was no more able for a while to destroy (yet was hee his rebellious enemy), than hee was to preserue the duke of *Suffolke* his dearest friend: by which two examples doth appeare howe notably God disposeth all things, and that no force stretcheth farther, than it pleaseth him to suffer. For this *Cade* being an *Irisheman* but of meane parentage, of no ability,[2] and lesse power, accompanied with a fewe naked *Kentishemen*, caused the king with his army at all poynts appointed, to leaue the field, and suffer him to do whatsoeuer hee lusted [for a time, but in the end hee was slaine at *Hothfielde* in *Sussex*, and caried thence to *London* in a cart, and there quartered.][3] In whose behalfe, seeing he is one of fortune's whelpes, I will trouble you a while to heare the processe of his enterprise, which hee may declare in maner following."]

[1] Wycked man so maruaylously well punyshed. 1559, 63.
[2] Cade beinge but base borne, of no abylytye. 1559, 63.
[3] The passage in brackets added 1571.

HOW IACKE CADE

naming himselfe Mortimer,[1] *trayte-*

rously rebelling against his

King, in Iune, Anno 1450,[2] *was*

for his treasons and cruell doinges

worthely punished.

1.

SHALL I call it fortune[3] or my froward folly,
That lifted[4] mee vp[5] and laide mee downe belowe?
Or was it courage that made mee so ioly,
Which of the starres and bodies grement growe?[6]
What euer[7] it were this one poynt sure I knowe,
Which shall be meete for euery man to marke:
Our lust and willes our euils chiefly warke.

2.

It may bee well that planets doe encline,
And our complexions moue our mindes to ill,
But such is reason, that they bring to fine

[1] Naming himselfe Mortimer, added. 1571.
[2] In June Anno, 1450, added. 1571.
[3] Shall I it fortune call. N.
[4] Lifte. 1578. Rais'd. N. [5] Vp, added. 1571.
[6] Or strength of stars, which make men high to growe? 1578.
[7] Ere. N.

No worke vnayded of our lust and will:
For heauen and earth are subiect both to skill:
The skill[1] of God ruleth all, it is so strong,
Man may by skill guide thinges that to him long.

3.

Though lust be sturdy,[2] and will enclined to nought,
This forst by mixture, that by heauen's course,
Yet through the skill[3] God hath in reason wrought
And geuen man, no lust nor will to[4] course,
But may bee stayed or swaged of the sourse,
So that it shall in nothing force the minde
To worke our woe, or leaue the proper kinde.

4.

But though this skill bee geuen to euery man[5]
To rule the will, and keepe the minde aloft,
For lacke of grace full fewe vse it can,[6]
These worldly pleasures tickle vs so oft:
Skill is not weake, but will strong,[7] fleshe is soft,
And yeeldes it selfe to pleasure that it loueth,
And hales the minde to that it most reproueth.

5.

Now if this hap whereby wee yeelde our minde
To lust and will, bee fortune as wee name her,
Than is shee iustly called false and blinde,
And no reproach can bee to much to blame her:
Yet is the shame our owne when so wee shame her,
For sure this hap if it bee rightly knowne,
Commeth[8] of our selues, and so the blame our owne.

[1] The will. N. [2] Be stout. N. [3] The grace. N.
[4] So. 1559, 63. [5] Grace be giuen to some man. N.
[6] Yet fewe there be 'mongst men that vse it can. N.
[7] The spirit weake, and will strong. N.
[8] Comes. N.

6.

For who so liueth in the schoole of skill,
And medleth not with any worlde's affayres,
Forsaketh pompes and honors, that doe spill
The minde's recourse to grace's quiet stayres,
His state no fortune by no meane appayres:
For fortune is the folly and plague of those,[1]
Which to the world their wretched willes dispose.

7.

Among which fooles, marke, *Baldwine*, I am one,
That would not stay my selfe in mine estate:
I thought to rule but to obay to none,
And therefore fell I with my king at bate:
And to the end I might him better mate,
Iohn Mortimer I caused my selfe bee called,
Whose kingly bloud the *Henryes* nigh had thralled.[2]

8.

This shift I vsed, the people to perswade
To leaue their prince, on my side more to sticke,
Whereas in deede my father's name was *Cade*,
Whose noble stocke was neuer worth a sticke:
But touching wit I was both ripe and quicke,
Had strength of limmes, large stature, comely face,
Which made men weene my lynage were not base.

9.

And seeing stoutnes stucke by men in *Kent*,
Whose valiaunt hearts refuse none enterprise,
With false perswasions strayte to them I went,

[1] For fortune is the on.y foe of those. N.
[2] Wherefore I thought to be my prince's mate,
And by some meane his power to abate:
And for that ends Mortimer would be nam'de,
Heyre apparant of England once proclaym'de. 1578.

And sayd they suffered too great iniuries:
By meane whereof I caused them to rise:[1]
And battayle wise to come to *Blacke Heath* playne,
And thence their griefes vnto the king complaine.

10.

Who being deafe (as men say) on that eare,
For wee desired release of subsedies,
Refused roughly our requestes to heare,
And came against vs as his enemies:[2]
But wee to tary[3] him sought out subtilties,
Remoued our campe, and backe to *Senocke* went,
After whome the *Staffords* with their power was sent.

11.

See here how fortune setting vs a flote,
Brought to our nets a portion of our pray:
For why, the *Staffords* with their army hote,
Assayled vs at *Senocke*, where wee lay:
From whence aliue they parted not away:
Which whan the kinge's retinue vnderstood,
They all affirmed my quarell to bee good.

12.

Which caused the king, and queene, whom all did hate,
To rayse their campe, and sodainly depart:
And that they might the people's grudge abate,
To imprison[4] some full sore against their hart:

[1] Because the Kentishe-men be impacient in wronges; disdainyng of to much oppression and euer desirous of new chaung, and new fangelnes; the ouerture of this matter was put furthe firste in Kent, and to the entente that it should not be knowen that the duke of Yorke or his frendes were the cause of the sodaine risyng: a certaine yong man of a goodely stature, and pregnaunt wit, was entised to take vpon hym the name of Ihon Mortimer allthoughe his name were Iohn Cade. *Hall.*

[2] As our enemies. 1578.

[3] Trap. 1559. Tray. 1563. To tary sought. 1578. To stay him. N.

[4] T'imprison. N.

Lord *Saye* was one, whome I made after smart,
For after the[1] *Staffords* and their hoast was slaine,
To *Blackeheath* fielde I marched backe againe.

13.

And where the king would nothing heare before,
Now was hee glad to send to knowe my minde:
And I thereby enflamed much the more,
Refused his grauntes, so folly made mee blinde,
For this hee flewe and left lord *Scales* behinde,
To helpe the towne and strengthen *London* tower,
Towardes which I marched forward with my power.

14.

And found there all thinges at mine owne desire,[2]
I entred *London*, did there what I list:
The treasurer, lord *Saye*, I did conspire
To haue condemned: whereof when I mist,
(For hee by lawe my malice did resist)
By force I tooke him in *Guyldhall* fro the heape,[3]
And headed him before the crosse in *Cheape*.

15.

His sonne in law *Iames Cromer*, shriue of *Kent*,
I caught at *Mile end*, where as then he lay:
Beheaded him, and one a pole I sent
His head to *London* where his father's lay,
With these two heades I made a prety play,
For pight on poales I bare them through the streete,
And for my sport made ech kisse other sweete.[4]

[1] The, omitted. 1578. [2] Thynges after my desyer. 1559, 63.
[3] Th'heape. N.
[4] Vpon the thyrde daye of Julii, he caused syr James Fynes, lorde Say, and threasorer of England, to be broughte to the Gylde-halle of London, and there to be arrayned: whiche beyng before the kynge's iustices put to answere, desyred to be tryed by his peers, for the lengar delay of his life. The capytaine perceiuynge

16.

Then brake I prysons, let forth whom I wold,
And vsed the city as it had beene mine:
Tooke from the marchaunts money, ware, and gold,
From some by force, from other some by fine:
This at the length did cause them to repine,
So that lord *Scales* consenting with the mayre,
Forbad vs to theyr city to repayre.

17.

For all this while myne hoast in *Southwarke* lay,
Who whan they knewe our passage was denied,
Came boldly to the bridge and made a fray,
For in wee would, the townes men vs defied:
But when with stroakes wee had the matter tryed,
Wee wan the bridge and set much part on fire,
This done to *Southwarke* backe wee did retyre.

18.

The morow after came the chauncellour,
With generall pardon for my men, halfe gone,
Which heard and read, the rest within an houre,
Shranke all away ech man to shift for one:
And when I sawe they left mee post alone,
I did disguise mee like a knight of the post,
And into *Sussex* rode away in post.[1]

---

hys dilatorie ple, by force took hym from the officers, and brought him to the standard in Cheape, and there before his confession ended, caused his head to be cut of, and pitched it on a hyghe poole, which was openly borne before him through the stretes. And this cruell tyraunt not content with the murder of the lorde Say, wente to Myle ende, and there apprehended syr James Cromer, then shreue of Kent, and sonne in law to the said lorde Say, and him without confession or excuse hearde, caused there like wise to be hedded, and his heade to bee fixed on a poole, and with these two heddes, this bloody butcher entered into the cytie agayn, and in despite caused them in euery strete kysse together, to the greate detestacion of all the beholders. *Hall.*

[1] And into Sussex rode, all hope was lost. N.

19.

And there I lurked till that cursed coyne,
That restles begle sought and found mee out,
For straight the king by promise did enioyne
A thousand marke to whosoeuer mought
Apprehend[1] my corse, which made them[2] seeke about:
Among the which one *Alexander Iden*
Found out the hole, wherein the foxe was hidden.

20.

But ere hee tooke mee I put[3] him to his trumps,
For yeelde I would not while my handes would holde,
But hope of money made him stur his stumps,
And to assault mee valiauntly and bolde:
Two houres and more our combat[4] was not colde,
Till at the last hee lent mee such a stroke,
That downe I fell and neuer after spoke.

21.

Than was my carkasse caryed like a hog,
To *Southwarke* borow where it lay a night,
The next day drawne to *Newgate* like a dog,
All men reioysing at the rufull sight:
Than were on poales my perboyld quarters pight,[5]
And set aloft for vermine to deuour,
Meete graue for rebels that resist the power.

[1] Apprehend. corrected by ed. 1578, all the others read apprend.
[2] Made men. 1559.
[3] But ere I fell I put. N.
[4] For two longe howres, our combat. 1578.
[5] A gentylman of Kent named Alexander Iden, awayted so his tyme, that he toke hym in a gardyn in Sussex, where in the takynge of hym the sayd Iak was slayne: and so beyng deed was brought into Southwarke the day of the moneth of September, and there lefte in the Kynge's Benche for that nyght. And vpon morowe the deed corps was drawen through the hyghe stretes of the cytie vnto Newgate, and there hedyd and quarteryd, whose hede was than sent to London brydge and his iiii quarters were sent to iiii sondry townes of Kent. *Fabyan.*

22.

Full litle know wee wretches what wee do,
When we presume our princes to resist:
Wee warre with God, against his glory to,
That placeth in his office whome hee list:
Therefore was neuer traytour yet, but mist
The marke hee shot, and came to shamefull end,
Nor neuer shall till God bee forst to bend.

23.

God hath ordayned the power, all princes be
His lieutenantes or deputyes[1] in realmes,
Against their foes still[2] therefore fighteth hee,
And as[3] his enmies driues them to extreames,
Their wise deuises proue but doltishe dreames:
No subiect ought for any kinde of cause
To force the prince,[4] but yeelde him to the lawes.

24.

Wherefore,[5] *Baldwine*, warne men followe reason,
Subdue their willes, and bee not fortune's slaues,
A shamefull end doth euer followe treason,
There is no trust in rebells, rascall knaues,
In fortune lesse, which worketh as the waues:
From whose assaultes who listeth to stand free,
Must followe skill and[6] so contented bee.[7]

[1] Debities. 1559, 63, 71.
[2] Still, restored from ed. 1563. It is omitted in all those subsequent.
[3] As, omitted. 1578. [4] The lord. 1559, 63.
[5] And therefore. 1559, 63. Wherefore, O Baldwine. N.
[6] Must know his state, and. 1578.
[7] Who lyst to stand at large,
Must folowe skyll, and flye all worldly charge. 1559, 63
This legend is subscribed W. Baldwine, by Niccols.

["BY Sainct *Mary*," sayd[1] one, "if *Iacke* were as wel learned, as you haue made his oration, what so euer hee was by birth, I warrant him a gentleman by his learning. How notably and philosopher like hath he described fortune, and the causes of worldly cumbraunce? how like[2] a deuine hath hee determined the states both of officers and rebells. For in deede officers[3] be God's deputies, and it is God's office which they beare: and it is hee which ordaineth thereto such as himself listeth, good whan he fauoureth the people, and euil when he will punish them. And therefore whosoeuer rebelleth against any ruler, either good or bad, rebelleth against God and shalbee sure of a shamefull ende:[4] for God cannot but mayntaine his deputy. Yet this I note by the way concerning rebels and rebellions. Although the deuill raise them, yet God alwayes vseth them to his glory, as a part of his iustice. For whan kinges and chiefe rulers suffer their vnder officers to misuse their subiectes, and will not heare nor remedy their people's wronges whan they complaine, then suffereth God the rebell to rage, and to execute that part of his iustice, which the partiall prince would not. For the lord *Saye*, a very corrupt officer, and one whom notwithstanding the king alwayes mayntayned, was destroyed by this *Iacke*, as was also the bishop of *Salisbury*, (a proude and couetous prelate) by other of the rebells. And therefore whatsoeuer prince desireth to liue quietly without rebellion, must doe his subiectes right in all thinges, and punishe such officers as greeue or oppresse them: thus shall they bee sure from all rebellion. And for the clerer opening hereof it were well done to set forth this lord *Saye's* tragedy." "What needs that," sayd[5] another, "seeing the like

[1] Q. for quoth. 1559, 63.
[2] Howe vpryghtly also and howe lyke. 1559, 63.
[3] Determined the office both of magistrates and subiects. For in deede magistrates. 1578.
[4] Wycked ende. 1559, 63. Shal neuer see good end of hys attempt. 1578.
[5] Q. 1559, 63.

example is seene in the duke of *Suffolke*, whose doings are declared sufficiently already. Nay let[1] vs goe forward, for we haue a great many behind that may not bee omitted, and the time as you see passeth away. As for this lord *Saye*, whom *Cade* so cruelly killed and spitefully vsed after his death, (I dare say) shalbe knowen therby what hee was to all that read or heare this story. For God would neuer haue suffered him to haue beene so vsed, except hee had first deserued it. Therefore let him goe and with him the bishop, and all other slaine in that rebellion which was raised as it may be thought through some drift of the duke of *Yorke*, who shortly after began to endeuour himselfe by all meanes to attayne the crowne, and therefore gathered an army in *Walles*, and marched towardes *London*:[2] but the king with his power taried and met him

[1] Nay rather let. 1559, 63.

[2] "Marched towarde London: but the kyng with his power taried and met him at Saint Albone's. Where whyle the kyng and he wer about a treatye, therle of Warwyke set vpon the king's army and slew the duke of Somerset, the earle of Northumberland, the lorde Clyfforde, and other, and in conclusyon got the victorye, and the duke was made lorde protector, which so greved the quene and her accomplices, that pryuye grutches and open dissemblyng neuer ceased tyl the duke, and his allyes were glad to flee the field and realme, he in to Irelande, they to Calayes: whence they came agayne with an army whereof the earle of Salysbury was leader, and marched toward Coventry wher the king than was and had gathered an armye to subdue them, and encountred them at Northampton, and fought and lost the fyelde and was taken hym selfe, the duke of Buckyngham, the erle of Shrewsbury, the vycount Beaumont, the lord Egermount, and many other of his retynue slayn yf no man haue any mind to any of these noble personages because they were honourably slaine in battayle, let sum man els take the booke, for I mynde to say sum what of this duke of Somerset."

☞ Whyle he was deuysyng thereon, and every man sekyng farder notes, I loked on the cronicles, and fyndyng styll fyeld vpon fyeld, and many noblemen slaine, I purposed to haue ouerpassed all, for I was so wearye that I waxed drowsye and began in dede to slumber: but my imaginacion styl prosecutyng this tragical matter, brought me such a fantasye. Me thought ther stode before vs, a tall man's body full of fresshe woundes, but lackyng a head, holdyng by the hande a goodlye chylde, whose brest was so wounded that his hart might be seen, his louely face and eyes disfigured with dropping teares, his heare through horrour standing vpryght, his mercy crauing handes all to be mangled, and al his body enbrued with his own bloud. And whan through the gastfulnes of this pyteous spectacle, I waxed afeard, and turned away my face, me thought there came a shrekyng voyse out of the wesand pype of the headles bodye, saying as foloweth. 1559, 63. See Induction to the legend of Plantagenet Duke of York, p. 183.

at Sainct *Albans*, where while the king and hee were about a treaty, *Richarde Neuile* earle of *Warwicke*, chiefe of the faction of the house of *Yorke*, set vpon the kinge's army, gate the victory, and slue *Edmund Beauford* duke of *Somerset*. Where also the same day were slaine in the quarell of king *Henry* the sixt, *Henry Percy* the second[1] of that surname, earle of *Northumberland*, *Humfreye* earle of *Stafford*, sonne and heire to *Humfrey Stafford*,[2] duke of *Buckingham*, *Iohn* lord *Clifford*, *Babthorpe* the kinge's attorney and his sonne and heire, besides many moe of the nobility. But[3] because the duke of *Somerset*[4] was the chiefe of that part, passing ouer the rest, let vs onely heare him speake for all."]

[1] Was raysed by some sly drift of the duke of Yorke, who shortly after, by open war, manifested his title to the crowne and therefore gathered an army in Wales, and marched towardes London: and preuentinge the kinge goinge northward to prepare an army, in the waye at Saynete Albanes: who for want of a sufficient power to take the field, was forced with sutch smal power as he had about him, to defend the lanes and backsydes of the towne, and to send out the duke of Buckingham for a treaty, whiche the duke of Yorke beinge head of the contrary faction, woulde not allow without fyrst hauinge the duke of Somerset and other at his will, duringe which treaty Richard Neuill earle of Warwicke, the stout maintayner of Yorcke's title, entred the towne by force, fought a battayle in the high streat, where of the kinge's part were slayne the sayd duke of Somerset called Edmond Beauford, Henry Percy the second. 1578.

[2] Stafford, omitted. 1578.

[3] Besides a great number of knightes, esquiers, gentlemen and yeomen of the kinge's houshold and of other lorde's seruantes, on whom al the slaughter and bochery fell, beinge all for the more part vnarmed. But, &c. 1578.

[4] In the edition of 1563, this legend succeeds that of Jane Shore (see p. 460), and is followed by the Blacksmith (given p. 396), and has the following induction: "This was so well lyked, that all together exhorted me instantly to procure Maister Churchyarde to vndertake and to penne as manye moe of the remaynder as myght by any meanes be attaynted at his handes. And when I had promysed I wold do my diligence therein, they asked me if I had any mo tragedyes yet vnred, for the euenyng was nowe at hand and there were enow already red to make a handsum volume. "In dede (quod I) I purpose here to ende the second parte of this volume, for here endeth the cruel reigne of kyng Rychard the thyrd: And in another volume hereafter, to dyscourse the resydue from the begynning of kyng Henry the seventh to the ende of this king and Queene's raigne (if God so long will graunte us lyfe) and I beseche you all that you wyll dylygently performe such storyes as you haue vndertaken, and procure your frendes such as be learned, to help vs with the rest: for ther is in this part

THE TRAGEDY OF ED-

mund Duke of Somerset, slayne in

the first battayle at Sainct

Albane's, the 23 day of May,

in the 32 yeare of Henry

the sixte, Anno 1454.

1.

Some I suppose are borne vnfortunate,
Els good endeuours could not ill[1] succede,
What shall I call it? ill fortune or fate,
That some men's attempts haue neuer good speede,[2]
Their[3] trauaile thankles, all booteles their heede,
Where other vnlike in working or skill,
But wrestle[4] the world, and wyeld it at will.[5]

mater enough to set al the poetes in England in wurke, and I wold wishe that every fine apt wyt wold at the leest vndertake one: For so wold it be a notable volume. For my parte I entende to be so impudente and importunate a suiter to so manye as I knowe or maye hereafter be acquaynted wyth, that no excuse shall serve to shake me of: and I desyre you all to be as earnest. And to occupye the tyme whyle we be nowe together, I wyl reade vnto you Edmund the Duke of Somerset, which must be placed in the fyrst parte: and than the blacke Smyth, which must serve for thyrde volume, to thende I maye knowe youre iudgement therein." "Do so we pray you" (qd. they.)

[1] Not so ill. 1578.
[2] That some attempts haue neuer happy speede. 1578.
[3] But. 1578. [4] Out wrestle. 1563.
[5] Or in skill,
Wynne what they will and wield the world at will. 1578.

2.

Of the first nombre I count my selfe one,[1]
To all mishap I weene predestinate,
Beleeue mee, *Baldwine*, there bee fewe or none,
To whome fortune was euer more ingrate:
Make thou, therefore, my life a caueat:
That who so with force will worke against kinde,
Sayleth (as who sayth) agaynst the streame and winde.

3.

For I of *Somerset* [which] duke *Edmund* hight,
Extract by discent from *Lancaster* lyne,
Were it by folly, or fortune's despite,[2]
Or by ill aspect of some crooked signe,
Of mine attempts could neuer[3] see good fine:
What so I began did seldome well end:
God from such fortune all good men defend.

4.

Where I thought[4] to saue, most part did I spill,
For good hap with mee was alway at warre:
The linage of *Yorke* whom I bare so ill,
By my spite became bright as the morning starre,[5]
Thus somewhiles men make when faine they would mar,
The more yee lop trees the greater they growe,
The more ye stop streames, the higher they flowe.

5.

Maugre my spite,[6] his glory[7] grewe the more,
And mine, as the mone in the wane, waxt lesse:
For hauing the place which hee had before,
Gouernour of *Fraunce*, needes I must confesse,

[1] Of the first sorte myselfe I count for one. 1578.
[2] Fell despyte. 1563.
[3] Of my workes never could see. 1563.
[4] Sought. 1578.
[5] Bright, and shone like a starre. 1578.
[6] By malice of me. 1563.
[7] His fame. N.

That lost was *Normandy* without redresse,
Yet wrought I alwayes[1] that wit might contriue,
But what doth it boote with the streame to striue?

6.

Borne was I neither to warre ne to peace,
For *Mars* was maligne to all my whole trade:[2]
My byrth I beleue was in *Ioue's* decrease,
When *Cancer* in his[3] course being retrograde,
Declined from *Sol* to[4] *Saturnus'* shade,
Where aspectes were good, opposites did marre,
So grewe mine vnhap both in peace and warre.

7.

A straunge natiuity in calculation,
As all[5] my liue's course did after well[6] declare,
Whereof in briefe[7] to make relation,
That other by mee may learne to beware,
Ouerlight credence was cause of my care,
And want of foresight in gieuing assent
To condemne *Humfrey* that duke innocent.[8]

8.

Humfrey I meane[9] that was the protectour,
Duke of *Glocester*, of the royall bloud,
So long as hee was *England's* directour,
King *Henrie's* title to the crowne was good:
This prince as a piller most stedfastly stood,[10]

[1] Normandy yet nethelesse,
Alwayes I wrought that wit might well contriue,
But what bootes it against the streame to striue? 1578.
[2] Maligne and enemy to my trade. 1578.
[3] His, omitted. 1578.
[4] Swarued from Sol vnto. 1578.
[5] All, omitted. 1578.
[6] Well, wanting. 1563.
[7] A bryefe. 1563.
[8] Humfrey to damme that duke most innocent. 1578.
[9] Meane I. 1578.
[10] This worthy prince as a piller longe stood. 1578.

Or like a prop[1] set vnder a vyne,
In state to vpholde all *Lancaster's* lyne.

9.

O heedeles trust, vnware of harme to come,
O malice headlong, swift to serue fond will,
Did euer madnes man so much benome
Of prudent forecast, reason, wit, and skill,[2]
As mee, blinde bayard, consenting to spill
The bloud of my cosin, my refuge and stay,[3]
To my destruction making open way?

10.

So long as the duke bare the stroke and sway,[4]
So long no rebels quarels[5] durst begin:
But when the post was pulled once[6] away,
Which stoode to vphold the king and his kin,
Yorke and his banders prowdly preased in
To chalenge the crowne, by title[7] of right,
Beginning with lawe and ending with might.

11.

Abroad went bruits in countrey and[8] towne,
That *Yorke* of *England* was the heyr true,[9]
And how *Henry* had vsurped[10] the crowne

[1] Like to a proppe. 1563. A stronge prop. 1578.
[2] O mad malice where with obeyeth will,
Was there euer any, whom folly did so nome:
Of all forecast, rigth, reason, wit and skill. 1578.
[3] My coosyn's bloud, my refuge and my stay. 1578.
[4] Bare the sway. 1578.
[5] So long rebelles no quarelles. 1578.
[6] Once pulled. 1563
[7] The duke of Yorke, than stoutly hee stept in,
And chalenged the crowne by color. 1578.
[8] And in. 1563.
[9] And spred great brutes in England up and downe,
That he of England was the heire true. 1578.
[10] Vsurped had. 1563.

Agaynst all right, which all the realme might rue :[1]
The people then embracing titles newe,
Yrkesome of present and longing for chaunge,[2]
Assented soone because they loue to raunge.

12.

True is the text which wee in scripture reade,
Væ terra illi, cuius rex est puer,
Woe to that land[3] whereof a child is head,
Whether child or childish, the case is one sure :
Where kinges be yong, wee dayly see in vre,
The people awlesse, by weakenes of theyr head,[4]
Lead theyr liues lawlesse, hauing none to dread.[5]

13.

And no lesse true is this text agayne,
Beata terra cuius rex est nobilis :
Blest is the land where a stout king doth rayne,
Where in good peace ech man possesseth his,
Where ill men feare to faut or doe amisse,
Where a stout prince is prest, with sworde[6] in hand,[7]
At home and abroad his[8] enemies to withstand.

14.

In case king *Henry* had beene such a one,[9]
Hardy and stout, as his fathers afore,
Long mought hee haue sate in the royall throne,

[1] May rue. 1563. Right, by practise most vntrue. 1578.
[2] A chaunge. 1563
[3] The land. 1563.
[4] Awles wanting one to dread. 1563.
[5] Lawles by weakenes of the heade. 1563
[6] Where the prynce prest hath alway sword. 563.
[7] For dread of whom no man dare do amis,
Whose prince is prest alwayes and sword in hand. 578.
[8] All enemies. 1578.
[9] In case the sonne had proued sutch a one. 1578.

Without any feare of common vprore:
But dayly his weakenesse shewed more and more,[1]
Which bouldnesse gaue to the aduersary band,[2]
To spoyle him at last both of life and land.

15.

His humble heart was nothing vnknowen,
To the gallants of *Yorke* and theyr retinue:
A ground lying lowe is soone ouerflowen,[3]
And shored houses cannot long continue:
Joyntes cannot knit whereas is no synowe:
And so a prince, not dread as well as loued,
Is from his place by practise soone remoued.[4]

16.

Well mought I see, had I not wanted brayne,
The worke begon to vndermyne the state,
When the chiefe linke was loosed fro the chayne,
And that some[5] durst vpon bloud royall grate:
How tickle a hold had I of mine estate?
When the chiefe post[6] lay flat vpon the flore,
Mought not I thinke my staffe then[7] next the dore.

17.

So mought I[8] also dame *Margaret* the queene,
By meane of whom this[9] mischiefe first began,
Did she (trow ye) her selfe not ouerweene,
Death to procure to that most worthy man?[10]

[1] Sure had he sitten in the royall throne,
Dreadlesse, and carelesse of common vpror;
But Henrie's weakenesse appeered more and more. 578.
[2] And that gave boldenes to the aduers bande. 1563. Contrary band. 578.
[3] To the gaye gallants of Yorke's retinue;
Any lowe ground is highly ouerflowen. 1578.
[4] By bold traytours may bee soone remoued. 1578.
[5] That men durst. 1563. [6] Head poste. 1563.
[7] Then wanting. 1563. [8] I, omitted. 1563, 78.
[9] By whose malice this. 1578. [10] To such a noble man. 1563.

Which she and hers afterward mought well ban,[1]
On whom did hang (as I before haue sayde)
Her husband's life, his honour, and his ayde.

18.

For whilst hee liued, which was our stable stay,
Yorke and his ympes were kept as vnder yoke,
But when the piller remoued[2] was away,
Then burst out flame, that late before was smoke,
The traytour couert then[3] cast of his cloake,
And from his den came[4] forth in open light,
With titles blinde which he set forth for right.

19.

But this to bring about, him[5] first behoued[6]
The king and his kin asonder for[7] to set:
Who being perforce or practise remoued,[8]
Then had they avoyded the principall let,
Which kept the sought pray so long from the net:
The next poynt after, was, themselues to place
In rule aboue the rest, next vnto his grace.[9]

20.

Therefore was I first[10] whome they put out of place[11]
No cause pretending but the common weale,
The crown of *England* was the very case,
Why to the commons they burned so in zeale:
My faultes were cloakes theyr practise to conceale,

[1] Afterward did ban. 1563.
[2] When our poste removed. 1563.
[3] The close traytour then. 1578.
[4] And he that lay hyd came. 1563. From the dark came. 1578.
[5] Whych thyng to compasse him. 1563.
[6] But this to achieue, first it him behoued. 1578.
[7] For, wanting. 1563.
[8] Who once perforce, or practice ill remoued. 1578.
[9] In hyghest authoritie about his grace. 1563.
Next to the prince and other to abase. 1578.
[10] I was the fyrst. 1571, 75, 78.
[11] Therefore he wrought strayght me to displace. 1563.

In counsayle hearing consider the intent,
For in[1] pretence of truth treason oft is ment.

21.

So theyr pretence was only to remoue
Counsayle corrupt from place about the king:
But, O ye princes, you it doth behoue
This case to construe as no fayned thing,
That neuer traytour did subdue his king,
But for his plat, ere hee could[2] furder wade,
Against his friendes the quarell first hee made.

22.

And if by hap hee could so bring about,
Them to subdue at his owne wish and will,[3]
Then would hee waxe so arrogant, and stout,
That no reason his outrage might fulfill
But to proceede vpon his purpose still,
Til king and counsayle brought were in one case:
Such is theyr folly to rebells to[4] gieue place.[5]

23.

So for the fish casting forth a net,[6]
The next poynt was in driuing out the plat,[7]
Commons to cause in rage to fume and fret,[8]
And to rebell, I cannot tell for what,
Requiring redresse of this, and of that:
Who if they speede, the stander at[9] receyt
Grasp will the pray, for which hee doth awayt.[10]

24.

Then by surmise of some thing pretended,
Such to displace as they may well suspect,
Like to withstand theyr mischiefe[11] entended,

[1] For by. 1563. [2] Would. 1563, 78.
[3] Subdue and haue them at his will. 1578. [4] That geue. 578.
[5] Loe, to a rebell what it is to geve place. 1563.
[6] So for the fishe when cast forth was the net. 1578. [7] His plat. 1563.
[8] Common doltes to cause furiously to fret. 1563. [9] He standing at. 1563.
[10] Graspe would the pray that he long dyd awayte. 1563. [11] Practises. 1563.

And in theyr roumes theyr banders to elect,
The aduerse party prowdly to reiect,
And then with reportes the simple to abuse,
And when these helpes fayle, open force to vse.

25.

So this duke's traynes were couert and not seene,
Which ment no lesse, that hee[1] most pretended,
Like to a serpent couert[2] vnder greene,
To the weale publique seemed wholy bended:
Zelous he was, and would haue all thinges mended,
But by that mendment nothing els hee ment
But to bee king, to that marke was his bent.

26.

For had hee beene playne, as hee ment indeede,
Henry to depose from the royall place,
His hast had beene waste, and much worse his speede,
The king then standing in his people's grace:
This duke therefore set forth a goodly face,
As one that ment no quarrell for the crowne,
Such as bare rule hee only would put downe.

27.

But all for nought, so long as I bare stroke,
Serued these driftes, and proued all but[3] vayne:
The best help then, was people[4] to prouoke,
To make commocion and vprores amayne:
Which to appease the king himselfe was fayne,
From *Blacke-heath* in *Kent* to send mee to the towre:
Such was the force of rebelles in[5] that howre.

28.

The tempest yet[6] therewith was not ceased,
For *Yorke* was bent his purpose to pursue,
Who seing how soone[7] I was released,

[1] Which nought lesse meant then he. 1563. Who little ment, that which hee. 1578. [2] Lurkinge. 1578. [3] But wanting. 1563.
[4] Then dyd he attempt the people. 1563. [5] In, wanting. 1563.
[6] The troublous storme yet. N. [7] How speedily. N.

And ill successe of sufferaunce to ensue:
Then like Iudas[1] vnto his Lord untrue,
Esteeming time[2] lost any[3] longer to defarre,
By *Warwicke's* ayde proclaymed open warre.

29.

At *S. Albane's* towne both our hoastes did mete,
Which to try a field was no equall place,
Forst wee were to fight in euery lane and strete,
No feare of foes could make mee shun the place:[4]
There I and *Warwicke*, fronted face to face,
At an inne dore, the castle was the signe,
Where with a sword was cut my fatall lyne.

30.

Oft was I warned to come in castle none,
Hauing no mistrust of[5] any common signe,
I did imagine a castle built with stone,
For of no inne I could the same deuine:
In prophet's skill my wit was neuer fyne,
A foole is hee that such vaine dreames doth dred,
And more foole of both that[6] will by them bee led.

31.

My life I lost in that vnlucky place,
With many lordes that leaned to my parte:
The earle[7] *Percy* had no better grace,
Clyfford for all his courage could not[8] shun the dart,[9]
Buckingham's heyr was at this mortall mart,[10]

[1] Like a Judas, 1563.
[2] Thynkinge time. 1578.
[3] Any wanting. 1563.
[4] S. Albane's towne, where both our hoastes did meete,
To trye a fielde, was not an equall place,
For we were forst to fight within a streete,
With fewe agaynst many, sutch was the case. 1578.
[5] But thought no whit. 1563. But little thought of. 1578.
[6] More foole hee that. 1578.
[7] The stout earle. N.
[8] Clifford couragious could not. N
[9] Couragious Clifford could not eschewe the dart. 1578.
[10] Stafford although stout, free went not from this marte. 1563.

Babthorp the attourney[1] for all his skill in lawe,
In this poynt of pleading appeared very[2] rawe.[3]

32.

So poore king *Henry*, disarmed[4] of his handes,
His friends slayne, wanting all[5] assistence,[6]
Was made a pray vnto his enemie's handes,
Priued[7] of power and princely reuerence,
And as a pupyll voyde of all experience,
Innocent playne, and symply witted,
Was as a lambe vnto the wolfe committed.

33.

A parliament then was called with speede,
A parliament? nay, a playne conspiracy,
When against right it was decreede,[8]
That after the death of the sixt *Henry*,
Yorke should succede vnto the regalty,[9]
And in this life the charge, and protection
Of king and realme, at the duke's direction.

Then came the duke of Somerset, and all the other lordes with the kynge's power, whiche fought a sore and a cruel battail, in the whiche, many a tall man lost hys lyfe: but the duke of Yorke sent euer freshe men, to succor the wery, and put new men in the places of the hurt persones, by whiche onely pollicie, the kynge's army was profligat and dispersed, and all the cheeftaines of the fielde almoste slaine and brought to confusion. For there died vnder the signe of the castel, Edmond duke of Somerset, who long before was warned to eschew all castles, and besyde hym lay Henry the second erle of Northumberlande, Humfrey erle of Stafford, sonne to the duke of Buckyngham, Ihon lorde Clifford, &c. *Hall.*

[1] Ralph Babthorpe sewer to the king, and Ralph his sonne, the king's attorney. *Stowe.*

[2] Was found very. 1563.

[3] Babthorp th'attorney, with his skill in law,
In pleeding here appeared very raw. N.
So thus this poore kyng disarmed. 1563.

[4] So thus poore prince disarmed. 1578. King Henrie thus disarmed. N.

[5] Friends all slayne, wantinge good. 1578.

[6] His friends and followers wanting assistence. N.

[7] Depriued. N.

[8] When all in poste it was by acte decreed. 1563.

[9] The duke of Yorke should haue the regally. 1578.

34.

And thus was *Yorke* declared protectour,
Protectour, sayd I, nay, proditor playne:
A rancke rebell the prince's directour,
A vassall[1] to leade his lord and souerayne:
What honest hart would not conceiue disdayne
To see the foote surmount aboue the head?
A monster is in spite of nature bred.

35.

Some happily heare will moue a farther doubt,
And as for *Yorke's* part alledge an elder right:
O braynelesse heades, that so run in and out:
Whan length of time a state hath firmely pyght,
And good accord hath put all strife to flight,
Were it not better such titles still to sleepe,[2]
Than all a realme about the tryall weepe.[3]

36.

From the female came *Yorke*, and all his seede,[4]
And wee of *Lancaster*[5] from the heire male,
Of whome three kinges in order did succeede,
By iust discent: this is no fayned tale:
Who would haue thought that any storme or gale
Our shyp could shake, hauing such anker hold?
None I thinke sure, vnlesse that God so would.

37.

After this hurle the king was fayne to flee
Northward in post, for succour, and releefe:
O, blessed God, how straunge it was to see,
A rightfull prince pursued as a theefe:
To thee, O *England*, what can bee more repreefe?

[1] A liege to. 1563.
[2] Titles should slepe. 1563.
[3] Realme for theyr tryall to wepe. 1563.
[4] From the heyre female came Yorke and his lede. 1563.
[5] And wee Lancastrians. 1578.

Then to pursue thy prince with armed hand,
What greater shame may bee to any land?

38.

Traytours did triumph, true men lay in the dust,
Reuing and robbing, roisted euery where,
Will stoode for skill, and law obeyed lust,
Might trode downe right, of king there was no feare,
The title was tryed onely by shielde and speare:
All which vnhaps, that they were not forseene,
Suffolke was in fault, who ruled king and queene.[1]

39.

Some here perhaps doe looke I should accuse
My selfe of [some][2] sleight, or subtilty vniust,[3]
Wherein I should my prince's eares abuse
Against the duke, to bring him in mistrust,
Some part whereof, though needes confesse I must[4]
My fault onely consisted in consent,
Leaning to my foes, whereof I doe repent.[5]

40.

If I at first when brandes began to smoke,
The sparkes to quench by any way had sought,
Neuer had *England*[6] felt this mortall stroke,
Which now to late lamenting helpeth nought:
Two poynts of wit too dearely haue I bought,
The first that better is timely to foresee,
Then after ouer late a counsaylour to bee.

[1] I was in fault, or some about the queen. 1563.
[2] Some, omitted, 1578.
[3] Thou lookest, Baldwyn, I should myselfe accuse,
Of some subtyle dryft or other lyke thing, 1563.
[4] To the duke's foes overmuch adhering,
Though some men's practise did me thereto bryng. 1563.
[5] Forgeve it me for sore I dyd repent. 1563. To my foes driftes, which I could not preuent. 1578.
[6] England had never felt. 1563.

41.

The second is,[1] not easely to assent
To aduise geuen against[2] thy faythfull frend,
But of the speaker ponder the intent,
The meaning full, the poynt, and finall end:
A saint in showe in proofe is found a feend,
The subtile man the simple to abuse,
Much pleasaunt speach and eloquence doth vse.

42.

And so was I abusde and other moe[3]
By *Suffolke's* sleights, who sought to please the queene,
Forecasting not the misery and woe
Which thereof[4] came, and soone[5] was after seene:
With glosing tong hee made vs fooles to weene,
That *Humfrey* did to *England's* crowne aspire,
Which to preuent, his death they did conspire.

43.

What should I more of mine vnhaps declare,
Whereof my death at last hath made an end?
Not I alone was voyde of[6] all this care,
Some besides mee there were that did offend:
None I accuse, nor yet my selfe defend,
Faultes I knowe I had, as none liues without,[7]
My chiefe fault was folly I put thee[8] out of dout.

44.

Folly was the chiefe, the noughty time was next,
Which made my fortune subiect to the chiefe:
If *England* then with strife had not beene vext,

[1] Second poynt. 1563.
[2] To any aduice agaynst. 1578.
[3] I and other mo abused. 1578.
[4] Therefore. N.
[5] Forecast we lackt, which cannot be excused,
Of thinges to come, as soone. 1578.
[6] Cause of. 1578.
[7] Faultes I confesse, as no man liues without. 1578.
[8] I put thee, omitted. 1578.

Glory might haue growen whereas ensued griefe:
Yet one thing is my comfort[1] and reliefe,
Constant I was in my prince's quarell
To die, or liue, and spared for no parell.

45.

What though fortune enuious was my foe?
A noble hart ought not the sooner yeelde,
Nor shrinke a backe for any weale or woe,
But for his prince lie bleeding in the feelde:
If priuy spight at any time mee helde,
The price is paide: and greeuous is my guerdon,
As for the rest God (I trust) will pardon.

G. F.[2]

[1] Thing to me is comfort. 1563. [2] G. Ferrers. N.

[After this tragedy ended, one sayd: "Seeing this duke hath so vehemently exclaimed against the duke of *Yorke's* practises, it were well done to heare what hee can say for himselfe. For after the first battaile at Sainct *Albane's* he was[1] made protectour,[2] which so much greeued queene *Margaret* and her complices, that priuy grutches and open dissembling neuer ceased till the duke and his allyes were fayne to flie both field and realme, hee into *Ireland*, and they to *Calais*. Whence they came againe with an army, whereof *Richard Neuill* earle of *Salisbury* was leder, and marched toward *Couentry*, where the king was, and had gathered an army to subdue them, and encountred them at *Northampton* on the 10 day of Iuly in the yeare of grace 1460, fought with them, lost the fielde, and was taken himselfe and many of his friendes slaine, as *Humfrey Stafford* duke of *Buckingham*, *Iohn Talbot* the second of that name earle of *Shrewesbury*, *Iohn vicount Beaumont*, *Thomas* lord *Egremont*, sir *William Lucy* and diuers other. But ouerpassing all these and many moe because they were honorably slaine in the fielde, let vs come to him who was the chiefe cause thereof, that is to say, *Richard Plantagenet* duke of *Yorke* slaine in the battayl at *Wakefield* on *Christmas* euen, and *Edmund* earle of *Rutland* his yong sonne, who was there murdered by the lord *Clifford* as hee would have fled into the towne to haue saued himselfe.

Therefore imagine that you see a tall man's body full of fresh woundes, but lacking a head, holding by the hand a goodly childe, whose breast was so wounded that his heart might be seene, his louely face and eyes disfigured with dropping teares, his haire through horror standing vpright, his mercy crauing handes all to bee mangled, and all his body embrued with his owne bloud. Out of the wesand pipe of which headles body came a shreking voice saying as followeth."]

[1] At S. Albane's when he toke K. Henry prisoner, he was. 1578.

[2] Compare the remainder of this induction with the reading of the editions of 1559, 63, at p. 166, n. 2.

HOWE RICHARDE PLAN-

tagenet Duke of Yorke was slayn

through his ouer rash boldnes, and

his sonne the Earle of Rutland for his

lacke of valiaunce, An. Dom. 1460.[1]

1.

Trust fortune (quod[2] hee) in whome[3] was neuer trust?
O folly of men[4] that[5] haue no better grace,
All rest, renowne, and deedes lie in the dust,
Of all the sort that sue her slipper trace:
What meanest thou, *Baldwine*, for to hide[6] thy face?
Thou needest not feare although I misse my head,
Nor yet to mourne for this my sonne is dead.[7]

2.

The cause why thus I lead him in my hand,
His skin with bloud and teares so sore bestaynd,[8]
Is that thou mayest the better vnderstand,

[1] An. Dom. 1460 added. 1571. Earl of Rutland, an infant, cruelly murdered, Anno 1460. 1578.
[2] Quoth. 1578.
[3] Trust not in chance, in whom. N.
[4] Of foolish men. N.
[5] O fooles most brute, that. 1578.
[6] How now? why dost thou, Baldwin, hide. 1578.
[7] See this poore boy, whom by the hand I lead. 1578.
[8] With bloud, and teares halinge his body staynd. 1578.

How hardly fortune hath for vs ordaynd,
In whome her loue and hate bee hole contaynd:
For I am *Richard*, prince *Plantagenet*,
The duke of *Yorke* in royall race beget.[1]

3.

For *Richard* earle of *Cambridge*, eldest sonne
Of *Edmund Langley*, thyrd[2] sonne of king *Edward*,
Engendred mee, of *Anne*, whose course[3] did runne
Of *Mortimers* to bee the issue gard:
For when her brother *Edmund* died a ward,[4]
Shee was sole heire[5] by due discent of line,
Whereby her rightes and titles all were mine.

4.

But marke mee nowe, I pray thee, *Baldwine*, marke,
And see how force oft ouerbeareth right:
Way how vsurpers tyrannously warke,
To keepe by murder that they get by might,
And note what troublous[6] daungers doe alight
On such as seeke to repossesse their owne,
And how through rigour right[7] is ouerthrowne.

[1] Rychard I am Plantagenet by name,
Whilom of Yorke the duke of worthy fame. 1573.
[2] Of duke Edmond, thirde. 1578.
[3] Engendred me of Anne, whose course. 1559, 63. This reading is restored to supply sense to the text. The subsequent editions have: Engendred mee, whereof the course.
[4] For when Edmond her brother dyed warde. 1578.
[5] From Lionel, the third begotten sonne
Of kingly Edward, by descent I came
From Philip hight, his heire we first begun
The crowne as due to vs by right to clame:
And in the end we did obtaine the same,
She was sole heire.——— N.
[6] Troublous. 1559. N. Troubles. 1563, 71. Troubles and daungers. 1578.
[7] And how by might, oft right. 1578.

5.

The duke of *Hereford, Henry Bolenbroke,*[1]
Of whome duke *Mowbray* told thee now of late,
When voide of cause hee[2] had king *Richard* toke:
Hee murdered him, vsurped[3] his estate,
Without all right or title, sauing hate
Of other's rule, or loue to rule alone:
These two excepted, title had hee none.

6.

The realme and crowne was *Edmund Mortimer's,*[4]
Whose father *Roger* was king *Richard's* heire:
Which caused *Henry* and the *Lancasters*[5]
To seeke all shiftes our housholdes[6] to appayre,
For sure hee was to sit beside the chayre
Where wee of power to claime our lawfull right,
Wherefore to stroy vs hee did all hee might.[7]

7.

His cursed sonne ensued his cruell path,
And kept my giltlesse cosin strayt in duraunce:
For whome my father hard entreated hath:
But liuing hopelesse of his liue's assuraunce,
Hee thought it best by pollitike procuraunce,
To priue[8] the king, and so restore his frend:
Which brought him selfe to an infamous end.[9]

[1] Duke Henry of Hereforde, called Bolenbrooke. 1578.
[2] Whan traytour like he. 1578.
[3] Kild him in prison, vsurped. 1578.
[4] The crowne by right came to Edmond Mortimer. 1578.
[5] And them of Lancaster. 1578.
[6] Houses. 1578.
[7] And therefore thought good, to extirpe vs quight. 1578.
Against vs therefore he did all he might. N.
[8] To slay. N.
[9] His cursed sonne ensued the father's trade,
And kept my cosin guiltlesse in sure hold·

8.

For whan king *Henry*,[1] of that name the fifte,
Had tane my father in his[2] conspiracy,[3]
Hee, from sir *Edmund* all the blame to shifte,
Was fayne to say the[4] *French* kinge's ally[5]
Had hyred him this trayterous act to trye,
For which condemned shortly hee was slaine,
In helping right this was my father's gaine.[6]

9.

Thus whan the linage of the *Mortimers*
Was made away by his[7] vsurping line,
Some hang'd, some slaine, some pined prisoners,
Because the crowne by right of lawe was mine,
They gan as fast against mee to repine,
In feare alwayes, least I should stur them to[8] strife,
For guylty hearts haue neuer quiet life.[9]

For whom my father ful often did perswade,
With his allies and cousins, that they would
Their kinsman's right mainteyn, and vphold,
And to depose by pollicy or power,
The heyre of him that was an vsurper. 1578.

[1] Whereof when Henry. 1578.
[2] Thys. 1559, 63, 71.
[3] Had heard, and knew of this conspiracye. 1578.
[4] Sayd that my father was the. 1578.
[5] French kyng hys ally. 1559, 63. French king Charles his alley. N.
[6] And hyred by him to worke this trecherye,
For which at Hampton, as it came to passe,
His lyfe he lost, and there beheaded was. 1578.
[7] This. 1559.
[8] To, added 1571.
[9] Thus was the name of Mortimer extinct,
Whose right and title descended vnto me,
Being forst to lyue within a precinct,
For feare I would to other countries flee,
And so beeing at myne owne libertee,
Might haplye moue sedicion or strife,
For guilty hartes can leade no quiet lyfe. 1578.

10.

Yet at the last, in *Henrye's* dayes the sixt,
I was restored to my father's landes,
Made duke of *Yorke:* where through my minde I fixt
To get the crowne and kingdome in my handes,
For ayde wherein I knit assured handes
With *Neuil's* stocke, whose daughter was my make,
Who for no woe would euer mee forsake.[1]

11.

O Lord, what hap had I through mariage,
Fower goodly boyes in youth my wife shee bore
Right valiaunt[2] men and prudent for their age,
Such brethren[3] shee had and nephues [still] in store
As none had erst, nor any shall haue more:[4]
The earle of *Salisbury*, and his sonne of *Warwicke*,
Were matchlesse men[5] from *Barbary* to *Barwicke*.

12.

Through helpe of whome and fortune's louely looke,
I vndertooke to claime my lawfull right,
And to abash such as against mee tooke,[6]
I raysed power at all poyntes prest to fight:
Of whome the chiefe, that chiefly bare mee spight,
Was *Somerset* the duke, whome to annoy
I alway sought, through spite, spite to destroy.[7]

[1] Whereby great frendes I had my part to take. 1578.
[2] I by mariage,
Fowre fayre sonnes my yong wife to me bore,
Valiaunt. 1578.
[3] Brothers. 1578.
[4] As none of the kin had any time before. 1578.
[5] Were knights peerelesse. 1578.
[6] ——————— Fortune's frendly grace,
I first began to claime my lawful right,
And my chiefe foes with stoutnesse to deface. 1578.
[7] Al my hole force, I dayly did employ. 1578.

13.

And maugre him, so choyse, lo, was my chaunce,
Yea though the quene, that all rulde, tooke his part,[1]
I twise bare rule[2] in *Normandy* and *Fraunce*,
And last lieuetenaunt in *Ireland*, where my hart
Found remedy for euery kinde of smart:
For through[3] the loue my doinges there did breede,
I had their helpe at all times in my neede.

14.

This spitefull duke, his seely king[4] and queene,
With armed hoastes I thrise met in the fielde,
The first vnfought through treaty made betweene:
The second ioynde, wherein the king did yeelde,
The duke was slaine, the queene enforst to shyelde
Her selfe by flight: the third the queene did fight,
Where I was slaine being ouer matcht by might.[5]

15.

Before this last were other battayles three,
The first the earle of *Salisbury* led[6] alone,
And[7] fought on *Bloreheath*, and got[8] victory:
In the next was I and my kinsfolke[9] euery one:
But seeing our souldiers stale vnto our foen,

[1] The queene was wholy on hys syde. 1578.
[2] Stroke. 1559.
[3] in Ireland I did byde,
Ful often driuen of force my head to hyde,
Yet through. 1578.
[4] This doutye duke most deare to king. 1578.
[5] the queene her partie helde
Farre in the north, where ouermatcht with power,
My life I lost, in an vnlucky howre. 1578.
[6] Led, omitted. 1578.
[7] And, omitted. 1578.
[8] Got the. 1559, 78.
[9] Next I with kinsfolke. N.

Wee warely brake our company on a night,
Dissolued our hoast, and tooke our selues to flight.[1]

16.

This boy and I, in *Ireland* did vs saue,
Mine eldest sonne, with *Warwicke* and his father,
To *Calais* got, whence, by the reade I gaue,
They came agayne to *London*, and did gather
An other hoast whereof I spake not[2] rather:
And met our foes, slewe many a lord and knight,
And tooke the king, and draue the queene to flight.

17.

This done I came[3] to *England* all in haste,
To make a[4] claime vnto the realme and crowne:
And in the house while parliament did last,
I in the kinge's seat boldly[5] sate mee downe,
And claymed it, whereat[6] the lordes did frowne,
But what for that? I did so well proceede,
That all at last confest it mine indeede.[7]

18.

But sith the king had raigned now so long,[8]
They would hee should continue till hee dyed,
And to the end, that than none did mee wrong,[9]

[1] I at the next was present in persone,
With my chiefe kin, whereas by one and one,
Our souldiers false withdrew away by night,
Vnto our foes and wee put all to flight. 1578.
[2] Not. The text corrected by editions 1559 and 63. The others read: no.
[3] Came I. 1559, 63.
[4] My. 1559, 63. Make clayme. 1571. New claime to make. 1578.
[5] In the kinge's seate I boldly. 1578.
[6] Clayming the place, whereat. 1578.
[7] At last to my demaund agreed. 1578.
[8] But sith Henry had raigned than so long. 1578.
[9] And to thend to make my title strong. 1578.

Protector and heyre apparant they mee[1] cryed:
But sith the queene and others this denyed,
I sped mee towardes the north, where then shee lay,
In minde by force to cause her to obay.[2]

19.

Whereof shee warnd preparde a mighty powre,
And ere that mine were altogether ready,
Came swift to *Sandale*[3] and besieged my bowre:
Where like a beast I was so rash and heady,
That out I would, there could be no remedy,
With scant fiue thousand souldiers, to assayle
Fowre times so many, encampt to most auayle.[4]

20.

And so was slaine at first: and while my childe
Scarse twelue yeare old, sought secretly to parte,
That cruell *Clifford*, lord, nay lorell wylde,
While the infant[5] wept, and prayed him rue his smart,
Knowing what hee was, with dagger cloue his heart:[6]
This done, he came to th'camp where I lay dead,
Despoylde my corps and cut away my head.

[1] My, misprint. 1571. Apparant heire of England they me. 1578. In each place heire apparant they me. N.

[2] I sped me straight northward, whereas she lay,
Meaning by force to cause her to obay. 1578.

[3] Bosworth. 1559.

[4] She thereof warned, prepared a strong power,
And ere my men were altogether redye,
To Sandale came, where, in a dismal houre,
I like a beast, so rash was and so heddy
To trie fortune which alwaies is vnsteddy,
With thousands fiue of souldiers to assayle
The double number in campe to their auayle. 1578.

[5] Th'infant. N.

[6] whyle my pore infant
Scarse twelue yere olde, sought way himselfe to saue,
That cruel Clifford, that fel bloudy tyrant,
While the pore chyld with tears did mercy craue,
With dagger sharp his hart a sunder claue. 1578.

21.

And when he had put a paper crowne thereon,
As a gawring stocke he sent it to the queene:[1]
And shee for spite commaunded it anon
To be had to *Yorke:* where that it mought[2] bee seene,
They placed it where other traytors beene:
This mischiefe fortune did mee after death:
Such was my life, and such my losse of breath.[3]

22.

Wherefore see, *Baldwine*, that thou set it forth,
To th'end the fraude of fortune may bee knowen,
That eke all princes well[4] may way the worth
Of thinges, for which the seedes[5] of warre be sowen:
No state so sure but soone is ouerthrowen:[6]
No worldly good can counterpeyze the prise
Of halfe the paynes that may thereof arise.

23.

Far[7] better it were to lose a piece of right,
Than lymmes and life in sousing[8] for the same:
It is not force of friendship, nor of might,
But God that causeth thinges to fro or frame,[9]

[1] And set a crowne of paper theruppon,
Which for a sport he sent vnto the quene. 1578.
Which with a painted paper crowne thereon,
He for a present sent vnto the quene. N.

[2] Might. 1559. To Yorke and set vp to be. 1578. To Yorke fast by, where that it might. N.

[3] In some such place as theuis and traitors bene,
This mocke I had of fortune for rewarde,
After long hope that she wold me regard. 1578.

[4] Wherfore, Baldwin, see that thou set her forth
With her slipper pranks so as they may be known,
And warne all princes wel. 1578.

[5] Sede. 1578

[6] The gaine no surer but as of dice throwen. 1578.

[7] Far, omitted. 1578. N. [8] Wrestling. 1578. Striuing. N

[9] But God aboue that kingdomes set in frame 1578.

Not wit but lucke[1] doth wield the winner's game:
Wherefore if wee our follyes would refrayne,
Time would redresse all wronges, wee voyde of payne.

24.

Wherefore warne princes not to wade[2] in war
For any cause, except the realme's defence:[3]
Theyr troublous titles are vnworthy far
The bloud, the life, the spoyle of innocence:
Of friendes, of foes,[4] behold my foule[5] expence,
And neuer the neare: best therefore tary time,
So right shall raigne, and quyet calme ech crime.[6]

[1] Chance. 1578.
[2] Warne lordes no wise to wade. 1578.
[3] Cause, saue their countrie's defence. 1578.
[4] And foes. 1559, 63. [5] My long. 1578.
[6] best than to tary time,
Low by the ground, than ouer high to clyme. 1578.

[WITH that[1] maister *Ferrers* shooke mee by the sleue, saying: "Why how now man, do you forget your selfe? belike you minde our matters very much." "So I doe indeede," sayd I,[2] "for I dreame of them." And whan I had rehersed my dreame, wee had long talke concerning the nature of dreames, which to stint, and to bring vs to our matter agayne, thus sayd one of them: "I am glad it was your chaunce to dreame of duke *Richard*, for it had bene pity to haue ouerpassed him. And as concerning this lord *Clyfford* which so cruely killed his sonne, I purpose to gieue you notes: who (as hee well deserued) came shortly after to a sodayne death, and yet too good for so cruell a tyrant. [For on Palmesonday next following, being the xxix day[3] of March, in the yeare of Christ a thousand four hundreth threescore and one, this lord *Clyfford* with *Henry Percy* the thirde earle of *Northumberland*, the earle of *Westmerland*, the lord *Dacres*, the lord *Welles*, and other were slayn at *Towton* in *Yorkeshyre*.][4] Wherefore as you thought you saw and hearde the headles duke speake through his necke, so now[5] suppose you see this lord *Clyfford*, all armed saue his head, with his brest plate all gore bloud running from his throate wherein an headlesse arrow sticketh through which wound hee sayth thus."[6]]

[1] This. 1559, 63. [2] Quoth I. 1559, 63.
[3] The nine and twenty daye. 1571.
[4] Passage in brackets, added. 1571. [5] Now, added. 1571.
[6] He ratleth out this rhime. 1578.

HOW THE LORDE CLYF-

ford for his straunge and abhominable

cruelty came to as straunge and

sodayne a death,[1] *Anno* 1461.[2]

1.

Open confession axeth open pennaunce,
And wisdome would a man his shame to hyde:[3]
Yet sith forgieuenes commeth through repentaunce,
I thinke it best that men theyr crimes ascride,
For nought so secret but at length is spyed:
For couer fire, and it will neuer lynne
Till it breake forth, in like case shame and sinne.[4]

2.

As for my selfe my faultes be out so playne,
And published [so] abroade[5] in euery place,
That though I would I cannot hide a grayne.[6]

[1] Lorde Clifforde for his extreame crueltie, came to a cruel, straunge, and sodaine death. 1578.
[2] Anno 1461, added. 1571.
[3] His fault should hide. 1578.
[4] But sith pardon commeth by repentaunce,
Playnesse is best when truth is plainly tryde,
Open or hid, al faultes at length be spyed;
For couer fyer neuer so close within,
Yet out it will, and so will secret synne. 1578.
[5] So brode. 1559, 63. Bruted and knowne abroade. 1578.
[6] Cannot them reteyne. 1578.

All care is bootelesse in a curelesse case,
To learne by other's griefe,[1] some haue the grace:
And therefore, *Baldwine*, write my[2] wretched fall,
The briefe whereof I briefly vtter shall.

3.

I am the same that[3] slue duke *Richard's* childe,
The louely babe that begged[4] life with teares,
Whereby mine honour[5] fouly I defilde:
Poore sely lambes the lion neuer teares,
The feeble mouse may ly among the beares,
But wrath of man, his rancour to requite,
Forgets all reason, ruth, and vertue[6] quite.

4.

I meane by rancour the parentall[7] wreke
Surnamde a vertue, as the vicious[8] say,
But litle knowe the wicked[9] what they speake,
In boldening vs[10] our enmyes kin to slay:
To punish sinne is good, it is no nay:
They wreke not sinne, but merit wreke for sinne,
That wreke the father's fault vpon[11] his kinne.

5.

Because my father lord *Iohn Clyfford*, dyed,
Slayne at *S. Albane's*, in his prince's ayde,
Agaynst the duke my heart for malice fryed,
So that I could from wreck no way bee stayed,
But to auenge my father's death, assayde

[1] Griefe, omitted. 1578.
[2] Wherefore, Baldwin, write thou my. 1578.
[3] Clifford I am that. 1578.
[4] Craued. 1578.
[5] My honour. 1559, 63, 71, 75. My fame, most. 1578.
[6] Mercy. 1578.
[7] I meane such wrath as works parental. 1578.
[8] As these reuengers. 1578.
[9] Know those people. 1578.
[10] Which kyndle vs. 1578.
[11] The father's fault that wreake vpon. 1578.

All meanes I might the duke of *Yorke* t'annoy,[1]
And all his kin and friendes to kill and stroy.[2]

6.

This made mee with my bloudy[3] dagger wound
His guiltlesse sonne, that neuer agaynst mee storde:
His father's body lying dead on ground
To pearce with speare, eke with my cruell sworde,
To part his necke, and with his head to bourd
Enuested with a royall paper[4] crowne,
From place to place to beare it vp and downe.[5]

7.

But cruelty[6] can neuer scape the scourge
Of shame, of horror, or of sodayne death:[7]
Repentaunce selfe, that other sinnes may pourge,
Doth fly from this, so sore the soule it slayeth:
Despayre dissolues the tyraunt's bitter[8] breath:
For sodayn vengeaunce sodaynly alightes
On cruell deedes,[9] to quite theyr cruell spights.[10]

8.

This finde I true, for as I lay in stale,
To fight with[11] duke *Richard's* eldest son,
I was destroyde not far[12] from *Dintingdale*,

[1] To annoy. 1559. 63. [2] Friends for to destroy. N.
[3] This caused me with bloudy. 1578.
[4] A paper royal. 1559, 63, 71, 75.
[5] The father's corps, dead lying on the ground,
The neck I cut asunder with my sword,
The bleding head I pight, by way of borde,
Vpon a speare, with a white paper crowne,
And in great scorne I sent it to Yorke towne. 1578.
[6] Cruel deeds. 1578. [7] Of open shame, or of some bloudy death. 1578.
[8] Blustring. 1578. [9] Heades. 1559, 63.
[10] For vengeance due doth sodaynly alight,
On cruel deedes the mischiefe to requite, 1578.
[11] Fyght agaynst. 1559, 63. With this. N.
[12] Agaynst Edward, duke Richard's eldest son,
My death I caught not far. 1578.

For as I would my gorget haue vndon
To euent[1] the heat that had mee nigh vndone,
An headles arrow strake mee through the throte,
Where through my soule forsooke his fylthy cote.[2]

9.

Was this a chaunce? no sure, God's iust awarde,
Wherein due[3] iustice playnly doth appeare:
An headlesse arrow payde mee my rewarde:[4]
For heading *Richard* lying on his[5] bere,
And as I would his childe in no wise heare,
So sodayne death bereft my tongue the power
To aske for pardon at my dying[6] hower.

10.

Wherefore, good *Baldwine*, warne the[7] bloudy sort,
To leaue theyr wrath, theyr[8] rigour to refrayne:
Tell cruell judges horror is the port
Through which they sayle to shame[9] and sodayn payne:[10]
Hell haleth[11] tyrauntes downe to death amayne:
Was neuer yet, nor shal be cruell deede,
Left vnrewarded with as[12] cruell meede.

[1] Teuent. N.
[2] To vent out heate traueiling in the sonne,
An headles arrowe percyd my throte boule,
Which parted straight my body from the soule. 1578.
[3] His. 1578.
[4] The lord Clifforde, either for heate or payne, putting of his gorget, sodainly with an arrowe (as some say) without an hedde, was striken into the throte, and incontinent rendered hys spirite, and the erle of Westmerland's brother, and all his company almost were there slayn, at a place called Dintingdale, not far from Towton. This ende had he which slew the yong erle of Rutland, knelyng on his knees: whose yong sonne Thomas Clifforde was brought vp with a shepperd in poore habite, and dissimuled behauior, euer in feare to publishe his lignage or degre, till kyng Henry the vii. obtayned the croune and gat the diademe. *Hall.*
[5] On the. 1559, 63.
[6] To aske mercy at my last dying. 1578.
[7] Wherefore, Baldwin, perswade the. 1578.
[8] And. 1578.
[9] To which they sayle through shame. 1559, 63, 71, 75.
[10] To suffer endles payne. 1578.
[11] Halleth. 1587. N.
[12] Vnquyted left but had as. 1578.

[WHAN this tragedy was ended: "O Lord," sayd[1] another, "how horrible a thing is diuision in a realme, to how many mischiefes is it the mother, what vice is not therby kindled, what vertue left vnquenched? for what was the cause of the duke of *Yorke's* death, and of the cruelty of this *Clyfford*, saue[2] the variaunce betwene king *Henry* and the house of *Yorke?* which at length, besides millions of the commons, brought to destruction all the[3] nobility. For *Edward* the duke's eldest son immediately after his[4] father was slayn, through help of the *Neuills*, gaue the king a battayle, whereat, besides this *Clyfford*, and xxxvi thousand other souldiers, were slain theyr captaynes, the earles[5] of *Northumberland* and *Westmerland*, with the lordes *Dacres* and *Welles:* the[6] winning of which fielde brought *Edward* to the crowne, and the losse draue king *Henry* and his wife into *Scotland*. But as few raignes begin without bloud, so king *Edward* to keepe order,[7] caused *Thomas Courtney* earle of *Deuonshyre*, and *Iohn Veer* earle of *Oxeforde*, and *Aubrey Veer* eldest sonne to the sayd earle, with diuers[8] other his enemies,[9] to bee attaynted and put to death. And shortly after he[10] did execution vpon the duke of *Somerset*, and the lordes *Hungerford* and *Rosse*, whom he toke prisoners at *Exham* fielde. For thither they came with[11] king *Henry* out of *Scotland*, with an army of *Scottes*, and fought a battayle, which was lost,

[1] Quod. 1559, 63.
[2] Cruelty shewed to his young sonne by this mercilesse man, saue. 1578.
[3] Destruction most part of the. 1578.
[4] Richarde his. 1578.
[5] Battaile at Towton in Yorkeshire, whereat besydes this Clifford, were slayne the earles. 1578.
[6] Besydes mo then 3000 men, the. 1578.
[7] Keepe the common course. 1578.
[8] Caused the erles of Devonshire and Oxforde wyth dyuers other. 1559, 63.
[9] Other of king Henrie's parte, to. 1578.
[10] He, omitted. 1578.
[11] For thyther came those lordes with. 1578.

and the most[1] part of them slayn.[2] And because these are all noble men, I will leaue them to *Baldwine's* discretion. But seyng the earle of *Worcester* was the chiefe instrument whom king *Edward* vsed as well in these men's matters as in like bloudy affayres, because he should not be forgotten, yee shall here what I haue noted concerning his tragedy."[3]]

[1] Which they lost, wherein most. 1578.
[2] The army slayne. 1559. The slayne. 1563. Were slaine. 1578
[3] What may bee noted by his ende. 1578.

THE INFAMOVS END OF

the Lord Tiptoft Earle of Worcester,

for cruelly executing his Prince's

butcherly commaundementes,

An. 1470.[1]

1.

THE glorious man is not so loth to lurke,
As the infamous glad to lye vnknowen:
Which makes mee, *Baldwine*, disalow thy worke,
Where prince's faultes so openly be blowen:
I speake not this alonly for mine owne,
Which were my prince's (if that they were any)
But for my peeres, in nombre very many.

2.

Or might report vprightly vse her tong,
It would lesse greue vs to augment the matter,
But suer I am thou shalt be forst among,
To frayne the truth the liuing for to flatter,
And otherwhiles in poyntes vnknowen to smatter:
For time neuer was, nor neuer[2] I thinke shalbe
That truth vnshent should speake in all thinges free.

[1] An. 1470, added. 1571.
[2] Euer. 1559, 63. Nere was nor nere. N.

3.

This doth appeare (I dare say) by my story,
Which diuers writers diuersly declare:
But story writers ought for neyther glory,
Feare, nor fauour, truth of thinges to spare?
But still it fares as alway it did fare,
Affections, feare, or doubts that dayly brue,
Doe cause that stories neuer can be true.[1]

4.

Unfruitfull *Fabian* followed the face
Of tyme and dedes, but let the causes slip:
Which *Hall* hath added, but with double grace,[2]
For feare I thinke lest trouble might him trip:
"For this or that," sayeth he, "he felt the whip:"
Thus[3] story wryters leaue the causes out,
Or so rehearse them as they were in dout.[4]

5.

But seing causes are the chiefest thinges
That should be noted of the story wryters,
That men may learne what endes all causes bringes,
They be vnworthy the[5] name of chroniclers
That leaue them cleane out of theyr registers,
Or doubtfully report them: for the fruite
Of reading storyes standeth in the suite.

6

And therefore, *Baldwine*, eyther speake vpright[6]
Of our affayres, or touch them not at all:
As for my selfe I way all thinges so light,

[1] Stories alwayes be not true. 1578.
[2] Added some with better grace. 1578.
[3] This. 1578.
[4] Or shew them so as they were in some dout. 1578.
[5] The, omitted. N.
[6] Wherfore, Baldwin, either speake thou vpryght. 1578

That nought I passe how men report my fall:
The truth whereof yet playnly shew I shall,
That thou mayst write and others thereby rede,
What thinges I did whereof they should take heede.

7.

Thou hast heard of[1] *Tiptoft's* earles of *Worcester*,
I am that lord that liu'd in *Edwarde's* days
The fourth, and was his friend and counsaylour,
And butcher to, as common rumor sayes:
But people's voyce is neyther shame nor prayse,
For whom they would aliue deuoure to day,
To morow dead they will[2] worship what they may.

8.

But though the people's verdit go by chaunce,
Yet was there cause to call mee as they did:
For I, enforst by meane of gouernaunce,
Did execute what euer[3] my king did bid,
From blame herein my selfe I cannot rid:
But fye vpon the wretched state, that must
Defame it selfe, to serue the prince's lust.

9.

The cheifest crime wherewith men doe me charge,
Is death of th'[4] earle of *Desmund's* noble sonnes,
Of which the kinge's charge doth me clere discharge,
By strayt commaundement and iniunctions:
Th'effect whereof so rigorously runnes,
That eyther I must procure to see them dead,
Or for contempt as a traytour loose my head.[5]

[1] Thou heardst of. N. [2] They'ill. N.
[3] Ere. N. [4] The. 1571, 75, 78.
[5] As guiltie lose my head. N.

10.

What would mine enemies[1] doe in such a case,
Obay the king or proper death procure?
They may well say theyr fancy for a face,
But life is sweete, and loue hard to recure:
They would haue done as I did, I am sure,
For seldom will a welthy man at ease
For other's cause his prince in ought displease.

11.

How much lesse I, which was lieuetenaunt than
In th'[2]*Irish* isle, preferred by the king:
But who for loue or dread of any man,
Consents t'[3] accomplish any wicked thing,
Although chiefe fault thereof from other spring,
Shall not escape God's vengeance for his deede,
Who scuseth none that dare doe ill for drede.

12.

This in my king and mee may well appeare,
Which for our faultes did not escape the scourge:
For whan wee thought our state most sure and clere,
The wynd of *Warwicke* blew vp such a sourge,
As from the realme and crowne the king did pourge,
And mee both from mine office,[4] friendes, and wife,
From good report, from honest death and life.

13.

For the earle of *Warwicke*, through a cancarde grudge,[5]
Which to king *Edward* causelesse hee did beare,
Out of his realme by force did make him trudge,

[1] Foemen. N. [2] The. 1559. 63, 71, 75, 78.
[3] To. 1559, 63, 71, 75, 78.
[4] Me also from office. 1578.
[5] The earle of Warwicke, through mallice and grudge. 1578

And set king *Henry* agayne vpon his chaire:
And then all such as *Edwarde's* louers were,
As traytours tane were greuously opprest,
But chiefly I, because I lou'd him best.

14.

And, for[1] my goods and liuinges were not small,
The gapers for them bare[2] the world in hand
For ten yeares space, that I was cause of all
The executions done[3] within the land:
For this did such as did not vnderstand
Mine enmies drift, thinke all reportes were true:
And so did[4] hate mee worse then any Jewe.

15.

For seldom shall a ruler lose his life,
Before false rumors openly be spred:
Wherby this prouerbe is as true as rife,
That ruler's rumors hunt about a head,
Frowne fortune once, all good report is fled:
For present shew doth make the mayny blind,
And such as see dare not disclose their minde.

16.

Through this was I king *Edward's* butcher named,
And bare the shame of all his cruell deedes:
I cleare me not, I worthely was blamed,
Though force was such I must obay him needes:
With hiest rulers seldome well it speedes,
For they be euer nerest to the nyp,
And fault who shall, for all feele they the whip.

[1] Sith. 1578.
[2] Some greedy gulles did beare. 1578.
[3] Murder, and mischiefe done. 1578.
[4] To. 1578.

17.

For whan I was by parliament attaynted,
King *Edward's* euils all were counted mine:
No truth auayled, so lies were faste and painted,
Which made the people at my life, repine,
Crying, " *Crucifige*, kill that butcher's lyne:"
That when I should haue gone to *Blockham* feast,
I could not passe, so sore they one me preast.

18.

And had not bene the officers so strong,
I thinke they would haue eaten[1] me aliue,
Howbeit, hardly haled from the throng,
I was in the flete fast shrouded by the shriue:
Thus one daye's life theyr malice did mee gieue,
Which whan they knew, for spite the next day after
They kept them calme, so suffered I the slaughter.

19.

Now tell mee, *Baldwine*, what fault dost thou finde
In mee, that iustly should such death deserue?
None sure except desire of honour blinde,
Which made mee seeke in offices to serue:
What minde so good that honours make not swerue?
So mayst thou see it only was my state
That caus'd my death, and brought mee so in hate.

20.

Warne therfore all men wisely to beware,
What offices they enterprise to beare:
The hiest alway most maligned are,
Of people's grudge, and prince's hate in feare.
For prince's faults his faultors all men teare:
Which to auoyde, let none such office take,
Saue he that can for right his prince forsake.

[1] Swalowed. 1578.

[THIS earle's[1] tragedy was not so soone finished, but one of the company had prouided for another of a notable person, lord *Tiptoft's* chiefe enemy: concerning whom hee sayd: "Lord God what trust is there in worldly chaunces? what stay in any prosperity? for see the earle of *Warwicke* which caused the earle of *Worcester* to be apprehended, attainted, and put to deth, triumphing with his old imprisoned and new vnprisoned prince, king *Henry*, was by and by after, and his brother with him, slayn at *Barnet* field by king *Edward*, whom hee had before time damaged diuers wayes. As first by his friendes at *Banbury* fielde, where to reuenge the death of his cosin *Henry*[2] *Neuill*, syr *Iohn Coniers*, and *Iohn Clappam*, his seruauntes, slue fiue thousand *Welshmen*, and beheaded theyr captaynes, the earle of *Pembroke* and syr *Richard Harbert* his brother, after they were yeelded prisoners: of whom syr *Richard Harbert* was the tallest gentilman both of his person and handes that euer I read or heard of. At which time also, *Robin* of *Ridsdale*,[3] a rebell of the earle of *Warwicke's* raysing, tooke the earle *Riuers*, king *Edwarde's* wiue's father, and his sonne *Iohn*, at his manour of *Grafton*, and carried them to *Northampton*, and there without cause or proces beheaded them. Which spites to requite, king *Edward* caused the lord *Stafford* of *Sowthwike*, one of *Warwicke's* chiefe frendes, to be taken at *Brent march*, and headed at *Bridgewater*. This caused the earle shortly to raise his power, to encounter the king which came against him with an army, beside *Warwicke* at *Wolney*, where hee wan the field, tooke the king prisoner, and kept him a while in *Yorkeshire* in *Middleham* castle: whence (as some say) hee released him againe, but other thinke hee corrupted hys keepers and so escaped. Then

[1] This Typtofte's 1578.
[2] Harry. 1559, 63.
[3] Kidsdale, misprint. 1587.

through the lords the matter was taken vppe betweene them, and they brought to talke togeather, but because they could not agree, the earle araised a new army, whereof he made captayn the lord *Welles'* sonne, which broile king *Edward* minding to appease by pollicy, fouly distained his honour, committing periury: for hee sent for the lord *Welles* and his brother sir *Thomas Dymocke*, vnder safe conduite promising them vpon his fayth to keepe them harmelesse. But after, because the lord *Welles'* sonne would not dissolue his army, beheaded them both and went with his power into *Lincolnshire* and there fought with sir *Robert Welles*, and slewe ten thousand of his souldiers (yet ran they away so fast, that casting of their clothes for the more speede, caused it to bee called *Lose coate fielde)* and tooke sir *Robert* and other, and put them to death in the same place. This misfortune forced the earle of *Warwicke* to saile into *Fraunce* where hee was entertained of the king a while, and at last with such poore helpe as hee procured there of duke *Rainer* and other, hee came into *England* againe, and encreased such a power in king *Henrie's* name, that as the lord *Typtofte* sayd in his tragedy, king *Edward* vnable to abide him, was faine to flie ouer the washes in *Lincolnshire* to get a ship to saile out of his kingdome to his brother in lawe the duke of *Burgoine*. So was king *Henry* restored againe to his[1] kingdome. All these despites and troubles the earle wrought against king *Edward*. But *Henry* was so infortunate that ere halfe a yeare was expired, king *Edward* came backe againe, and enprisoned him and gaue the earle a fielde, wherein hee slewe both him and his brother. I haue recounted thus much before hand for the better opening of the story, which, if it should haue beene spoken in his tragedy, would rather haue made a volume then a pamphlete. For I entend onely to say in the tragedy, what I haue noted in the earle of *Warwicke's* person, wishing that these other noble men, whome I haue by the way touched, should not bee forgotten. And therefore imagine that

[1] The. 1559, 63, 71, 75, 78.

you see this earle lying with his brother in *Paule's* church[1] in his coate armoure, with such a face and countinaunce as he beareth in portraiture ouer the dore in *Paule's*, at the going down to *Iesus* chappell from the south end of the quier stayres, and saying as followeth."]

[1] The ded bodies of the erle and the marques were brought to London in a coffin, and before they should be buried, by the space of three dayes, they lay open visaged, in the cathedral church of S. Paule, to thintent that al men might euidently perceiue, that thei vnfainedly wer dedde least perauenture the common people hereafter, heryng of some dissmulyng person, to take on him the name of therle of Warwicke, thynkyng hym to be liuyng, might stirre a newe sedicion and excite an vnware rebellion. The common people saied that the kyng was not so iocound nor so ioyous, for the destruccion of therle, but he was more sorowful and dolorous for the death of the marques, whom bothe he knewe and it appered to other, to be inwardly his faithfull frend: for whose onely sake he caused bothe their bodies to be with their auncesters, solempnly entered at the priory of Bissam. *Hall.*

HOW SIR RICHARD

Neuill Earle of Warwicke, and his

brother Iohn, Lord Marquise Mon-

tacute, through their too much

boldnesse were slaine at Barnet,

the 14 *of Aprill, Anno* 1471.[1]

1.

Among the heauy heape of happy knightes,
Whome fortune stald vpon her staylesse stage,
Oft hoyst on hie, oft pight in wretched plights,
Behold mee, *Baldwine*, *a per se* of my age,
Lord *Richard Neuill*, earle by maryage
Of *Warwicke* duchy, of *Sarum* by discent,
Which erst my father through his mariage hent.

2.

Wouldst thou beholde false fortune in her kinde?
Note well my selfe, so shalt thou see her naked:
Full faire before, but too too foule behinde,
Most drowsy still whan most shee seemes awaked:
My fame and shame her shift full oft hath shaked,
By enterchaunge, alow, and vp aloft,
The lysard like, that chaungeth hew full oft.

[1] Date added. 1571.

3.

For while the duke of *Yorke* in life remaynde,
Mine vncle deare, I was his happy hand:
In all attempts my purpose I attaynde,
Though king, and queene, and most lordes of the land,
With all their power did often mee withstand:
For God gaue fortune, and my good behauiour
Did from their prince steale mee the people's fauour.

4.

So that through mee in fieldes right manly fought,
By force myne vncle tooke king *Henry* twise:
As for my cosin *Edward* I so[1] wrought,
When both our siers were slaine through rash aduice,
That hee atchiefde his father's enterprise:
For into *Scotland* king and queene wee chased,
By meane whereof the kingdome hee embraced.

5.

Which after hee had enioyed[2] in quiet peace,
(For shortly after was king *Henry* take,
And put in prison)[3] his power to encrease,
I went to *Fraunce* and match[4] him with a make
The *French* kinge's daughter, whome hee did forsake:
For while with paine I brought this sute to passe,
Hee to a widdowe rashely wedded was.

6.

This made the *French* king shrewdly to mistrust,
That all my treaties had but ill pretence,
And when I sawe my king so bent to lust,
That with his fayth hee past not to dispence,
Which is a prince's honour's chiefe defence:

[1] So I. 1559, 63.
[2] Had held. N.
[3] In hold. N.
[4] Matched. 1559, 63.

I could not rest till I had found a meane
To mend his misse, or els to marre him cleane.

7.

[Wherefore] I mee allied[1] with his brother *George*,
Incensing him his brother to maligne,
Through many a tale I did against him forge:
So that through power that wee from[2] *Calais* bring
And found at home, wee frayed so the king,
That hee did flie to[3] *Freseland* ward amayne,
Whereby king *Henry* had the crowne againe.

8.

Than put wee th'earle[4] of *Worcester* to death,
King *Edward's* friend, a man to foule[5] defamed:
And in the while came *Edward* into breath:
For with the duke of *Burgoine* so hee framed,
That with the power that hee to him had named,
Unlooked for hee came to *England* streight,
And got to *Yorke*, and tooke the towne by sleight.

9.

And after through the sufferaunce of my brother,
Which like a beast occasion fouly lost,
Hee came to *London* safe with many other,
And tooke the towne to good king *Henrie's* cost:
Who was through him from post to piller tost,
Till th'earle[6] of *Oxforde*, I, and other more,
Assembled power his freedome to restore.

[1] Allyed me. 1559, 63.
[2] Power we dyd from. 1559, 63.
[3] He to go to. 1559, 63.
[4] The earle. 1559, 63, 71.
[5] In the edition of 1563 the text is "lo towle," which in the "Faultes escaped in the printing," is corrected as above "to fowle." In those of 1571, 75, 78, 87, and Niccols, the text is "lo foule."
[6] The earle. 1559, 63, 71.

10.

Whereof king *Edward* warned came with speede,
And camped with his hoast in *Barnet* towne,
Where wee right fearce encountred him in deed
On *Easter* day, right earely, on the downe:
There many a man was slaine and stricken downe,
On eyther side, and neither part did gaine,
Till that I and my brother both were slaine.[1]

11.

For wee to hart[2] our ouermatched men,
Forsooke our steedes, and in the thickest throng
Ran preacing forth on foote, and fought so then
That downe wee draue them were they neuer[3] so strong:
But ere this lucke[4] had lasted very long
With nomber and force wee were so fouly cloyed,[5]
And rescue faylde, that quite wee were destroyed.

12.

Now tell mee, *Baldwine*, hast thou heard or read
Of any man that did as I haue done?
That in his time so many armies led,
And victory at euery voyage won?
Hast thou euer[6] heard of subiect vnder sonne,
That plaast and baast his soueraignes[7] so oft
By enterchaunge, now low, and than aloft?

13.

Perchaunce thou thinkst my doinges were not such
As I and other doe affirme they were:
And in thy minde I see thou musest much

[1] Both at length wer slayne. 1559, 63.
[2] Harten. 1559, 63.
[3] Nere. N.
[4] But we ere lucke. N.
[5] With force and number were. N.
[6] Ere. N.
[7] Souerayne. 1578.

What meanes I vsde, that should mee so prefer:
Wherein, because I will thou shalt not erre,
The truth of all I will at large recyte,
The short is this: I was no hypocrite.

14.

I neuer did nor sayd saue what I ment,
The common weale was still my chiefest care:
To priuate gayne or glory was I neuer bent,[1]
I neuer past[2] vpon delicious fare:
Of needefull food my bourd was neuer bare,
No creditour did curse mee day by day,
I vsed playnnesse, euer pitch and pay.

15.

I heard poore[3] souldiers and poore workemen whine
Because theyr dutyes were not truely[4] payde:
Agayne I saw how people did repine
At those through whom theyr payment was[5] delayde:
And proofe did oft assure (as scripture sayd)
That God doth wreke the wretched people's greues,
I saw the polls cut of fro polling theues.

16.

This made mee alway iustly for to deale,
Which whan the people playnly vnderstoode,
Because they saw mee mynd the common weale,
They still endeuoured how to doe mee good,
Ready to spend theyr substaunce, life, and bloud,
In any cause where to I did them moue:
For sure they were it was for theyr behoue.

[1] Glory I was not bent. 1559, 63. Or good was I nere bent. N.
[2] Passed. 1559, 63.
[3] Olde. 1559, 63.
[4] Duely. 1559, 63.
[5] Paimentes wer. 1559, 63, 71, 75, 78.

17.

And so it was: for when the realme decayed
By such as good king *Henry* sore abused,
To mend the state I gaue his enemies ayde:
But when king *Edward* sinfull prankes still vsed,
And would not mend, I likewise him refused,
And holp *Henry*, better[1] of the twayne,
And in his quarell (iust I thinke) was slayne.

18.

And therefore, *Baldwine*, teach by proofe of mee,
That such as couet people's loue to get,
Must see theyr workes and wordes in all agree,
Liue liberally and keepe them out of det,
On common welth[2] let all theyr care be set:
For vpright dealing, dets payd, poore sustayned,
Is meane whereby all heartes are throwly gayned.[3]

[1] And holpe vp Henry the better. 1559, 63. Vp Henry better. 1571. 75, 78. And holpe king Henrie better. N.
[2] Weale. 1559, 63, 71, 75, 78.
[3] Without signature, and therefore given to Baldwin.

[As soone as the earle had ended this admonition: "Sure," sayd[1] one, "I thinke the earle of *Warwicke* (although hee were a glorious man) hath sayd no more of himselfe then what is true. For if hee had not had notable good vertues, or vertuous qualities, and vsed laudable meanes in his trade of life, the people would neuer haue loued him as they did: but God be with him, and send his soule rest, for sure his body neuer had any. And although he dyed, yet ciuil warres ceased not. For immediately after his death came queene *Margaret* with a power out of *Fraunce*, bringing with her her yong son prince *Edward:* and with such friends as she found here, gaue king *Edward* a battayl at *Tewkesbury*, where both she and her son were taken prisoners with *Eadmund* duke of *Somerset* her chiefe captayne: whose son lord *Iohn*, and the earle of *Deuonshyre* were slayn in fight,[2] and the duke himselfe with diuers other immediately beheaded. Whose infortunes are worthy to be remembred, chiefly prince *Edward's*, whome the king for speaking trueth cruelly stroke with his gauntlet, and his brethren tyrannously[3] murdered. But seing the time so far spent, I will passe them ouer, and with them *Fauconbridge* that ioly rouer beheaded at *Southampton:* whose commotion made in *Kent*, was cause of sely *Henrye's* destruction. And seing king *Henry* himselfe was cause of the destruction of many noble princes, being of all other most infortunate himselfe, I will declare what I haue noted in his vnlucky life: who wounded in prison with a dagger, may lament his wretchednesse in maner following."]

[1] Quod. 1559, 63.
[2] In the fight. 1559, 63
[3] Cruelly. 1571, 75, 78.

HOW KING HENRY

the sixte, a vertuous Prince, was,

after many other miseries,

cruelly murdered in the Tower

of London, the 22 of May,

Anno 1471.[1]

1.

If euer woefull wight had cause to rue his state,
Or by his ruefull plight to moue men mone his fate,
My piteous plaint may please my mishap to reherse,
Whereof the least most lightely heard, the hardest hart may perce.

2.

What hart so hard can heare of innocence opprest
By fraud in worldly goods, but melteth in the brest?
Whan guiltlesse men bee spoilde, imprisoned for their owne,
Who waileth not their wretched case to whom the case is knowen?

3.

The lyon licks[2] the sores of seely wounded shepe,
The dead man's corse may[3] cause the crocodile to wepe,
The waues that waste the rocks refresh the rotten redes,
Such ruth the wrack of innocence in cruell creatures bredes.

[1] Date added 1571. [2] Lycketh. 1559, 63. [3] May, omitted. 1578.

4.

What hart is then so hard but will for pity blede,
To heare so cruell lucke so cleare a life succede?
To see a seely soule with wo and sorrow sounst,[1]
A king depriude, in prison pent, to death with daggers dounst.[2]

5.

Would God the day of birth had brought me to my bere,
Then had I neuer felt the chaunge of fortune's chere:
Would God the graue had gript me in her greedy woumbe,
Whan crown in cradle made me king with oyle of holy thoumbe.

6.

Would God the rufull tombe had bene my royall throne,
So should no kingly charge haue made me make my mone:
O that my soule had flowen to heauen with the ioy,
Whan one sort cryed, God saue the king, another, *Viue le Roy.*

7.

So had I not bene washt in waues of worldly wo,
My minde to quiet bent, had not bene tossed so:
My frendes had ben aliue: my subiects not oppprest:[3]
But death, or cruell destiny, denied me this rest.

8.

Alas, what should we count the cause of wretches cares,
The starres do stirre them vp, astronomy declares:
Our[4] humours, sayth the leache, the double true deuines
To th'[5]will of God, or ill of man, the doubtfull cause assignes.

9.

Such doltish heades as dreame that all things driue by haps,
Count lacke of former care for cause of after claps,

[1] Soust. 1559, 63, 71, 75, 78. [2] Doust. 1559, 63, 71, 75, 78.
[3] Unopprest. 1559. [4] Or. 1559. [5] To the. 1559, 63.

Attributing to man a power fro God bereft,
Abusing vs, and robbing him, through their most wicked theft.

10.

But God doth guyde the world, and euery hap by skill,
Our wit, and willing power, are payzed by his will:
What wit most wisely wardes, and will most deadly vrkes,
Though all our powre would presse it downe, doth dash our warest workes.

11.

Than desteny, our sinne, God's will, or else his wreake,
Doe worke our wretched woes, for humours be too weake,
Except wee take them so, as they prouoke to sinne,
For through our lust by humours fed all vicious deedes beginne.

12.

So sinne and they be one, both working like effect,
And cause the wrath of God to wreake the soule infect,
Thus wrath and wreake deuine, man's sinnes and humours ill,
Concurre in one, though in a sort, ech doth a course fulfill.

13.

If likewise such as say the welkin fortune warkes,
Take fortune for our fate and starres thereof the markes,
Then desteny with fate and God's will all bee one:
But if they meane it otherwise, skath causers skies be none.

14.

Thus of our heauy haps, chiefe causes bee but twayne,
Whereon the rest depend, and vnder put remayne:
The chiefe the will deuine, calde desteny and fate,
The other sinne, through humour's holpe, which God doth highly hate.

15.

The first apoynteth payne for good men's exercise,
The second doth deserue due punishment for vice:

This witnesseth the wrath, and that the loue of God,
The good for loue, the bad for sinne, God beateth with his rod.

16.

Although my sondry sinnes doe place mee with the worst,
My haps yet cause mee hope to bee among the fyrst:
The eye that searcheth all and seeth euery thought,
Is iudge how sore I hated sinne, and after vertue sought.

17.

The solace of my soule my chiefest pleasure was,
Of worldly pomp, of fame, or game, I did not passe:
My kingdomes nor my crowne I prised not a crum:
In heauen were my riches heapt, to which I sought to com.

18.

Yet were my sorrowes such as neuer man had like,
So diuers stormes at once, so often did mee strike:
But why, God knowes, not I, except it were for this,
To shewe by paterne of a prince, how brittle honour is.

19.

Our kingdomes are but cares, our state deuoide of stay,
Our riches ready snares, to hasten our decay:
Our pleasures priuy prickes, our vices to prouoke,
Our pompe a pumpe, our fame a flame, our power a smouldring smoke.

20.

I speake not but by proofe, and that may many rue,
My life doth cry it out, my death doth try it true:
Whereof I will in brefe rehearse the[1] heauy hap,
That, *Baldwine*, in his woefull warpe, my wretchednes may wrap.

21.

In *Windsore* borne I was, and bare my father's name,
Who wonne by warre all *Fraunce* to his eternall fame,

[1] My. 1559.

And left to mee the crowne, to bee receiued in peace
Through mariage made with *Charles* his heyre, vpon his life's decease.

22.

Which shortly did ensue, yet died my father furst,
And both the[1] realmes were mine, ere I a yeare were nurst:
Which as they fell too soone, so faded they as fast:
For *Charles*, and *Edward*, got them both or forty yeares were past.

23.

This *Charles* was eldest sonne of *Charles* my father in lawe,
To whome as heire of *Fraunce*, the *Frenchmen* did them draw,
But *Edward* was the heire of *Richard* duke of *Yorke*,
The heyre of *Roger Mortimer*, slaine by the kerne of *Korke*.

24.

Before I came to age *Charles* had recouered *Fraunce*,
And kild my men of warre, so happy was his chaunce:
And through a mad contract I made with *Raynerd's* daughter
I gaue and lost all *Normandy*, the cause of many a slaughter.

25.

First of mine vncle *Humfrey*, abhorring sore this act,
Because I thereby brake a better precontract:
Than of the flattering duke that first the mariage made,
The iust rewarde of such as dare theyr princes ill perswade.

26.

And I poore sely wretch abode the brunt of all,
My mariadge lust so sweete was mixt with bitter gall:
My wife was wise and good, had she ben rightly sought,
But our vnlawfull getting it, may make a good thing nought.

27.

Wherefore warne men beware how they iust promise breake,
Least proofe of paynfull plagues do cause them wayle the wreake,

[1] Theyr. 1559, 63.

Aduise well ere they graunt, but what they graunt performe:
For God will plague all doublenes although we feele no worme.

28.

I falsly borne in hand, beleued I did well,
But all thinges bee not true that learned men doe tell:
My clergy sayd a prince was to no promise bound,
Whose wordes to be no gospell tho, I to my griefe haue found.

29.

For after mariage ioynde queene *Margaret* and mee,
For one mishap afore, I dayly met with three:
Of *Normandy* and *Fraunce*, *Charles* got away my crowne,
The duke of *Yorke* and other sought at home to put mee downe.

30.

Bellona rang the bell at home and all abroade,
With whose mishaps amayne fell fortune did mee lode:
In *Fraunce* I lost my forts, at home the foughten field,
My kinred slayn, my friendes opprest, my selfe enforst to yeeld.

31.

Duke *Richard* tooke mee twise, and forste mee to resine
My crowne and titles, due vnto my father's lyne:
And kept mee as a warde, did all thinges as him list,
Till that[1] my wife through bloudy sword had tane me from[2] his fist.

32.

But though we[3] slew the duke my sorrowes did not slake,
But like to *Hydrae's* head still more and more awake:
For *Edward*, through the ayde of *Warwicke* and his brother,
From one field draue mee to the *Scots*, and toke me in another.

33.

Then went my friendes to wracke, for *Edward* ware the crowne,
From[4] which for nine yeares space his pryson held me downe:

[1] Time. 1559, 63. [2] Fro. 1571, 75, 78, 87. [3] She. 1559, 63.
[4] In edition 1563 among the faults escaped in the printing "for" is corrected to "from;" in all the subsequent editions the erroneous text is followed.

Yet thence through *Warwicke's* worke I was agayne releast,
And *Edward* driuen fro the realme, to seeke his friendes by east.

34.

But what preuayleth paine, or prouidence of man,
To help him to good hap, whom destiny doth ban?
Who moyleth to remoue the rocke out of the mud,
Shall myre himselfe, and hardly scape the swelling of the flud.

35.

This all my friendes haue founde, and I haue felt it so,
Ordaynd to be the touch of wretchednes and woe:
For ere I had a yeare possest my seat agayne,
I lost both it and liberty, my helpers all were slaine.

36.

For *Edward* first by stelth, and sith by gathred strength,
Arriude, and got to *Yorke* and *London* at the length:
Tooke mee and tyed mee vp, yet *Warwicke* was so stout,
Hee came with power to *Barnet* fielde, in hope to helpe mee out:

37.

And there, alas, was slaine, with many a worthy knight:
O Lord, that euer such lucke should hap in helping right:
Last came my wife and sonne, that long lay in exile,
Defied the king, and fought a fielde, I may bewaile the while.

38.

For there mine onely sonne, not thirteene yeares of age,
Was tane, and murdered straight by *Edward* in his rage:
And shortly I my selfe, to stint all furder strife,
Stabde with his brother's bloudy blade in prison lost my life.

39.

Lo, here the heauy haps which happened mee by heape,
See here the pleasaunt fruites that many princes reape,
The painefull plagues of those that breake theyr lawfull bandes,
Their meede which may and will not saue their friendes fro bloudy handes.

40.

God graunt my woefull haps, too greeuous to rehearce,
May teach all states to knowe, howe deepely daungers pearce,
How fraile all honours are, how brittle worldly blisse,
That warned through my fearefull fate, they feare to doe amisse.[1]

[1] Without signature, and attributed to Baldwin.

[This tragedy ended, another sayd: "Either you or king *Henry* are a good philosopher, so narowly to argue the causes of misfortunes? but there is nothing to experience which taught, or might teach the king this lesson. But to proceede in our matter, I finde mention here, shortly after the death of this king, of a duke of *Excester* found dead in the sea betweene *Douer* and *Calais*, but what hee was, or by what aduenture hee died, maister *Fabian* hath not shewed, and maister *Hall* hath ouerskipped him: so that except wee be friendlier vnto him, hee is like to be double drowned, both in sea, and in the gulfe of forgetfulnes." About this matter was much talke, but because one tooke vpon him to seeke out that story, that charge was committed to him. And to bee occupied in the meane while, I haue found the story of one drowned likewise, and that so notably, though priuely, that all the world knew of it: wherefore I sayd: "Because night approacheth, and that wee will lose no time, yee shall heare what I haue noted concerning the duke of *Clarence*, king *Edward's* brother, who all to bee washed in wine, may bewayle his infortune after this maner."]

HOW GEORGE PLAN-

tagenet, third sonne of the Duke

of Yorke, was by his brother

King Edward wrongfully im-

prisoned, and by his brother

Richard miserably mur-

dered the 11 of Jan.

An. 1478.[1]

1.

THE foule is fowle, men say, that files the nest:
Which makes me loth to speke now, might I chuse,
But seyng time vnburdened hath her brest,
And fame blowne vp the blast of all abuse,
My silence rather might my life accuse
Than shroude our shame, though fayne I would it so,
For truth will out, although the world say no.

2.

And therefore, *Baldwine*, hartely I[2] thee beseche
To pause a while vpon my heauy playnt,
And vnneth though[3] I vtter speedy speche,

[1] Date added. 1571.
[2] Baldwin, with teares I. 1578. Baldwin I do thee. N.
[3] Though vnneth. 1559, 63, 78.

No fault of wit nor folly makes[1] mee faynt:
No heady drinkes haue gieuen my tongue attaint
Through quaffing craft: yet wine my witts confound,
Not of which I dranke,[2] but wherein I drownd.[3]

3.

What prince I am, although I neede not shewe,
Because my wine bewrayes mee by the smell:
For neuer creature was[4] soust in *Bacchus* dew
To death, but I, through fortune's rigour fell:
Yet that thou maist my story better tell,
I will declare as briefly as I may,
My welth, my woe, and causers of decay.

4.

The famous house surnamde *Plantagenet*,
Whereat dame fortune frowardly did frowne,
While *Bolenbroke* vniustly sought to set
His lord king *Richard* quite beside the crowne,
Though many a day it wanted due renowne,
God so preserved[5] by prouidence and grace,
That lawfull heyres did neuer fayle the race.

5.

For *Lionell*, king *Edwarde's* eldest childe,[6]
Both eame[7] and heyr to *Richard* yssulesse,
Begot a daughter *Phillip*, whom[8] vndefilde[9]
The earle of *March* espousde, and God did blesse
With fruite assinde the kingdom to possesse:

[1] Maketh. 1559, 63.
[2] Not whych I drank of. 1559, 63. Not that I. N.
[3] Not which I drancke, but wherein I was dround. 1578. I was drown'd. N.
[4] Was creature. 1559, 63. Man was. N.
[5] Misprinted "preferred," and corrected among the faults escaped in edition 1563, but the erroneous text is continued in the other editions.
[6] Second childe. 1578. [7] Vncle. 1559, 63.
[8] Begot faire Philip hight, whom. N. [9] Vnfylde. 1563.

I meane syr *Roger Mortimer*, whose heyre,
The earle of *Cambridge*, maried *Anne* the fayre.

6.

This earle of *Cambridge*, *Richard* clept by name,
Was sonne to *Edmund Langley* duke of *Yorke*:
Which *Edmund* was fift brother to the same
Duke *Lionell*, that all this lyne doth korke:
Of which two howses ioyned in a forke,
My father *Richard*, prince *Plantagenet*,
True duke of *Yorke*, was lawfull heyr beget.

7.

Who tooke to wife as yee shall vnderstand
A mayden of a noble house and olde,
Raulfe Neuil's daughter, earle of *Westmerland*,
Whose sonne earle *Richard*, was a baron bolde,
And had the right of *Salisbury* in holde,
Through mariage made with good earle *Thomas* heyre,
Whose earned prayses neuer shall appayre.

8.

The duke my father had by this his wife
Four sonnes, of whom the eldest *Edward* hight,
The second *Eadmund*, who [in youth] did loose his life,[1]
At *Wakefielde* slayne by *Clyfford* cruell knight:
I *George* am third, of *Clarence* duke by right:
The fourth, borne to the mischiefe of vs all,
Was duke of *Glocester*,[2] whom men did[3] *Richard* call.

9.

Whan as our sire in sute of right was slaine,
(Whose life and death himselfe declared earst)
My brother *Edward* plyed his cause amayne,[4]

[1] The second Iohn who lost in youth hys lyfe. 1559, 63.
[2] Was Glocester's duke N. [3] Did, added. 1571.
[4] Edward the quarell styrd agayne. 1578.

And got[1] the crowne, as *Warwicke* hath rehearst:
The pride whereof so deepe his stomacke pearst
That hee forgot his friendes, dispisde his kin,
Of oth or office passing not a pyn.[2]

10.

Which made the earle of *Warwicke* to maligne
My brother's state,[3] and to attempt a way
To bring from prison *Henry*, seely king,
To helpe him to the kingdome[4] if hee may,
And knowing mee to bee the chiefest stay
My brother had, hee did mee vndermine
To cause mee to his treasons to encline.[5]

11.

Whereto I was prepared long before,
My brother had beene to mee so vnkinde:
For sure no cankar fretteth flesh so sore,[6]
As vnkinde dealing doth a louing minde:
Loue's strongest bandes vnkindnes doth vnbinde,
It moueth loue to malice, zeale to hate,
Chiefe friendes to foes, and brethren to debate.

12.

And though the earle of *Warwicke*, subtile sire
Perceiude I bare a grudge against my brother,
Yet toward his feate to set mee more on fire,
Hee kindled vp one firebrand with another:

[1] Wan. 1578.
[2] That litle passinge on them that brought him in,
Forgat his frendes, and set at naught his kin. 1578.
[3] His dealinge ingrate. 1578.
[4] From prison to enlarge Henry, the sely kinge,
Him to restore to kingdome. 1578.
[5] To his ill practise the sooner to encline. 1578.
[6] Because the king to me was so vnkinde,
No canker sure, soft flesh doth fret so sore. 1578.

For knowing fancy was the forcing rother
Which stirreth youth to any kinde of strife,
Hee offered mee his daughter to my wife.

13.

Where through, and with his crafty filed tongue,
Hee stale my heart that earst vnsteady was,
For I was witlesse, wanton, fond and yong,
Whole bent to pleasure, brittle as the glasse,
I can not lye, *In vino veritas:*
I did esteeme the bewty of my bryde
Aboue my selfe, and all the world beside.

14.

These fond affections ioynd with lacke of skill,
(Which trap the heart, and blind the eyes of youth,
And pricke the minde to practise any ill)
So tickled mee, that voyde of kindly truth,
(Which if it want all wretchednes[1] ensueth)
I stinted not to persecute my brother,
Til time hee left his kingdom to another.

15.

Thus carnall loue did quench the loue of kinde,
Till lust were lost through fancy fully fed:
But whan at length I came vnto my minde,
I saw how lewdly lightnes had mee led,
To seeke with payne the perill of my heade:
For had king *Henry* once beene setled sure,
I was assurde my dayes could not endure.

16.

And therefore, though I bound my selfe with[2] oth
To help king *Henry* all that euer[3] I might,
Yet at the treaty of my brethren both,

[1] Wickedness. 1559. [2] By. 1559, 63. [3] Ere. N.

Which reason graunted to require but right:
I left his part, whereby hee perisht quite:
And reconcilde mee to my brethren twayne,
And so came *Edward* to the crowne agayne.

17.

This made my father[1] in law to fret and fume,
To stamp and stare, and call mee false forsworne,
And at the length with all his power, presume
To help king *Henry*, vtterly forlorne:
Our friendly proffers still hee tooke in scorne,
Refused peace, and came to *Barnet* fielde,
And there was kild, because hee would not yeelde.

18.

His brother also there with him was slayne,
Whereby decayed the keyes of chiualrye:
For neuer liu'd the matches of them twayne,
In manhood, power, and martiall pollecy,
In vertuous thewes, and friendly constancy,
That would to God, if it had bene his will,
They might haue tournde to vs and liued still.

19.

But what shalbe, shall bee: there is no choyse,
Thinges needes must driue as desteny decreeth,
For which wee[2] ought in all our haps reioyce,
Because the eye eterne all things foreseeth
Which to no ill at any tyme agreeth,
For ills, to ill to vs, be good to it,
So far his skill's exceede our reach of wit.

20.

The wounded man which must abyde the smart
Of stitching vp, or searing of his sore,
As thing to bad, reproues the surgeon's art

[1] My sire. N. [2] We, omitted. 1571, 78.

Which not withstanding doth his health restore.
The childe likewise to science plied sore,
Counts knowledge ill, his teacher to be wood,
Yet surgery and sciences be good.

21.

But as the pacient's griefe and scholer's payne,
Cause them deme bad such things as sure be best,
So want of wisdome causeth vs complaine
Of euery hap, wherby we seme opprest:
The poore doe pine for pelfe, the rich for rest,
And when as losse or sicknesse vs assayle
We curse our fate, our fortune we bewayle.

22.

Yet for our good, God worketh euery thing:
For, through the death of these two noble peres,
My brother liu'd and raynde a quiet king,
Who, had they liued, perchaunce in course of years
Would haue deliuered *Henry* fro the breres,
Or holpe his sonne t'[1]enioy the carefull crowne,
Wherby our line should haue bene quite put downe.

23.

A carefull crowne it may be iustly named,
Not onely for the cares thereto annext,[2]
To see the subiect well and duly framed,
With which good care few kings are greatly vext,
But for the dred wherwith they are perplext,
Of losing lordship, liberty, or life:
Which wofull wracks in kingdoms happen ryfe.

24.

The which to shun while some to sore haue sought,
They haue not sparde all persons to suspect:
And to destroy such as they gilty thought,

[1] To. 1559, 63. [2] Not for the cares which thereto bene annext. 1578.

Though no apparaunce proued them infect.
Take me for one of this wrong punisht sect,
Imprisonde first, accused without cause,
And done to death, no processe had by lawes.

25.

Wherin I note how vengeaunce doth acquite
Like yll for yll, how vices vertue quell:
For as my mariage loue did me excite
Agaynst the king my brother to rebell,
So loue to haue his children prosper well,
Prouoked him, agaynst both law and right,
To murder me, his brother, and his knight.

26.

For by his queene two princelyke sonnes he had,
Borne to be punisht for their parent's synne:
Whose fortunes kalked made the father sad,
Such wofull haps were found to be therin:
Which to auouch, writ in a rotten skin,
A prophesie was found, which sayd, a G
Of *Edward's* children should destruction bee.

27.

Mee to bee G, because my name was *George*,
My brother thought, and therefore did mee hate,
But woe be to the[1] wicked heads that forge
Such doubtfull dreames to breede vnkinde debate:
For God, a gleue, a gibbet, grate, or gate,
A Gray, a Griffeth, or a Gregory,
As well as George, are written with a G.

28.

Such doubtfull riddles are no prophesies:
For prophesies, in writing though obscure,
Are playne in sence, the darke be very lies:

[1] That. 1578.

What God foresheweth is euident and pure,
Truth is no harold nor noe sophist sure:
She noteth not men's names, their shieldes, nor creasts,
Though she compare them vnto byrds and beasts.

29.

But whom she doth forshewe shall rayne by force,
She tearms a wolfe, a dragon, or a beare:
A wilfull prince, a raynlesse ranging[1] horse:
A bold, a lion: a cowarde much in feare,
A hare or harte: a crafty, pricked eare:
A leacherous, a bull, a goate, a foale:
An vndermyner, a moldwarpe, or a mole.

30.

By knowen beastes thus truth doth playne declare
What men they be of whom shee speakes before:
And who so can men's properties compare
And marke what beast they doe resemble more:
Shall soone discerne who is the griesly bore:
For God by beastes expresseth men's condicions,
And not theyr badges, haroldes superstícions.

31.

And learned *Merlyne*, whom God gaue[2] the sprite
To know and vtter princes actes to come,
Like to the Iewish prophets, did recite
In shade of beastes, theyr doings all and some,
Expressing plaine by maners of the dome,
That kinges and lordes such propertyes should haue
As haue the beastes whose name he to them gaue.

32.

Which while the foolish did not well consider,
And seeing princes gaue, for difference
And knowledge of theyr issues mixt together,

[1] Raging. 1578, 87. [2] Haue, misprint. 1563, 71.

All maner beastes for badges of pretence,
There tooke those badges to expresse the sence
Of *Merlyne's* minde, and those that gaue the same,
To bee the princes noted by theyr name.

33.

And hereof sprang the false namde prophesies,
That goe by letters, siphers, armes, or sines:
Which all bee foolish, false, and crafty lyes,
Deuisde by gesse, or guiles vntrue deuines:
For whan they saw that many[1] of many lynes
Gaue[2] armes alyke, they wist not which was hee
Whom *Merlyne* ment the noted beast to bee.

34.

For all the broode of *Warwicke's* gaue the beare,
The *Buckinghams* doe likewise gieue the swan:
But which beare bearer should the lyon teare
They were as wise as *Goose* the fery man:
Yet in theyr skill they ceased not to scan,
And to bee deemed of the people wise,
Set forth theyr gloses vpon[3] prophesies.

35.

And whome they douted openly to name
They darkely tearmed or by some letter ment,
For so they thought, how euer the world did frame,
Preserue themselues from shame, or being shent:
For, howsoeuer contrary it went,
They might expound their meaning otherwise,
As haps in things should newely still arise.

36.

And thus there grewe of a mistaken truth,
An art so false as made the true suspect:
Whereof hath come much mischiefe, more the ruth

[1] That some. N. [2] Giue. N. [3] On. 1571, 78.

That errours should our mindes so much infect,
True prophets[1] haue fowly beene reiect:
The false, which breede both murder, warre, and strife,
Beleeued to the losse[2] of many a good man's life.

37.

And therefore, *Baldwine*, teach men to discerne,
Which prophecies be false and which bee true:
And for a ground this lesson let them learne,
That all bee false which are deuised newe:
The age of thinges are iudged by the hue:
All riddels made by letters, names or armes,
Are yong and false, far worse then witche's charmes.

38.

I knowe thou musest at this lore of mine,
How I, no studient, should haue learned it:
And dost impute it to the fume of wine
That stirs the tongue, and sharpneth vp the wit:
But harke, a friend did teach mee euery whit,
A man of mine, in all good knowledge rife,
For which hee guiltlesse lost his learned life.

39.

This man abode my seruaunt many a day,
And still in study set his whole delight:
Which taught mee more then I could beare away
Of euery arte: and by his searching sight
Of thinges to come hee would foreshew as right,
As I rehearse the pageants that were past:
Such perfectnes God gaue him at the last.

40.

He knew my brother *Richard* was the bore,
Whose tuskes should teare my brother's boyes and me,
And gaue me warning therof long before:

[1] Prophecies, 1559, 63, [2] Beleeu'd to losse. N.

But wyt nor warning can in no degree
Let thinges to hap, which are ordainde to bee:
Witnesse the painted lionesse, which slue
A prince imprisoned, lyons to eschewe.

41.

He told me eke[1] my yoke fellow should dy,
(Wherin would God he had bene no deuyne)
And after her death I[2] should woo earnestly
A spouse, wherat my brother would repine,
And finde the meanes she should be none of[3] mine:
For which such malice should among vs ryse,
As saue my death no treaty should decise.

42.

And as he sayd, so all things came to passe:
For whan king *Henry* and his sonne were slaine,
And euery broyle so throughly quenched was
That the king my[4] brother quietly did raygne,
I, reconciled to his loue agayne,
In prosperous health did leade a quiet lyfe,
For fiue yeares space with honours laden rife.

43.

And to augment the fulnesse of my blisse,
Two louely children by my wife I had:
But froward hap, whose maner euer is
In chiefest ioy to make the happy sad,
Bemixt my sweete with bitternes too bad:
For while I swam in ioyes on euery side,
My louing wife, my cheifest iewell dyed.

[1] To. 1559.
[2] And she being dead I. N.
[3] Of, wanting. 1563.
[4] That then my. N.

44.

Whose lacke whan sole I had bewaylde a yeare,
The duke of *Burgoine's* wife, dame *Margarete*,
My louing sister willing me to chere,
To mary[1] agayne did kindely me intreate:
And wisht me matched with a mayden nete,
A step daughter of her's, duke *Charles'* hayre,[2]
A noble damsell, yong, discrete and fayre.

45.

To whose desire because I did enclyne,
The king my brother douting my degree
Through prophesies, against vs did repyne,
And at no hand would to our wills agree:
For which such rancoure pearst both him and mee,
That face to face we fell at flat defiaunce,
But were appeased by frends of our aliaunce.

46.

Howbeit my mariage vtterly was dasht:
Wherin because my seruant sayd his minde,
A meane was sought wherby he mought[3] be lasht:
And, for they could no crime agaynst him fynd,
They forgde a fault the people's eyes to blinde,
And told he should by sorceries pretend
To bring the king vnto a spedy ende.

47.

Of all which poynts he was as innocent
As is the babe that lacketh kindely breth:
And yet condemned by the king's assent,
Most cruelly put to a shamefull death:

[1] To wed. N.
[2] Hys hayer. 1559, 63. N.
[3] Might. 1559. N.

This fierd my hart, as foulder doth the heath:
So that I could not but exclame and cry,
Agaynst so great and open iniury.

48.

For this I was commaunded to the tower,
The king my brother was so cruel harted,
And when my brother *Richard* saw the hower
Was come, for which his hart so sore had smarted,
He thought it best take time before it parted:
For he endeuoured to attayne the crowne,
From which my life must nedes haue held him downe.

49.

For though the king within a while had died,
As nedes he must, he surfayted so oft,
I must haue had his children in my guyde,
So *Richard* should besyde the crowne haue coft:
This made him ply the while the wax was soft,
To finde a meane to bring me to an ende,
For realm-rape spareth neyther kin nor frend.

50.

And whan hee sawe how reason can asswage
Through length of time my brother *Edward's* ire,
With forged tales hee set him newe in rage,
Till at the last they did my death conspire:
And though my truth sore troubled their desire,
For all the world did knowe mine innocence,
Yet they agreede to charge mee with offence.

51.

And, couertly, within the tower they calde
A quest, to geue such verdite as they should:
Who what with feare and what with fauour thralde,
Durst not pronounce but as my brethren would:

And though my false accusers neuer could
Proue ought they sayd, I guiltlesse was condemned:
Such verdites passe where iustice is contemned.

52.

This feate atchiued, yet could they not for shame
Cause mee bee kild by any[1] common way,
But like a wolfe the tyrant *Richard* came,
(My brother, nay my butcher I may say)[2]
Unto the tower when all men were away,[3]
Saue such as were prouided for the feate:
Who in this wise did straungely mee entreate.

53.

His purpose was with a prepared string
To strangle mee: but I bestird mee so,
That by no force they could mee therto bring,
Which caused him that purpose to forgo:
Howbeit they bound mee, whether I would or no,
And in a but of malmesey standing by,
Newe christned mee, because I should not cry.[4]

[1] Bereue my lyfe by any. 1578.
[2] Nay butcher I may rightly say. 1578.
[3] Tower, commaundinge all away. 1578.
[4] In the xvii yere of king Edward, there fel a sparcle of priuy malice betwen the king and his brother the duke of Clarence: whether it rose of old grudges before tyme passed, or were it newly kyndled and set a fyre by the quene or her bloud, which were euer mistrustyng and priuely barkyng at the kynge's lignage, or were he desirous to reigne after his brother: to men that haue thereof made inquisicion, of suche as were of no small authoritie in those daies, the certayntie therof was hyd, and coulde not truely be disclosed, but by coniectures, which as often deceyue the imaginacions of fantastical folke, as declare truthe to them in their conclusion. The fame was that the kyng or the quene, or bothe, sore troubled with a folysh prophesye, and by reason therof began to stomacke and greuously togrudge against the duke. The effect of which was, after kyng Edward should reigne, one whose firste letter of his name should be a G. and because the deuel is wont with suche wytchcraftes, to wrappe and illaqueat the myndes of men, which delyte in such deuelyshe fantasyes, they sayd afterward that that prophesie lost not his effect, when after king Edward, Glocester vsurped hys kyngdome. Other allege this to

54.

Thus drownde I was, yet for no due desert,
Except the zeale of iustice bee a crime:
False prophecies bewitcht king *Edward's* hart,
My brother *Richard* to the crowne would clime:
Note these three causes in thy rufull rime,
And boldly say they did procure my fall,
And death of deaths most straunge and hard of all.

55.

And warne all[1] princes prophecyes to eschue,
That are to darke and doubtfull to be knowen:
What God hath sayd, that cannot but ensue,
Though all the worlde would haue it ouerthrowne:
When men suppose by fetches of theyr owne
To fly theyr fate, they furder on the same,
Like quenching blastes which[3] oft reuiue the flame.

---

be the cause of his death: that of late, the olde rancor betwene them beyng newly reuiued (the which betwene no creatures can be more vehement then betwene bretheren, especially when it is fermely radicate) the duke beyng destitute of a wife, by the meanes of lady Margaret duches of Burgoyn, hys syster, procured to haue the lady Marye, doughter and heyre to duke Charles her husbande, to bee geuen to hym in matrimony: whiche mariage kyng Edward (enuyenge the felicitie of hys brother) bothe agayne sayed and disturbed. Thys priuy displeasure was onely appeased, but not inwardly forgotten, nor outwardly forgeuen, for that notwythstandyng a seruaunt of the duke's was sodainly accused (I can not saie of truth, or vntruely suspected by the duke's enemies) of poysonyng, sorcery, or inchaunmente, and thereof condempned, and put to take the paynes of death. The duke, whiche might not suffer the wrongfull condemnacion of hys man (as he in hys conscience adiudged) nor yet forbere, nor paciently suffer the vniust handelyng of hys trusty seruaunt, dayly dyd oppugne and wyth yll woordes murmur at the doyng thereof. The kyng muche greued and troubled with hys brother's dayly querimonye, and contynuall exclamacion, caused hym to be apprehended, and cast into the Towre, where he beyng taken and adjudged for a traytor, was priuely drowned in a but of Malmesey. *Hall.*

[1] All, omitted. 1578.
[2] T'eschue. N.
[3] Like blasts of winde which. 1578.

56.

Will princes therefore, not to thinke by murder
They may auoyde what prophecyes behight,
But by theyr meanes, theyr mischiefes they may furder,
And cause God's vengeaunce heauier to alight:
Woe worth the wretch that striues with God's foresight:
They are not wise, but wickedly do arre,
Which thinke yll deedes due destenies may barre.

57.

For if wee thinke that prophecyes be true,
We must beleue it cannot but betyde,
Which God in them foresheweth shall ensue,
For his decrees vnchaunged doe abide:
Which to be true my brethren both haue tryed,
Whose wicked warkes warne princes to detest,
That other's harmes may keepe them better blest.[1]

[1] Without signature, by W. Baldwin.

[By that this tragedy was ended, night was so nere come that wee could not conueniently tary together any longer: and therefore sayd maister *Ferrers:* "It is best my maisters to stay here. For wee be come now[1] to the end of *Edward* the fourth's raigne.[2] For the last whom wee finde vnfortunate therein, was the duke of *Clarence:* in whose behalfe I commend much that which hath bene noted. Let vs therefore for this time leaue with him, and this day seauen nights hence, if your busines will so suffer, let vs all meete here together[3] agayne. And you shall see that in the meane season I will not only deuise vpon this my selfe, but cause diuers other of my acquayntance, which can doe very well, to helpe vs forwarde with the rest." To this euery man gladly agreed. "Howbeit," sayd[4] another, "seing we shall end at *Edward* the fourth's end, let himselfe make an ende of our daye's labour, with the same oration which maister *Skelton* made in his name, the tenour whereof, so far as I remember, is as foloweth.][5]

[1] Be now come. 1578. [2] Fowerth hys raygne. 1559, 63.
[3] And some other day when your leasure will beste serue, let us mete here altogether. 1578.
[4] Quod. 1559, 63.
[5] In his name, the true copy wherof, as hee wrote the same, I haue here readye to be red. 1578.

HOWE KING EDWARD

the fourth[1] *through his surfeting and*

vntemperate life, sodaynly dyed

in the middest of his prosperity, the

nynth of Aprill, Anno 1483.

1.

Miserremini mei yee that bee my frendes,
This world hath formed mee downe to fall:
How may I endure whan that euery thing ends?
What creature is borne to be eternall?
Now there is no more but pray for mee all,
Thus say I, *Edward*, that late was your king,
And twenty-two[2] yeares ruled this imperiall,[3]
Some vnto pleasure and some to no lyking:
Mercy I aske of my misdoyng,
What avayleth it frendes to bee my foe?
Sith I caunot resist, nor amend your complayning,
Quia ecce[4] *nunc in puluere dormio.*

2.

I sleepe now in mould as it is naturall,
As earth vnto earth hath his reuerture:
What ordayned God to bee terrestriall,[5]

[1] The fourth, added. 1571.
[2] xxiij. 1559, 63.
[3] And yeres xxii bare scepter ryall. 1578.
[4] *Et ecce.* 1578.
[5] God in the world vniuersall. 1578.

Without recourse to the earth by nature?
Who to liue euer may himselfe assure?
What is it to trust to mutability?
Sith that in this worlde nothing may endure:
(For now am I gone that was late in prosperity)
To presume thereuppon it is but[1] vanity:
Not certayne, but as a chery fayre full of wo:
Raigned not I of late in great prosperity?[2]
Et ecce in nunc puluere dormio.

3.

Where was in my life such an one as I,
While lady fortune had with me[3] continuaunce:
Graunted not shee mee to haue victory,
In *England* to raigne and to contribute *Fraunce?*
Shee tooke mee by the hand and led me a daunce,
And with her sugred lips on mee shee smyled,
But what for dissembled countenaunce,
I could not beware till I was beguyled:
Now from this world shee hath mee exiled,
Whan I was lothest hence for to goe,
And am in age as[4] (who sayth) but a childe,
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

4.

I had enough, I held mee not content,
Without remembraunce that I should dye:
And moreouer to encroch redy was I bent,
I knew not how long I should it occupye,
I made the towre strong, I wist not why:
I knew not to whom I purchased *Tartersall:*
I mended *Douer* on the mountayne hye:

[1] But a. 1559, 63. [2] Great felicity. 1578.
[3] With me had. 1559, 63, 71, 75, 78.
[4] As, restored from the correction of the press, ed. 1563.

And *London* I prouoked to fortify the wall:
I made *Notingham* a place full royall:
Windsore, *Eltam*, and many other mo,
Yet at the last I went from them all,
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

5.

Where is now my conquest and victory?
Where is my riches and royall array?
Where be my coursers and my horses hye,
Where is my myrth, my solace, and my play?
As vanity to nought all[1] is wythered away:
O lady *Bes* long for mee may you call,
For I am departed vntill dome's day:
But loue you that lord that is soueraine of all:
Where bee my castles and buildings royall?
But *Windsore* alone now haue I no moe,
And of *Eton* the prayers perpetuall,
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

6.

Why should a man bee prowde or presume hye?
Saint *Bernard* thereof nobly doth treate,
Saying a man is but a sacke of stercory,
And shall retourne vnto wormes meate:
Why, what became of *Alexander* the great?
Or else of strong *Sampson*, who can tell?
Were not wormes ordaynde theyr flesh to freate?
And of *Salomon* that was of wit the well,
Absolon preferred his hayre for to sell,
Yet for his bewty wormes eate him also,
And I but late in honoures did excell,
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

[1] Nought els. 1578.

7.

I haue played my pageant, now am I past,
Yee wot well all I was of no great elde:
Thus all thing concluded shalbe at the last,
When death approcheth then lost is the fielde:
Then seing this world me no longer vpheld,
(For nought would conserue mee here in this place)
In manus tuas Domine my spirit vp I yeelde,
Humbly beseeching thee, O God, of thy grace,
O you courteous commons your heartes embrace,
Beningly now to pray for mee also,
For right well you[1] know your king I was:
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.[2]

[1] Ye. 1578.

[2] Whan this was said, euery man tooke hys leave of other, and departed: and I the better to acquyte my charge, recorded and noted all such matters as they had willed me.

Such is the conclusion of the edition of 1559 *which is noted in that of* 1563 *by there immediately following:*

Thus endeth the first parte.

The new legends, in the edition of 1563, *form a second part, whereto is prefixed the following induction, which is abridged in the edition of* 1571, *according to the text of the next page.*

The seconde parte of the Mirrour for Magistrates. William Baldwyn to the reader. The tyme beynge cum, whan (according to our former appoyntment) we should meete together agayne to deuyse vpon the tragicall affayres of our English rulers, I with suche storyes as I had procured and prepared, went to the place wherein we had debated the former parte. There founde I the prynter, and all the rest of our frendes and furderers assembled and tarying for vs, save maister Ferrers, who shortly after according to hys promys came thyther. Whan we had blamed hym for hys long tarying, he satisfyed vs fully with this reasonable excuse. "I haue been letted," quoth he, "dyuers wayes, but chyeflye in taryeng for suche tragedyes, as many of our frendes at myne instauns vndertoke to discours, wherof I am sure you wyll be right glad: for moe wits are better then one, and diuersity of deuice is alway most plesante. And although I have presentlye brought but a fewe, becaus no moe are redye, yet shall you be sure hereafter to have all the rest, which notable men haue vndertaken: wherof sum are half doen, sum more, sum less, sum scarce begun, which maketh me thynke that the dyuersytye of braynes in divisyng, is lyke the sundrynes of beastes in engendryng: for sum wyttes are readye, and dispatch many matters spedilye, lyke the conye which lyttereth every moneth: sum other are slowe lyke the olyfaunt, skarce delyueryng any matter in x yeares. I dispraise neyther of these byrthes, for both be naturall: but I commende most the meane, whiche is neyther to slowe nor to swyft, for that is lion-lyke, and therfore most noble. For the ryght poet doth neyther through haste bring furth swift feble

[WHAN this was sayd, euery man for that[1] time tooke his leaue of other, and departed (for then it waxed darke) appointing a new day of meeting, which being come, we met all together againe. And whan we had saluted one another, then one tooke the booke, and began to read the story of king *Edward* the fifte: (for there wee left) and when hee came to the apprehending of the lord *Riuers:* "Stay there I pray you," sayd I, "for here is his complaint. For the better vnderstanding whereof, you must imagine that he was accompanied with the lord *Richard Gray*, *Hawt*, and *Clappam*, whose infortunes hee bewaileth after this maner."]

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rabettes, neither doth he weary men in lookyng for hys strong ioyntles olyphantes: but in reasonable tyme he bryngeth furth a perfect and liuely lion, not a bear whelp that must be longar in lyckyng than in breedynge. And yet I knowe manye that dooe hyghly lyke that lumpysh deliuery. But every man hath hys gyft, and the diuersitie of our mindes maketh every thing to be liked. And therfore while the oliphantes are in bredyng (to whom I haue therfore geuen the latter storyes) I haue brought you such as are allready doen, to be publyshed in the mean season, wherin there nedeth no furder labour, but to place them in due order. Loe you, Baldwyne, here is of myne owne the duke of Somerset slain at S. Albons with other which I promysed, whom I wysh you shoulde place last: there is also Shore's wyfe, trimly handled by master Churchyard, which I pray you place where you thynk most conuenient. Here are other also of other mens, but they are rabettes. Do with them as you thynk best. I would tary with a good wyll and helpe you in the order, saue that my busines is great and weighty, but I know you can do it wel inough, and therfore, tyl we meet agayne I will leaue you" Than deliuered he the tragedyes vnto me, and departed. Dyuers of the rest lykyng hys deuyse, vsed the lyke maner: for the prynter delyvered vnto me the lord Hastynges penned by maister Dolman, and kyng Rychard the third, compiled by Frauncis Segars. "Then," sayd I "wel my masters sith you thinke yt good to charge me with the order, I am contented therwith: for as you haue doen, so have I lykewyse procured sum of my frendes to ayd vs in our labour, for master Sackvyle hath aptly ordered the duke of Buckkyngham's oracion, and master Cavyl the black smythe's, and other." "I pray you, quoth one of the cumpany, "let vs heare them" "Nay soft," quoth I, "we wyl take the cronycles, and note theyr places, and as they cum so will we orderly reade them al." To thys they all agreed. Then one tooke the cronicle whom therfore we made, and call the reder, and he began to rede the story of prince Edward called the fift king of that name: and whan he came to the apprehending of the lord Riuers: "Stay ther, I pray you," quoth I, "for here is hys complaynt: for the better vnderstanding wherof you must ymagin that he was accompanyed with the lord Richard Graye, and with Hault and Clappam, whose infortunes he bewayleth after this manner.

[1] The. 1578.

HOWE SYR ANTHONY

Woduile Lord Riuers and Scales,

Gouernour of Prince Edward,

was with his Nephue Lord Richard

Gray and other causelesse im-

prisoned and cruelly

murdered, Anno

1483.[1]

1.

As seely suiters letted by delayes
To shew their prince the meaning of their minde,
That long haue bought their brokers yeas and nays,
And neuer the nyer, doe dayly wayte to finde
The prince's grace, from waighty affaires vntwind:
Which time attaynde, by attending all the yeare,
The weried prince will than no suyters heare:

2.

My case[2] was such not many dayes agoe,
For, after bruite had blazed all abroade,
That *Baldwine*, through the ayde of[3] other moe,

[1] Anno 1483, added. 1571. [2] Cause. 1578.
[3] That one Baldwin by help of. 1578.

Of fame or shame fall'n[1] princes would vnloade,
Out from our graues wee got[2] without abode,
And preaced forward with the ruefull[3] rout,
That sought to haue their doinges boulted out.

3.

But whan I had long tended[4] for my turne
To tell my tale, as diuers other did,
In hope I should no longer while soiourne,
But from my suites haue speedely ben ryd,
Whan course and place both orderly had bid
Mee shewe my minde, and I preparde to say,
The hearers pausde, arose, and went their way.

4.

These doubtfull doings draue mee to my dumpes,
Uncertaine what should moue them so to doe:
I feared least affections lothly lumpes
Or inward grudge had driuen[5] them thereto,
Whose wicked stinges all storyes truth vndoe,
Oft causing good to bee reported ill,
Or drownd in suds of *Læthe's* muddy swill.

5.

For hitherto slye wryters wily wits,
Which haue engrossed princes chiefe affayres,
Haue bene like horses snaffled with the bits
Of fancy, feare, or doubts full deepe dispayres,
Whose raynes enchained to the cheifest chayres,
Haue so bene straynde of those that bare the stroke
That truth was forste to chow or els to choke.

[1] Fallen. 1563, 71. [2] We stert. 1578.
[3] Preaced forth among the ruful. 1578.
[4] Attended. 1563.
[5] Moved. 1578.

6.

This caused such as lothed lowd to ly,
To passe with silence sundry princes lyues:
Lesse fault it is to leaue, then leade awry,
And better dround, then[1] euer bound in gyues:
For fatall fraud this world so fondly driues,
That whatsoeuer writer's braines may brue
Bee it neuer so false, at length is tane for true.

7.

What harme may hap by help of lying pennes,
How written lies may lewdely bee mayntainde,
The lothly rites, the diuilishe ydoll dennes,
With guiltlesse bloud of vertuous men bestaynde,
Is such a proofe as all good hartes haue plainde,
The taly groundes of stories throughly tries,
The death of martyrs vengeaunce on it cries.

8.[2]

Far better therefore not to write at all,
Than staine the truth, for any maner cause,
For this they meane to let my story fall,
(Thought I) and ere my time theyr[3] volume clause:
But after I knew it only was a pause
Made purposely, most for the reader's ease,
Assure thee, *Baldwine*, highly it did mee please.

9.

For[4] freshest wits I know will sone be weary,
In reading long what euer booke it bee,
Except it bee vaine matter, strange, or mery,
Well sauste with lies, and glared all with glee,

[1] That. 1563. [2] This stanza omitted. N.
[3] Theyr, restored from 1563. The others read: my.
[4] The. N.

With which because no graue truth may agree,
The closest stile for stories is the meetest,
In rufull moanes the shortest fourme is sweetest.

10.

And sith the playnts already by thee pende,
Are briefe inough, the nomber also small,
The tediousnesse I thinke doth none offend,
Saue such as haue no lust to learne at all:
Regard none such, no matter what they brall,
Warne thou the wary least they hap to stumble,
As for the carelesse, care not what they mumble.

11.

My life is such as (if thou note it well)
May cause the witty wealthy[1] to beware:
For their sakes therefore playnly will I tell,
How false and cumbrous worldly honours are,
How cankred foes bring carelesse folke to care,
How tyrauntes suffered and not queld in time,
Doe cut theyr throates that suffer them to clime.

12.

Neither will I hyde the chiefest point of all
Which wisest rulers least of all regarde,
That was and will bee cause of many a fall:
This cannot bee too earnestly declarde
Because it is so seeld, and slackly harde,
The abuse[2] and scorning of God's ordinaunces,
Is chiefest cause of care and woefull chaunces.

13.

God's holy orders highly are abused
Whan men doe chaunge their ends for straunge respects:
They scorned are, whan they bee cleane refused,

[1] Wise and welthy. 1578. [2] Th'abuse. N.

For that they cannot serue our fond affects:
The one our shame, the other our sinne detects:
It is a shame for christians to abuse them,
But deadly sinne for scorners to refuse them.

14.

I meane not this al onely of degrees
Ordainde by God for people's preseruation,
But of his lawe, good orders, and decrees,
Prouided for[1] his creature's conseruation:
And specially the state of procreation,
Wherein wee here the number of them encrease,
Which shall in heauen enioy eternall peace.

15.

The only end why God ordayned this,
Was for th'[2] encreasing of that blessed nombre
For whom hee had preparde eternall blisse:
They that refuse it for the care or cumbre,
Being apt thereto, are in a sinfull slumbre:
No fond respect, no vayne devised vowes,
Can quit or bar what God in charge allowes.

16.

" It is not good for man to liue alone:"
Sayd God, and therfore made he him a make:
" Sole life," sayd Christ, " is graunted few or none,
All seede sheders are bound like wiues to take:"
Yet not for lust, for landes, or riches sake,
But to beget and foster so theyr fruite,
That heauen and earth be stored with the suite.

[1] For, omitted in the text, 1563, but corrected by the faults escaped. The erroneous text followed. 1571, 75, 78.
[2] The. 1563, 71, 75, 78.

17.

But as this[1] state is damnably refused,
Of many apt and able thereunto,
So is it likewise wickedly abused
Of all that vse it as they should not doe:
Wherein are guilty all the greedy, who
For gayne, for friendship, landes, or honoures wed,
And these pollute the vndefiled bed.

18.

And therefore God, through iustice cannot cease
To plague these faults with sundry sortes of whips:
As disagreement, health's, or welth's decrease,
Or lothing sore the neuer liked lips:
Disdayne also with rigour some times nips
Presuming mates, vnequally that match:
Some bitter leauen sowers the musty batch.

19.

We worldly folke account him very wise
That hath the wit most welthely to wed:
By all meanes therefore, alwayes, wee deuise
To see our yssue rich in spousals sped:
Wee buy and sell rich orphanes, babes scant bred
Must mary, ere they know what mariage meanes,
Boyes mary old trots, old fooles wed yong queanes.

20.

Wee call this wedding, which, in any wise,
Can bee no mariage, but pollution playne:
A new found trade of humane marchaundise,
The deuil's net, a filthy fleshly gayne,
Of kinde and nature an vnnaturall stayne,
A fowle abuse of God's most holy order,
And yet allowde almost in euery border.

[1] The. N.

21.

Would God I were the last that shall haue cause
Agaynst this creping cankar to complayne,
That men would so regard theyr maker's lawes,
That all would leaue the lewdenes of theyr brayne,
That holy orders holy might remayne,
That our respects in wedding should not choke
The end and fruite of God's most holy yoke.

22.

The sage king *Solon*, after that hee sawe
What mischiefs follow missought mariages,
To barre all baits, established this lawe:
No friend nor father shall gieue herytages,
Coyne, cattell, stuffe, or other cariages,
With any mayde for dowry, or wedding sale,
By any meane, on paine of banning bale.

23.

Had this good law in *England* beene in force,
My father had not so cruelly beene slaine,
My brother had not causles lost his corps,
Our mariage had not bred vs such disdayne,
My selfe had lackt great part of greuous payne:
We wedded wiues for dignity and landes,
And left our liues in enuie's[1] bloudy handes.

24.

My father hight syr *Richard Woduile*, hee
Espousde the duches of *Bedford*,[2] and by her
Had yssue males my brother *Iohn*, and mee
Calde *Anthony:* king *Edward* did prefer
Us farre aboue the state wherein wee were,

[1] Enmies. 1578. [2] Espoused Bedford duchesse. N.

For hee espousde[1] our sister *Elizabeth*,
Whom syr *Iohn Gray* made wydow by his death.

25.

How glad were wee, thinke you, of this alyaunce?
So neerely coupled with so noble[2] a king:
Who durst with any of vs bee[3] at defiaunce
Thus made of might the mightyest to wring?
But fye, what cares doe highest honoures bring?
What carelesnes our selues or frendes to knowe?
What spyte and enuy both of high and lowe?

26.

Because the king had made our sister queene,
It was his honour to prefer her kin:
And sith the redyest way, as wisest weene,
Was first by wedding welthy heyres to win,
It pleasde the prince by[4] like meane to begin:
To mee hee gaue the rich lord *Scales* his heyre,
A vertuous mayde, in my minde very[5] fayre.

27.

Hee ioyned to my brother *Iohn*, the olde
Duches of *Northfolke* notable of fame:
My nephue *Thomas* (who had in his holde
The honour and right of marquise *Dorcet's* name)
Espoused *Cicelie*, a right welthy dame,
Lord *Bonuile's* heyre: by whome hee was possest
In all the rightes where through that house was blest.

28.

The honours that my father[6] attaynd were diuers,
First chamberlayne, then constable hee was:
I doe omit the gaynfullest, earle *Riuers:*

[1] He 'spous'd. N. [2] So great. N. [3] Bene. 1578. [4] In. 1578.
[5] In myne eye very. 1563, 71, 75, 78. [6] Sire. N.

Thus glistred wee to[1] glory, clere as glasse:
Such miracles can princes bring to passe
Among theyr lieges, whom they minde to heaue
To honours false, who all theyr gestes deceiue.

29.

Honoures are like that cruell king of *Thrace*,
With new come gestes that fed his hungry horses:
Or like the tyrant *Busiris*, whose grace
Offred his gods all straungers strangled corses:
To forreyners so hard false honor's force is,
That all her bourders, straungers, eyther geastes,
She spoyles to feede her gods and greedy beastes.

30.

Her gods be those whom God by law, or lot,
Or kinde by byrth, doth place in highest roumes,
Her beastes bee such as greedely haue got
Office, or charge, to guide the seely gromes:
These officers in law, or charge, are bromes
That sweepe away the sweete from simple wretches,
And spoyle th'[2]enriched by theyr crafty fetches.

31.

These plucke downe those whome princes set aloft,
By wresting lawes, and false conspiracyes:
Yea kings themselues by these are spoyled oft,
When wilfull princes carelesly despise
To heare th'[3]oppressed people's heauy cryes,
Nor will correct theyr polling theues, then God
Doth make those reues the reckles princes' rod.

[1] In. 1563, 71, 75, 78.
[2] The. 1563. 71, 75, 78.
[3] The. 1563, 71.

32.

The second *Richard* is a proofe of this,
Whom crafty lawyers by theyr lawes deposed:
Another patern good king *Henry* is,
Whose right by them hath[1] diuersly beene glosed,
Good while hee grew, bad whan hee was vnrosed:
And as they fodred[2] these and diuers other,
With like deceit they vsde the king my brother.

33.

While he preuayled they sayde hee owed the crowne,
All lawes and rightes agreed with the same:
But whan by driftes hee seemed to be downe,
All lawes and right extremely did him blame,
Nought saue vsurping traytour was his name:
So constantly the judges construe lawes,
That all agree still with the stronger cause.

34.

These, as I sayde, and other like in charge
Are honour's horses, whom shee feedes with gests:
For all whom princes frankly doe enlarge
With dignityes, these barke at in theyr brests,
Theyr spite, theyr might, theyr falsehoode neuer restes
Till they deuour them, sparing neyther bloud,
Ne lim, ne[3] life, and all to get theyr good.

35.

The earle of *Warwicke* was a praunsing courser,
The hawty heart of his could beare no mate:
Our welth through him waxt many a time the worser,
So cankardly hee had our kin in hate:
Hee troubled oft the kinge's vnsteady state,

[1] Haue. 1578. [2] Foaded. 1563. [3] Nor. 1563.

And that because hee would not bee his warde
To wed and worke, as hee should list awarde.

36.

Hee spited vs because wee were preferde
By mariage to dignityes so greate,
But craftely his malice hee deferde,
Till, traytorously, he found meanes to entreate
Our brother of *Clarence* to assist his feate:
Whom when hee had by mariage to him bound,
Than wrought he straight our linage to confound.

37.

Through slaunderous brutes he brued many a broyle
Throughout the realme, against the king my brother:
And raysed trayterous rebels thirsting spoyle
To murder men: of whom among all other
One *Robin* of *Riddesdale*[1] many a soule did smother,
His rascall rable at my father wroth
Tooke sire and sonne, and quicke beheaded both.

38.

This heynous act, although the king detested,
Yet was hee fayne to pardon, for the rout
Of rebels all the realme so sore infested,
That euery way assaylde, he stoode in doubt:
And though he were of courage high and stout,
Yet hee assayde by fayre meanes to asswage
His enemies ire, reueilde by rebels rage.

[1] Kiddesdale 1587. N. The Northamptonshire men with diuers of the northemen by them procured, in this fury made them a capitayne, and called hym Robyn of Riddisdale. *Hall.* Robert Hilliard who named himselfe Robin of Ridsdale. *Stowe.*

39.

But *Warwicke* was not pacified thus,
His constant rancour causeles was extreme,
No meane could serue the[1] quarell to discus,
Till hee had driuen the king out of the realme:
Neyther[2] would hee then be waked[3] from his dreame:
For when my brother was come and placed agayne,
He stinted not till hee was stoutly slaine.

40.

Then grewe the king and realme to quiet rest,
Our flocke and frends still stying higher and[4] higher:
The queene with children fruitfully was blest,
I gouernd them, it was the king's desier:
This set theyr vncles furiously on fier,
That wee, the queene's bloud, were assignde to gouerne
The prince, not they, the king's owne bloud and bretherne.

41.

This causde the duke of *Clarence* so to chafe,
That with the king hee brainlesse fell at bate:
The counsaile warely for[5] to kepe him safe
From raising tumults, as he did of late,
Imprisoned him: where through his brother's hate
He was condemnde, and murdered in such sort
As he himselfe hath truly made report.

42.

Was none abhorde these mischiefs more then I,
Yet coulde I not bee therewith discontented,
Considering that his rancoure toucht mee ny:
Els would my conscience neuer haue consented

[1] My. 1578. [2] Nor. N. [3] Awaked. 1578.
[4] An. 1563. [5] For, omitted. N.

To wish him harme, could he haue beene contented:
But feare of hurt, for sauegard of our state,
Doth cause more mischiefe then desert or hate.

43.

Such is the state that many wish to beare,
That eyther wee must with other's bloud[1] bee stainde,
Or leade our liues continually in feare:
You mounting myndes behold here what is gaynde
By coumbrous honour, painfully attainde:
A damned soule for murdring them that hate you,
Or doubtfull lyfe, in daunger lest they mate you.

44.

The cause, I thinke, why some of high degree
Doe deadly hate all sekers to ascend,
Is this: the cloyne[2] contented cannot bee
With any state, till tyme hee apprehend
The highest top, for therto clymers tend:
Which seldome is attaynd without the wracke
Of those betwene, that stay and beare him backe.

45.

To saue themselues they therfore are compeld
To hate such climers, and with wit and power
To compasse meanes where through they may bee queld,
Ere they ascend their honours to deuour:
This causde the duke of *Clarence* frowne and lowre
At mee and other, whom the king promoted
To dignities: wherin he madly doted.

46.

For seing wee were his deare allied frends,
Our furderaunce should rather haue made him glad,
Then, enmy like, to wish our wofull ends,

[1] That or we must with other's bloud. N. [2] Clowne. N.

Wee were the nerest kinsfolke that he had:
Wee ioyed with him, his sorrowe made vs sad,
But hee esteemde so much his paynted sheath,
That he disdaynd the loue of all beneath.

47.

But see how sharply God reuengeth sinne:
As hee maligned mee, and many other
His faithfull friends, and kindest of his kin,
So *Richard*, duke of *Glocester*, his very[1] brother,
Maligned him, and beastly did him smother:
A deuelish deede, a most vnkindly part,
Yet iust reuenge for his vnnaturall hart.

48.

Although this brother-queller, tirant fell,
Enuide our state as much and more then hee:
Yet did his cloaking flattery so excell
To all our frendes ward, chiefly vnto mee,
That hee appeard our trusty stay to bee:
For outwardly hee wrought our stay to furder,
Where inwardly he mynded nought saue murder.

49.

Thus in appearaunce who but I was blest?
The chiefest honors heaped on my head,
Belou'd of all, enioying quiet rest:
The forward prince by mee alone was led,
A noble impe, to all good vertues bred:
The king, my liege, without my counsaile knowne,
Agreed nought: though wisest were his owne.

50.

But quiet blisse in no state lasteth long
Assailed still by mischief many wayes:
Whose spoyling battry glowing hote and strong,

[1] Naturall. 1563. Owne. N.

No flowing welth, no force nor wisdom staies,
Her smoakles poulder beaten souldiers slaies:
By open force, foule mischief oft preuailes,
By secret sleight, shee seeld her purpose failes.

37.

The king was bent too much to foolish pleasure,
In banqueting he had so[1] greate delight:
This made him grow in grosnes out of mesure,
Which as it kindleth carnall appetite,
So quencheth it the liuelynes of the sprite:[2]
Whereof ensue such sicknes and diseases,
As none can cure, saue death, that all displeases.

52.

Through this fault furdered by his brother's fraud,
(Now God forgeiue me if I iudge amisse)
Or through that beast, his ribald, or his baud,
That larded still these sinfull lusts of his,
He sodainely forsooke all worldly blisse:
That loathed leach, that neuer welcome death,
Through spasmous humours stopped vp his breath.

53.

That time lay I at *Ludloe*, *Wales* his border,
For, with the prince, the king had sent me thyther
To stay the robberies, spoyle, and foule disorder,
Of diuers outlawes gathered there together:
Whose banding tended no man wist well whither,
When these by wisdome safely were suppressed,
Came wofull newes, our souerayne was deceassed.

54.

The griefe whereof, when reason had[3] asswaged,
Because the prince remayned in my guyde,
For his defence[4] great store of men I waged:

[1] To. misprint. 1563. [2] Of spryte. 1563. N.
[3] Was. 1578. [4] Defende. 1563, 71.

Doubting the stormes which at such tyme betyde:
But while I there thus warely did prouide,
Commaundement came to send them home agayne,
And bring the king thence with his houshold trayne.

55.

This charge sent from the counsell and the queene,
Though much agaynst my mynde I beast obayed:
The deuill himselfe wrought all the drift I weene,
Because he would haue innocents betrayed:
For ere the king were halfe his way conuayed,
A sort of traytors falsly him betrapt,
I caught afore, and close in prison clapt.

56.

The duke of *Glocester*, that incarnate deuill,
Confedred with the duke of *Buckingham*,
With eke lord *Hastings*, hasty both to euill,
To meete the king in mourning habit came,
(A cruell wolfe though clothed like a lambe)
And at *Northampton*, where as then I bayted,
They tooke theire inne, as they on mee had wayted.

57.

The king that night at *Stonystratford* lay,
A towne to small to harboure all his trayne:
This was the cause why he was gone away,
While I with other did behinde remaine:
But will yow see how falsly frendes[1] can faine?
Not *Synon* sly, whose fraude best fame rebukes,
Was halfe so suttle as these double dukes.

58.

First to myne inne commeth in my brother false,
Embraceth me: "Well met, good brother *Scales*:"
And weepes withall, the other me enhalse

[1] Among the faults corrected in ed. 1563 'frendes' is altered to 'fyendes.' In this instance it is, perhaps, best to continue the uncorrected text of the subsequent editions.

With, " welcome cosin, now welcome out of *Wales:*
O happy day, for now all stormy gales
Of strife and rancour, vtterly are swaged,
And we your[1] owne to liue, or dye, vnwaged."

59.

This proferd seruice, saust with salutations
Immoderate, might cause me to suspect:
For, commonly, in all dissimulations,
Th'xcesse[2] of glauering doth the guile detect:
Reason refuseth falsehode to dyrect:
The will therfore, for feare of being spied,
Exceedeth meane, because it wanteth guyde.

60.

This is the cause why such as fayne to weepe
Doe howle outright, or wayling cry, ah, ah,[3]
Tearing themselues, and straining sighes most deepe:
Why such dissemblers as would seeme to laugh,
Breth not tihhee, but bray out, hah, hah, hah:
Why beggers fayning brauery are the prowd'st[4]
Why cowards bragging boldnesse, wrangle lowd'st.[5]

61.

For commonly all that doe counterfayte
In any thing, exceede the naturall meane,
And that for feare of fayling in their feate:
But these conspirers couched all so cleane,
Through close demeanour, that their wyles did weane
My hart from doubts, so many a false deuice,
They[6] forged fresh, to hyde their enterprise.

[1] In faults corrected altered from 'our' to 'your,' ed. 1563. False reading preserved, 1571, 75, 78, 87, and N.
[2] The exces. 1563, 71.
[3] Cry, ah. 1563, 71, 75, 78.
[4] Proudest. 1563.
[5] Loudest. 1563.
[6] The. 1571.

62.

They supt with mee, propounding frendly talke
Of our affayres, still geuing mee the prayse:
And euer among the cups to mee ward walke:
" I drinke to you, good cuz:" each traytoure saies:
Our banquet done, when they should goe their wayes
They tooke their leaue, oft wishing mee good night,
As hartely as any creature might.

63.

A noble heart they say is lyon like,
It can not couch, dissemble, crouch, nor fayne,
How villanous were these, and how vnlike?
Of noble stocke the most ignoble stayne:
Their woluish hearts, their trayterous foxly braine,
Or proue[1] them base, of rascall race engendred,
Or from hault lynage, bastard like, degendred.

64.

Such polling heades as prayse for prudent pollicy
False practises, I wish were pact on poales:
I mean the bastard law broode, which can molifie
All kinde of causes in their crafty noales:
These vndermine all vertue, blinde as moales,
They bolster wrong, they racke and straine the right
And prayse for lawe both malice, fraud, and might.

65.

These quenche the worthy flames of noble kynde,
Prouoking best borne to the basest vices:
Through crafts they make the bouldest courage blind,
Disliking highly valiant enterprises,
And praysing vily, villanous deuices:

[1] Eyther prooue. 1563, 71, 75, 78.

These make the bore a hog, the bull an oxe,
The swan a goose, the lyon a wolfe or foxe.

66.

The lawyer *Catesby*, and his crafty feeres,
A rout that nere[1] did good in any reame,
Are they that had transformde these noble peeres:
They turnde theire bloud to melancholicke fleume,
Their courage hault to cowardise extreame,
Their force and manhoode, into traud and malice,
Their wit to wyles, stout *Hector* into *Paris*.

67.

These glauerers gone, my selfe to rest I layde,
And doubting nothing, soundly fell a sleepe:
But sodainly my seruaunts, sore afrayde,
Awaked me, and drawing sighes full deepe:
"Alas," quoth one, "my lord wee are betrayde:"
"How so," quoth I, "the dukes are gone their waies?"
"Th'haue[2] barde the gates, and borne away the kayes."

68.

While he thus spake, there came into my minde
This fearefull dreame, whereout I waked was:
I saw a riuer stopt with stormes of winde,
Wheare through a swan, a bull, and bore did passe,
Fraunching the fysh and fry, with teath of brasse,
The riuer dryde vp saue a litle streame,
Which at the last did water all the reame.

69.

Me thought this streame did drowne the cruell bore
In litle space, it grew so deepe and brode:
But hee had kilde the bull and swan before:

[1] Never. 1563, 71, 75, 78. [2] They have. 1563, 71.

Besides all this I sawe an ougly tode
Crall towarde mee, on which mee thought I trode:
But what became of her, or what of mee,
My sodayne waking woulde not let mee see.

70.

These dreames considered with this sodayne newes
So diuers from theyr doings ouer night,
Did cause me not a litle for to muse,
I blest me, and rise[1] in all the hast I might:
By this, *Aurora* spred abroade the light,
Which fro the endes of *Phebus* beames she tooke,
Who than the bulls cheife gallery forsooke.

71.

Whan I had opened the window to looke out,
There might I see the stretes ech where beset,
My inne on each side compassed about
With armed watchmen, all escapes to let:
Thus had these Neroes caught me in their net,
But to what ende I could not throughly gesse,
Such was my plainnes, such their doublenesse.

72.

My conscienoe was so clere, I could not doubt
Their deadly drift, which lesse apparaunt lay,
Because they causde their men retourne the rout
That rode toward *Stonystratford*, as they say,
Because the dukes will first be there to day:
For this (thought I) they hinder me in iest,
For giltlesse myndes doe easely deeme the best.

73.

By this the dukes were come into myne inne,
For they were lodged in an other by:
I gote mee to them, thinking it a sinne

[1] I blest me, rose. N.

Within my chamber cowardly to lye:
And merily I asked my brother, why
He vsde me so? he sterne, in euill sadnes,
Cryed out: " I arrest thee, traytour, for thy badnes."

74.

" How so," quoth I, " whence riseth your suspition?"
" Thou art a traytour," quoth he, " I thee arrest:"
" Arrest," quoth I, " why, where is your commission?"
Hee drew his weapon, so did all the rest,
Crying, " yeeld thee traytour:" I so sore distrest
Made no resistaunce, but was sent to warde,
None saue their seruants assigned to my garde.

75.

This done they sped them[1] to the king in post,
And after theyr[2] humble reuerence to him done,
They trayterously began to rule the rost,
They pickt a quarrell to my sister's sonne
Lord *Richard Gray:* the king would not bee wonne
T'agree[3] to them, yet they, agaynst all reason,
Arested him, they sayd, for haynous treason.

76.

Sir *Thomas Vaughan* and sir *Richard Hault*
Two worthy knights, were likewise apprehended,
These all were guylty in one kind of fault,
They would not like the practise then pretended:
And seeyng the king was herewith sore offended,
Backe to *Northampton* they brought him agayne,
And thence discharged most part of his trayne.

[1] Them, corrected by ed. 1563, 75, 78. Him, 1571. 87. N.
[2] Theyr, omitted. N.
[3] To agree. 1563, 71, 75, 78.

77.

There, loe! duke *Richard* made himselfe protector
Of king and realme, by open proclamation,
Though neyther king nor queene were his elector,
Thus hee presumde by lawles vsurpation:
But will you see his deepe dissimulation?
Hee sent mee a dish of daynties from his bourde
That day, and with it, this false friendly worde:

78.

"Commend mee to him, all things shalbe well,
I am his friend, bid him bee of good chere:"
These newes I prayed the messenger goe tell
My nephue *Richard*, whom I lou'd full dere:
But what hee ment by well, now shall you here,
Hee thought it well to haue vs quickly murdred,
Which not long after thorowly hee furdred.

79.

For strayt from thence wee closely were conuayed,
From iayle to iayle northward, wee wist not whither:
Where, after a while wee had in[1] sunder stayed,
At last wee met at *Pomfret* altogither:
Sir *Richard Ratcliffe* bade vs welcom thyther,
Who openly, all law and right contemned,
Beheaded vs, before wee were condemned.[2]

[1] Where after we had a while in 1563, 71, 75, 78.

[2] At dynner, the duke of Glocester sent a dyshe from his owne table to the lord Ryuers, praiyng him to bee of good chere, and all shoulde be well: he thanked him and prayed the messenger to beare it to his nephiewe the lorde Richard with like wordes whom he knewe to haue nede of comfort, as one to whom suche aduersite was straunge, but he hymselfe had bene all his daies ennured therwith, and therefore could beare it the better. But for al this message the duke of Gloucester sent the lorde Ryuers, the lord Richard, and sir Thomas Vaughan, and sir Richarde Hawte, into the north parties into diuerse prisones, but at last, al came to Pomfret where they all foure were beheaded without iudgement. *Hall.*

80.

My cosin *Richard* could not bee content
To leaue his lyfe, because hee wist not why:
Good gentleman, that neuer harme had ment,
Therefore hee asked wherefore hee should dye:
The priest, his ghostly father, did replye,
With weeping eyes: " I knowe one wofull cause,
The realme hath neyther righteous lords nor laws."

81.

Sir *Thomas Vaughan* chafing, cryed still:
" This tyrant *Glocester* is the gracelesse G,
That will his brother's children beastly kyll: "
And, least the people through his talke might see
The mischeifs toward, and thereto not agree,
Our tormentour, that false periured knight,
Bad stop our mouths, with words of high dispight.

82.

Thus dyed wee giltlesse, processe hard wee none,
No cause alleagde, no judge, nor yet accuser,
No quest empaneld passed vs vppon:
That murdrer *Ratcliffe*, law and rights refuser,
Did all to flatter *Richard* his abuser:
Unhappy both that euer they were borne,
Through giltlesse bloud that haue their soules forlorne.

83.

In part, I graunt, I well deserued this,
Because I causde not spedy execution
Bee done on *Richard*, for that murder of his,
When first hee wrought king *Henrie's* close confusion:
Not for his brother's hatefull persecution:
These cruell murders painfull death deserued,
Which had hee suffred, many had ben preserued.

84.

Warne therefore all that charge or office beare,
To see all murdrers spedely executed,
And spare them not for fauour or for feare,
By guiltles bloud the earth remaines polluted:
For lacke of justice kingdomes are transmuted:
They that saue murdrers from deserued paine
Shall, through those murdrers, miserably bee slaine.[1]

[1] Without signature: supposed by W. Baldwin

[WHAN I had read this, they liked it very well. One wished that the combat which hee fought[1] with the bastard of *Burgoine*, and the honour which he wan both with speare and axe, should not be forgotten. Another moued a question about a great matter, and that is the variaunce of the chronicles about the lord *Thomas Gray* marquise *Dorcet:* whome *Fabian* euery where calleth the queene's brother. Sir *Thomas More* and *Hall* call him the queene's sonne, [as hee was in very deede.][2] *Fabian* saith hee was gouernour of the prince, and had the conueiaunce of him from *Ludlo* towards *London*. The other (whome wee followe) say hee was than at *London* with the queene prouiding for the king's coronation, and tooke sanctuary with her, as soone as he heard of the apprehending of his vncle. This disagreing of writers is a great hinderaunce of the truth, and no small cumbraunce to such as bee diligent readers, besides the harme that may happen in succession of heritages. It were therefore a worthy and good deede for the nobility to cause all the recordes to bee sought, and a true and perfect chronicle thereout to bee written. Vnto which we refer the deciding of this and of all other like controuersies, geuing this to vnderstand in the meane time, that no man shall thinke his title either better or worse by any thing that is written in any part of this treatise. For the only thing which is purposed herein, is by example of other's miseries, to disswade all men from all sinnes and vices. If by the way wee touch any thing concerning titles, wee follow therein *Halle's* chronicle. And where wee seeme to swarue from his reasons and causes of diuers doings, there wee gather vpon coniecture such thinges as seeme most probable, or at the lest most conuenient for the furderaunce of our purpose. Whan the reader would haue proceeded in

[1] Had. 1563. [2] Words added. 1571.

the Cronicle, which straight intreateth of the vilanous destruction of the lorde *Hastinges*, I willed him to surcease, because I had there his tragedy very learnedly penned. For the better vnderstanding wherof, you must imagin that you see him newly crept out of his graue, and speaking to mee as followeth.]

HOW THE LORD HAST-

ings was betrayed, by trusting too

much to his euill counsaylour Catesby,

and vilanously murdered in the Tower

of London by Richard Duke of

Glocester, the 13 *of Iune,*

Anno 1483.[1]

1.

HASTINGS I am, whose hastned death who knewe,
My life with prayse, my death with playnt pursue:
With others fearing least my headles name
Bee wrongd, by partiall bruite of flattering fame:
Cleauing my tombe the way my fame forewent,
Though bared of loynes[2] which body and fortune lent
Earst my prowde vaunt: present, present to thee
My honour, fall, and forced destenye.[3]

[1] The 13 of June, Anno 1483. added. 1571.
[2] Loanes. 1563, 87. Loyns 1571.
[3] I am that Hastings, whose to hasty death
They blame that know wherefore I lost my breath,
Wyth others fearinge least my headlesse name
Bee wrongde, by partiall bruite of flatteringe fame:
Hearinge, O Baldwin, that thou mean'st to penne,
The lyues, and fals of English noblemen,
Myselfe here present, do present to thee,
My life, my fal, and forced destenye. 1575, 78. N.

2.

Ne feare to stayne thy credit by my tale:
In *Læthe's* floud, long since, in *Stygian* vale
Selfe loue I dreint:[1] what time hath fynde for true,
And ceaseth not, though stale, still to renue,
Recount I wil: whereof bee this the[2] proofe,
That blase I will my prayse, and my reproofe:
Wee naked ghostes are but the very man,
Ne of our selues more than wee ought, wee scan.

3.

But doubt distract'th[3] mee, if I should consent
To yeelde mine honourde name, a martyrde saynt:
Yf martyrdome rest in the miser's life
Through torments wrongly reft by fatall knyfe,
How fortune's nursling I, and dearest babe,
Ought there to stoope, none may mee well perswade:
For how may miser martyrdome betyde,
To whome in cradell fortune was affyde?

4.

See how this grosest ayre infect'th[4] mee since,
Forgote haue I, of loyalty to my prince,
My happy meede is, martyr to bee named?
And what the heauens embrace, the world aye blamed:
For mens vniustice wreak'd but God's iust ire,
And by wrong end, turnd wreake to iustice hire:
O iudgements iust, by vniustice iustice dealt,
Who doubts[5] of mee may learne, the truth who felt.

[1] Drown'd. 1575, 78. N.
[2] Take this for. 1575, 78. N.
[3] Distracteth. 1563, 71.
[4] Infecteth. 1563, 71.
[5] Dowteth. 1563

5.

So therefore as my fall may many stay:
As well the prince, from violent headlong sway
Of noble peeres, from honour's throne to dust,
As nobles lesse in tyckle[1] state to trust:
Shonning those sinnes, that shake the golden leaues
Perforce from boughs, ere nature bare the greaues:
So, what my life profest, my death here teacheth,
And, as with word, so with example preacheth.[2]

6.

The hilly heauens, and valey earth belowe[3]
Yet ring his fame, whose deedes so great did grow;
Edward the fourth yee know, vnnamde I meane,
Whose noble nature to mee so[4] did leane
That I his staffe was, I his only ioy,
And euen what *Pandare* was to him of *Troy*,
Which mou'd him first to creat[5] mee chamberlayne,
To serue his sweetes, to my most sower payne.

7.

Wherin, to iustly praysde for secretnesse
(For now my guilt with shriking I confesse)
To him to true, to vntrue to the queene,
Such hate I wan, as lasted long betweene
Our familyes: *Shore's* wife was my nyce cheate,
The holy[6] hore, and eke the wyly peate:
I fed his lust with louely peces so,
That God's sharpe wrath I purchast, my iust woe.

[1] Tyckle, from correction of faults escaped. 1563. Title. 1571.
[2] Stanzas 3, 4, and 5, omitted 1575, 78, and by Niccols.
[3] The heauens hye and earthly vale belowe. 1575, 78. N.
[4] So to me. 1575, 78. N. [5] Make. N.
[6] Wholye. 1563.

8.

See here of nobles new the diuers sourse?
Some vertue rays'th,[1] some clyme by sluttish sorts:[2]
The fyrst, though onely of themselues begon,
Yet circlewise into themselues do ron:
Within their fame their[3] force vnited so,
Both endlesse is, and stronger gainst their foe:
For, when end'th it[4] that neuer hath begon?
Or by what force, may circled knot bee vndon?[5]

9.

The other,[6] as by wicked meanes they grew,
And raynde by flattery, or violence: so sone rue:[7]
First tombling step from[8] honours old, is vice:
Which once discend[9] some linger, none arise
To former type: but they catch vertue's spray,
Which mounteth[10] them that clime by lawfull way:
Beware to rise by seruing princely lust,
Surely to stand, one meane is rising iust.

10.

Which learne by mee, whom let it helpe t'excuse,[11]
That ruthfull now my selfe I do accuse,
And that my prince I euer pleasde with such
As harmed none, and him contented much:

[1] Rayseth. 1563, 71, 75, 78.
[2] See here the difference of a noble minde,
Some vertue raiseth, some by vice haue climde. N.
[3] Within themselues their. 1578. N.
[4] Endeth hit. 1563, 71, 75.
[5] Or how may that, that hath no end, be vndone? 1575, 78. N.
[6] Thother. 1563, 71, 75, 78. N.
[7] Flatterie, so soone they rue. N. [8] Fro. N.
[9] Discended. 1563. Which once stept downe. 1578. N.
[10] Rayseth. 1575, 78.
[11] To excuse. 1563, 71, 75, 78.

Expresse him then, in might, and mercies meane,
So shall ye winne, as now ye weld,[1] the reame.

14.

But all to long I feare I do delay
The many meanes, whereby I did bewray
My zealous will to earne my prince's grace,
Least thou differ to thinke mee kynde, percase:
As nought may last, so fortune's weathry[2] cheare
With powting lookes gan lower on my sire,
And one her wheele, aduaunst hye in his roome
The *Warwicke* earle, mase of Christendome.[3]

15.

Besides the tempting prowesse of the foe,
His traytour brother did my prince forgoe:[4]
The cause was lik'd, I was his link'd[5] allye:
Yet not the cause, nor brother's trechery,
Nor enmies force, ne[6] band of mingled bloud,
Made *Hastings* beare his prince other[7] minde then good:
But tane and scapt from *Warwick's* gryping pawes,
With mee hee fled through fortune's frowards flawes.

16.

To *London* come, at large wee might haue seemed,
Had not wee then the realme a pryson deemed:
Ech hush a barre, ech spray a banner splayed,
Ech house a fort, our passage to haue stayed:
To *Linne* wee leape, where, while wee wayte[8] the tyde,
My secret frends in secret I supplyde,

[1] Rule. 1575, 78. N.
[2] Chaunging. 1575, 78. N.
[3] Admir'd through Christendome. N.
[4] My prince's brother did him then forgo. 1575, 78. N.
[5] Lynked. 1563, 71, 75, 78.
[6] Nor. 1575. 78. N.
[7] Beare any other. N.
[8] Awayt. 1563, 71, 75, 78. Wawit. N.

In mouth to mayntayne[1] *Henry* sixt theyr king,
By deede to deuoyre: *Edward* to bring in.[2]

17.

The restles tyde, that bare[3] the empty bay,
With waltring waues roames wambling forth: 'away,'
The mery mariner hayles,[4] the bragging boy
To mastes hye top, vp hyes: in signe of ioy
The wauering flag is vaunst: the suttel[5] seas
Theyr swelling ceasse: to calmest, euen peace,
Sinkth downe theyr pryde: with dronknesse gainst all care
The seamen armde, awayte theyr noble fare.

18.

On bourd wee come: the massy anchors wayde,
One *English* ship, two hulkes of *Holland* ayde
In such a pinch: so small tho was the trayne,
Such his constraynt, that now, that one with payne
Commaund hee might, who erst might[6] many moe:
Then brought the ghastly *Greekes* to[7] *Tenedo:*
So nought is ours that wee by hap mought[8] lose,
What nerest seemes, is farthest off in woes.

19.

As banisht wightes, such ioyes wee mought[9] haue made,
Easde of aye threatning death, that late we dradde:
But once our countrey's sight, not care, exempt,
No harbour shewing, that mought[10] our feare relent,

[1] Further. N.
[2] And vse best meanes Edward in to bring. N.
[3] Tide, to bar. N. [4] Sayles, misprint. 1587.
[5] Surginge. 1575, 78. N.
[6] Erst mought. 1563. Erst might. 1571. Late might. 1575, 78. N.
[7] Then ghastly Greekes erst brought to. 1575, 78. N.
[8] Maye. 1563, 75, 78. N. Might. 1571.
[9] Might. N. [10] Myght. 1578. N.

No couert caue, no shrub to shroud our lyues,
No hollow wood, no flyght, that oft depriues
The mighty his pray, no sanctuary left,
For exilde prince, that shrowdes ech slaue from theft.

20.

In prison pent, whose woddy walles to passe
Of no lesse perill then the dying was:
With the ocean moated, battred with the waues,
(As chaind at oares, the wretched galley slaues
At mercy sit of sea and enmies shot,
And shonne with death what[1] they with flight may not)
But greenish waues, and desert[2] lowring skies
All comfort els forclosde our exilde eyes.

21.

Loe, loe, from hiest top, the slauish boy
Sent vp, with sight of land our harts to ioy,
Descries at hand whole[3] flete of *Easterlinges*,
As then hote enemies of the *British* kinges:
The mouse may somtyme helpe the lyon in neede,
The byttle bee once spilt the aegle's breede:
O princes, seeke no foes, in your distresse,
The earth, the seas conspire your heauinesse.

22.

Our foe discryed by flight wee shon in hast,
And lade with canuas now the bending mast:
The ship was rackt to try her sayling then,
As squirels clyme the troupes of trusty men:
The steresman seekes a redier course to ronne,
The souldier stirs, the gonner hies to gonne,

[1] That. 1575, 78.
[2] Heauye. 1575, 78. N.
[3] A fleete. N.

The *Flemings* sweate, the *English* shyp disdaines
To waite behind to beare the *Fleming's* traines.

23.

Forth flyes[1] the barke, as from the violent goonne
The pellet pearc'th[2] all stayes and stops eft soone:
And swift shee swimmeth,[3] as oft in sunny day
The dolphin fleetes in seas, in mery May:
As wee for liues, so th'*Esterlinges* for gayne
Thwack on the sayles, and after make amayne:
Though laden[4] they were, and of burden great,
A king to master yet, what swayne[5] nold sweat?

24.

So mid the vale the greyhound seeyng stert
His fearefull foe,[6] pursu'th: before she flert'th,[7]
And where shee turn'th, hee turn'th her there to beare:
The one pray prick'th,[8] the other saftye's feare:
So were wee chasde, so fled wee fore[9] our foes:
Bet flight then fight in so vneuen close,
I end: some thinke perhaps, too long hee stay'th,[10]
In perill present shewing his fixed fayth.

25.

This ventred I, this dread I did sustayne,
To try my trueth, my life I did disdayne:
But, loe, like tryall gaynst[11] his ciuil foe:

[1] Flyeth. 1563, 71, 75, 78. [2] Breakes. N.
[3] Syngeth, is the text of 1563, and corrected to 'swimmeth,' as a fault escaped. It stands singeth, 1571, 87. Swyndgthe, 1575, 78. Swindg'th. N.
[4] Heauy. 1575, 78. N.
[5] Swyne, text of 1563, corrected in faults escaped as above. The false reading repeated in all the five subsequent editions.
[6] Hare. 1575, 78. N.
[7] Pursueth, before she flerteth. 1563, 71, 75, 78. Flert. N.
[8] Pricketh. 1563, 71, 75, 78. N. [9] Afore. 1563, 71, 75, 78.
[10] Stayeth, 1563, 71, 75, 78. [11] Agaynst. 1563, 71, 75, 78.

Faythe's worst is tryall, which is reseru'd[1] to woe:
I passe our scape, and sharp retourning home,
Where we were welcomde with[2] our wonted fone,
To battayle mayne discendes the empyre's right,
At *Barnet* ioynde the hoastes in bloudy fight.

26.

There ioynde three battailes, rangde in suoh array,
As mought for terrour *Alexander* fray:
What should I stay to tell the long discourse?
Who wan the palme? who bare away the worse?
Suffis'th[3] to say, by my resrued band
Our enmyes fled, wee had the vpper hand:
My iron army held her steady place,
My prince to shield, his feared foe to chase.

27.

The like successe befell [mee] in *Tewkesbury* fielde,
My furious force, there forc'd perforce, to yeelde
The traytour foe:[4] and render to my king
Her only sonne, least hee more bate might bring:
Thus haste [thou] a mirour of a subiect's minde,
Such as perhaps is rare agayne to finde:
The caruing cuts, that cleue the trusty steele,
My fayth, and due alleigaunce, could not feele.

28.

But out, alas, what prayse may I recount
That is not spic'd[5] with spot, that doth surmount
My greatest vaunt? for bloudy war[6] to feete

[1] Reserued. 1563. 71, 75. Reserues. N.
[2] Welcom'd by. N.
[3] Suffyseth. 1563, 71, 75, 78. Sufficeth say. N.
[4] My prince's foe. 1575, 78. N
[5] Spyced. 1563. Staind. 1575, 78. N.
[6] Bloudy for warre. 1578. N.

A tyger was I, all for peace vnmeete:
A souldier's handes must oft bee dyde with goare,
Least starke with rest, they finewd wax and hoare:
Peace could I win by war, but peace not vse:
Few dayes enioy[1] hee, who warlike peace doth choose.

29.

When *Crofts* a knight, presented *Henrye's* heyr
To this our prince, in furious moode, enquyre
Of him hee gan, what folly or phrensy vayne,
With armyes[2] forc'd him to inuade his realme againe?
Whom answering that he claimde his father's right,
With gauntlet smit, commaunded from his sight,
Clarence, *Glocester*, *Dorcet*, and I *Hastings*, slue:[3]
The guylt whereof wee shortly all did rue.

30.

Clarence, as *Cyrus*, drownd in bloud-like wyne,
Dorcet I furthered to his speedy pyne,
Of mee, my selfe am speaking president,
Nor easier fate the bristled boare is lent:
Our blouds haue payd the vengeaunce of our guilt,
His fryed bones shall broyle for bloud he spilt:[4]
O waltsome[5] murder that attaynts[6] our fame,
O horrible[7] traytours, wanting worthy name.

31.

Who more[8] mischieuously of all states[9] deserue,
As better they, who such did first[10] preserue:[11]
If those, for giftes,[12] wee recken heauenly wightes,

[1] Liue. N. [2] Arms. 1563, 71, 75, 78. N.
[3] Glocester, Clarence, I and Dorset slewe. N.
[4] His bones, shall broile for bloud which he hath spilt. N.
[5] Deadly. N. [6] Attaynteth. 1563, 71, 75, 78. Attaint'th. N.
[7] Wicked. N. [8] As. 1575, 78. N.
[9] All men. 1575, 78. Of men. N. [10] Whoe fyrst dyd sush. 1563.
[11] As they merite well who do men's liues preserue. 1575, 78. N.
[12] If those therefore, 1575, 78. N.

These may wee well deeme fendes and damned sprites:
And while on earth they walke, disguised deuils,
Sworne foes of vertue, factours for all euils:
Whose bloudy handes torment theyr goared hartes,
Through bloudsheds horrour, in soundest sleepe he sterts.

32.

O happy world, were the lyons men,
All lyons should at least be spared then:
No surety now, no lasting league is bloud,
A meacocke is,[1] who dreadth to see bloudshed:
Stale is the paterne, the fact must needes be rife:[2]
While ii. were armyes: ii. the issues of first wife,
With armed heart and hand, the one bloudy brother
With cruell chase pursueth and murdereth the other.

33.

Which who defieth[3] not? yet who ceaseth to sue?
The bloudy *Caynes* theyr bloudy sire renew:
The horrour yet is like in common frayes:
For in ech murther, brother brother slayes:
Traytours to nature, countrey, kin and kinde,
Whome no bond serueth in brother's zeale[4] to bynde
O simple age, when slaunder slaughter was,
The tongue's small euill, how doth this mischiefe passe.

34.

Hopest thou to cloake couert thy[5] mischiefe wrought?
Thy conscience, caytife, shall proclayme thy thought:
A vision, *Chaucer* sheweth, discloasd[6] thy crime:

[1] Is he. 1575, 78. N.
[2] Old is the practise of such bloudy strife. 1575, 78. N.
[3] Abhorreth. 1575, 78. N.
[4] Loue. 1575, 78. N.
[5] 'To cloake thy covert,' 1563.
[6] Difeldasd. 1563, 71.

The foxe descry the crowes and chattering pyen:
And shall thy felow felons not bewray
The guiltles death, whome guilty handes doe slay?
Unpunisht scapt for haynous cryme some one,
But vnauengde, in minde or body, none.

35.

Vengeaunce on my[1] mynd, the freating furies take:
The sinfull coarse, lyke earthquake agewes shake:
Their frouning lookes, theyr frounced[2] myndes bewray:
In hast they runne, and mids their race they stay,
As gidded roe: amids their speach they whist,
At meate they muse, noe where they may persist,
But some feare netleth them: ay, hang they soe,
Soe neuer wants[3] the wicked murthrer woe.

36.

An infant rent with lyon's ramping pawes?
Why slaunder I lyons? they feare the sacred lawes
Of princes[4] bloud: ay mee, more brute then beast,
With princes[5] sides, *Lycaon's* pye to feast?
O tyrant tigers, O insatiable[6] wolues,
O *English* curtesie, monstrous mawes and gulfes:
My death shall forthwith preach my earned meede,
Yf fyrst to one lyke murther I proceede.[7]

37.

Before our prince commaunded once his death,
Our bloudy swords on him we did vnsheath,
Preuenting law, and euen our prince's hest,

[1] My, wanting. 1563, 75, 78. N.
[2] Troubled. 1575, 78. N.
[3] Wanteth. 1563, 71, 75, 78. N.
[4] Royall. 1575, 78. N.
[5] Enfants. 1575, 78.
[6] Insaciate. 1575, 78. N.
[7] Onely because our prince displeasde we sawe
With him, we slue him straight before all lawe. 1575, 78. N.

Wee hid our weapons in the yongling's brest:
Whom not desire of reigne did driue to field,
But mother's pride, who longd the realm to weld:
But straight my death shall shewe my worthy meede,
If first to one other murther I proceede.[1]

38.

While *Edward* liu'd, dissembled discord lurked,
In double hartes yet soe his reuerence worked:
But when succeding tender feble age,
Gaue open gap to tyrant's rushing rage:
I holpe the boare, and bucke, to captiuate
Lord *Riuers*, *Gray*, sir *Thomas Vaughan* and *Hawte*:
Yf land woulde helpe the sea, well earnd that ground
It selfe, to bee with conquering waues surround.

39.

Their speedy death by priuy doome, procured
At *Pomfret*: tho my lyfe short while endured,
My selfe I slue, when them I damned to death,
At once my throate I riued, and reft them breath:
For that selfe day, afore[2] or neare the howre,
That withred *Atropos* nipt that[3] springing flowre
With vyolent hand of their forth running lyfe:
My head and body, in tower twynde like knyfe.

40.

By this my paterne, all ye peeres beware:
Oft hangeth hee himselfe, who others weenth to snare:
Spare to be ech other's butcher: feare the kite,
Who soarth[4] aloft, while frog and mouse doe fight
In ciuill combat, grappling, voyde of feare

[1] The 37th stanza first inserted in ed. 1575, and only repeated in 1578, and Niccols.
[2] Before. 1575, 78. N.
[3] The, 1563, 75, 78. N.
[4] Soareth. 1563, 75, 78. N.

Of foreyne foe, at once all both to beare:
Which playner by my pytied playnt to see,
A while anew your listning lend to mee.

41.

Too true it is two sondry assemblies kept,
At *Crosbie's* place, and *Baynard's* castle set:
The duke's at *Crosbie's* but at *Baynard's* wee:
The one to crowne a king, the other to bee:
Suspicious is secession of foule frends,
When eyther's drift to other's[1] mischiefe tends:
I fearde the end, my *Catesbie's* being there
Dischargde all doubts: him held I most entyre.

42.

Whose great preferment by my meanes, I thought
Some spurre, to pay the thankfulnes hee ought:
The trust hee ought mee, made mee trust him so,
That priuy hee was both to my weale and woe:
My hart's one halfe, my chest of confidence,
My treasure's trust,[2] my ioy dwelt in his presence:
I lou'd[3] him, *Baldwine*, as the apple of mine eye,
I lothde my life when *Catesby* would mee dye.

43.

Flye from thy chanell Thames, forsake thy streames,
Leave the adamaunt iron, *Phœbus* lay thy[4] beames,
Ceasse heauenly sphears at last your weary warke,
Betray your charge, retourne to chaos darke:
At least, some ruthles tiger hang her whelp,
My *Catesby* so with some excuse to help,
And mee to comfort, that I, alone, ne seme
Of all dame nature's workes, left[5] in extreme.

[1] To thothers. 1575, 78. N. [2] Mine onely trust. 1575, 78. N.
[3] Loued. 1571, 75. [4] The, misprint. 1587. [5] Least. 1571.

44.

A golden treasure is the tryed frend,
But who may gold from counterfayts defend?
Trust not too[1] soone, ne all too light mistrust:[2]
With th'one thy selfe with th'other thy frend thou hurtst:
Who twyn'th betwixt, and stear'th[3] the golden meane,
Nor rashly lou'th,[4] nor mistrusteth in vayne:
For frendship poyson, for safety mithridate
It is, thy frend to loue as thou wouldst hate.[5]

46.

Of tickle credit ne had ben the mischiefe,
What needed *Virbius* miracle doubled life?
Credulity surnamed first the *Aegean* seas;
Mistrust, doth treason in the trustiest rayse:
Suspicious *Romulus*, staynd his walls first reard
With brother's bloud, whom for light leape hee feard:
So not in brotherhoode ielousie may be borne,
The ielous cuckold weares th'infamous[6] horne.

46.

A beast may preach by tryall, not foresight:
Could I haue shond this[7] credit, nere had light
The dreaded death vpon my guilty heade:
But fooles aye wont to learne by after reade:
Had *Catesby* kept vnstaynd the truth he plight,
Yet had yee enioyde me, and I yet the light:
All *Derbie's* doubts I clered with his name:
I knew, no harme could hap vs, *sauns* his[8] blame.

[1] So. 1571. [2] Soone, not yet to soone mistrust. 1575, 78. N.
[3] Twyneth betwyxt, and steareth. 1563, 71, 75, 78.
[4] Loveth. 1563, 71, 75, 78. N.
[5] In frendship soueraigne it is as mithridate
Thy frend to loue as one whome thou mayst hate. 1575, 78. N.
[6] The infamous. 1563, 71, 75, 78. N.
[7] Light. 1575, 78. N. [8] Hap me without his. 1575, 78. N.

47.

But see the fruites of fickle[1] light beliefe:
Th'[2] ambitious dukes corrupt the traytour thiefe,
To groape mee, if allurde I would assent,
To bin a partner of theyr curst entent:
Whereto, when neyther force nor frenship[3] vaylde,
By tyraunt force theyr purpose they assaylde,[4]
And summond shortly a counsaile in the tower,
Of *Iune* the fifteenth, at apoynted hower.

48.

Alas, are counsels wryed to catch the good?
Is no place[5] now exempt from sheading bloud?
Sith counsels, that were carefull to preserue
The guiltlesse good, are meanes to make them starue,
What may not mischiefe of mad man abuse?
Religious cloake some one to vice doth chuse,
And maketh God protectoure of his cryme:
O monstrous world, well ought wee wish thy fine.

49.

The fatall skies, roll on the blackest day,
When doubled bludshed, must my bloud repay,[6]
Others none forceth: to mee sir *Thomas Haward*
As spurre is buckled, to prouoke mee forward,
Derby, who fearde the party[7] sittings yore,
Whether, much more hee knew by experience hoare,
Or vnaffected,[8] clearer truth could see:
At midnight darke this message sendes to mee:[9]

[1] Tickle. 1575, 78. N. [2] The. 1563, 71, 75, 78. N.
[3] When as by no meanes frendship. 1575, 78. N.
[4] Force behold they me assailde. 1575, 78. N. [5] No place is. 1575, 78.
[6] My bloud must repay. 1563, 71, 75, 78. N.
[7] Parted. 1563, 75, 78. N. [8] Or better mynded. 1575, 78. N.
[9] The message and other incidents, in the remainder of this legend, are closely versified from Hall's Chronicle, but too long to be given here. Compare, with reign of Edward the Fift.

50.

" *Hastings*, away, in sleepe the gods foreshew
By dreadfull dreame, fell fates vnto vs two:
Mee thought a boare with tuske so rasde our throate,
That both our shoulders of the bloud did smoake:
Arise, to horse, strayght homeward let vs hye,
And sith our foe wee may not mate,[1] O flye:
Of Chaunteclere you learne dreames soth to know,
Thence wise men conster,[2] more then the cocke doth crow."

51.

While thus hee spake, I held within myne arme
Shore's wife, the tender peece, to keepe mee warme:
Fye on adultry, fye on leacherous lust,
Marke in mee, yee nobles all, God's iudgements iust:
A pandare, murtherer, and adulterer thus,
Onely such death I dye, as I ne blushe:
Now, least my dame mought feare appall[3] my hart:
With eger moode vp in my bed I starte.

52.

" And, is thy lord," quoth I, " a sorcerer?
A wise man now become a dreame reader?
What though so Chaunteclere crowed? I reke it not:
On my part pled'th[4] as well dame Partelot:
Uniudgde hangth yet the case betwixt them tway,
Ne was his dreame cause of his hap I say:
Shall dreming doubts from prince my seruing[5] slacke?
Nay, then mought[6] *Hastings* lyfe and liuing lacke."

[1] Cannot matche. 1575, 78.
[2] Construe. N.
[3] Thinke appall'd. 1575, 78. Might thinke appall'd. N.
[4] Pledeth. 1563, 71, 75, 78. N.
[5] Seruyce. 1563.
[6] Might. N.

53.

Hee parteth: I sleepe, my mynde surchargde with sinne,
As *Phœbus* beames by misty cloude kept in,
Ne coulde misgieue, ne dreame of my mishap,
As blocke I tumbled to myne enmies trap:
Security causles through my carelesse[1] frende,
Reft mee foresight of my approaching end:
So *Catesby* clawed mee, as when the cat doth play,
Dalieng with mouse, whom straught shee[2] myndes[3] to slay.

54.

The morow come, the latest light to mee,
On palfray mounted, to the tower I hie,
Accompanied with that *Haward* my mortall foe,
To slaughter led, thou God wouldst haue it so:[4]
(O deepe dissemblers, honouring with your cheare,
Whom in hid hart ye trayterously teare;)
Neuer had realme so open signes of wracke,
As I had shewde mee of my heauy[5] hap.

55.

The vision first of *Stanley*, late descryed:
Then mirth so extreme, that neare for ioy I dyed:
Were it, that swanlyke I foresong my death,
Or mery mynde foresaw the losse of breath,
That long it coueted, from this earth's annoy:
But euen as siker as th'end of woe is ioy,
And glorious light to obscure night doth tend:
So extreame mirth in extreame moane doth end.

56.

For why, extreames are haps rackt out of course,
By violent might far swinged forth perforce,
Which as they are pearcingst while they violent'st moue,

[1] Fayned. 1575, 78. N. [2] He. 1563. [3] Meanes. 1575, 78. N.
[4] God didst suffer so. 1575, 78. N. [5] Heady. 1563.

For nearst they cleaue to[1] cause that doth them shoue:
So soonest fall from that theyr high'st[2] extreame,
To th'other contrary that doth want of meane:
So laught[3] he erst, who laughed out his breath:
So laught[3] I, when I laught my selfe to death.

57.

The pleasingst meanes boade not the luckiest ends,
Not aye found treasure to like pleasure tends,
Mirth meanes not mirth all time, thrise happy hyre
Of wit, to shun th'excesse[4] that all desire:
But this I passe: I hye to other like;
My palfrey in the playnest paued streete,
Thrise bowed his boanes, thrise kneeled on the flowre,
Thrise shond (as *Balam's* asse) the dreaded towre.

58.

What, should I thinke hee had sence of after haps?
As beastes foreshew the drought, or rayny drops,
As humours in them want, or else abounde,
By influence from the heauens, or chaunge of ground,
Or doe we interpret by successe ech signe?
And as wee fancy, of ech hap deuyne?
And make that cause, that kin is to th'effect?
Not hauing ought of consequence respect?

59.

Bucephalus kneeling only to his lorde,
Shewde only, hee was monarche of the worlde:
Why may not then the steede foreshewe by fall,
What casuall hap the sitter happen shall?

[1] For that they are neare to. 1575, 78. N.
[2] Hyghest. 1563, 71, 75, 78. N.
[3] Laughed. 1563, 71, 75, 78. N.
[4] The excesse. 1563, 71, 75, 78. N.

Darius horse by braying bought a realme:
And what letteth, why he ne is (as the asse) God's meane,
By speaking signe to shewe his hap to come,
Who is deafe hearer of his speaking dome?

60.

But forward yet: in *Tower* streete I stayed,
Where (could I haue seene) loe, *Haward*, all bewrayed,
For as I commond with a priest I met:
" Away, my lord," quoth he, " your time is ne yet
To take a priest." Loe, *Synon* might bee seene
Had *Troyans* eares, as they had[1] hares foole[2] eyen:
But, whom thou God allotted hast to dye,[3]
Some grace it is[4] to dy with wimpled eye.

61.

Ne[5] was this all: for euen at *Tower* wharfe,
Neare to those walles within whose sight[6] I starfe,
Where earst in sorrow soust and deepe distresse,
I emparted all my pining pensiuenesse
With *Hastings*: (so my purseuaunt men call)
Euen there, the same to meete it did mee fall:
Who gan to mee most dolefully renewe,
The woefull conference had erst in that lieu.

62.

" *Hastings*," quoth I, " according now they[7] fare,
At *Pomfret* this day dying, who causde that care,
My selfe haue all the world now[8] at my will,

[1] Haue. 1587. [2] Foule, misprint. 1587.
[3] Had not the Troyans hares foolishe forthright eyen?
But since the time was come that I should dye. 1575, 78. N.
[4] Was. 1575, 78. N. [5] Nay. N.
[6] Within the which I. 1575, 78. [7] Thy. 1587.
[8] 'Now,' restored from list of faults escaped in ed. 1563. It is omitted in every edition.

With pleasures cloyed, engorged with the fill:"
" God graunt it so:" quoth hee: " Why doubtst thou tho?"
Quoth I, and all in chafe to him gan shewe
In ample wise, our drift with tedious tale:
And entred so the *Tower* to my bale.

63.

What should wee thinke of signes? they are but haps,
How may they then be signes of afterclaps?
Doth euery chaunce foreshew or cause some other?
Or ending[1] at it selfe, extendth no furder?
As th'ouerflowing floud some mount doth choake,
But to his ayde some other floud it yoake:
So, if with signes thy sinnes once ioyne, beware,
Els wherto chaunces tend, nere curious care.[2]

64.

Had not my sinne deserude my death as wreake,
What might my mirth haue hurt? or horses becke?
Or *Haward's* bitter scoffe? or *Hastings* talke?
What meane then foole astrologers to calke?
* That twinckling sterres fling down the fixed fate?
And all is guyded by the sterry state?
Perdye, a certayne charge[3] assignd they haue
To shyne, and tymes deuyde, not fate to graue.

[1] Tending 1571, 87.

[2] Doe neuer care. 1575, 78. N.

* The passage from the line beginning "That twinckling sterres," to the one ending "at the poorest gates," (l. 4, st. 92, p. 305,) which commences fo. Cx and concludes page b, of fo. Cxiii, forming sheet O in the edition of 1563, was, by some error, omitted in the editions of 1571 and 1587. Perhaps the edition of 1571 was printed from a copy of the preceding one, wanting that sheet, and that of 1587 taken from the reprint, without the deficiency being discovered. The above text, for the lines restored, is from the edition of 1578.

[3] Taxe. 1563.

65.

But graunt they somwhat geue: is,[1] at one instant,
Of euery babe the byrth in heauen so skand,
That they that restles roll, and neuer stay,
Should in his lyfe beare yet so violent swaye:
That, not his actions onely next to byrth,
But all his life and[2] death be[3] swayed therwith
How may one mocion make so sundry affectes?
Or one impression tend to such respectes?

66.

Some rule there is yet: els, why were deferd
Til now, these plagues, so long ere now desernde?
If for they are trifles, they ne seme of care:
But toyes with God the stateliest[4] scepters are:
Yet in them to playne doth appeare foreset,
The certayne rule and fatal limittes set,
Yet thinke we not, this sure foresetting fate,
But God's fast prouidence for ech princely state.

67.

And hath he erst restraind his prouidence?
Or is he nigard of his fre dispence?
Or is he vncertayne foreset driftes to dryue?
That not dame chaunce but he al goodes may giue
A heathen god they hold whom fortune kepe,
To deale them haps while God they wene asleepe:
Mocke-gods they are and many gods induce,
Who fortune fayne to father their abuse.

68.

How so it be, it mought[5] haue warned me,
But, what I could not, that in me see ye,
Who runne in race, the honour like to win,

[1] It, misprint. 1578. N. [2] But euen last fyne. 1563.
[3] He. N. [4] Stately. N. [5] Might. N.

Whose fairest forme nought may deforme but sin:
Alas, when most I did defye all dread,
By single heare death's word hong ouer my head,
For herke the end and listen now my fall:
This is the last, and this the fruit of all.

69.

To counsayle chamber come, a while we stayd
For him, without whom nought was doue or sayde:
At last he came, and courteously excused,
That he[1] so long our patience had abused:
And pleasauntly began to paint his cheere,
And said: "My lord of *Elye*, would we had here
Some of the strawberies, wherof you haue store:
The last delighted me so as nothing more."

70.

"Would, what so you[2] wish, I mought as wel commaund
My lord," quoth he, "as those:" and out of hand
His seruaunt sendth to *Ely* place for them:
Out goeth from vs the restlesse deuil againe:
Belike (I thinke) scarse yet perswaded ful,
To worke the mischiefe that did mad his[3] scul:
At last determind of his bloudy thought
And force ordaynde to worke the wyle he sought.

71.

Frowning he enters, with so chaunged cheare,
As for mylde *May* had chopped foule *Januere*:
And lowring on me with the goggle eye,
The whetted tuske, and furrowed[4] forehead hye,
His crooked shoulder bristellike set vp.
With frothy iawes, whose foame he chawde and supd,

[1] For he. 1563. [2] Ye. 1563.
[3] That thus maddeth his. 1563. [3] Is, misprint. 1578.
[4] Furrwed, misprint. 1578.

With angry lookes that flamed as the fyer:
Thus gan at last to grunt the grymest syre.

72.

" What meryte they, whom me[1], the kingdome's stay,
Contryued haue counsayle traiterously to slay?"
Abashed all sate: I thought I mought[2] be bold,
For conscience, clearnesse, and acquaintance old:
" Their hire is playne," quoth I, " be death the least
To whoso seketh your grace so to molest:"
Withouten stay: " The queene and the whore *Shore's* wyfe,
By witchcraft," quoth he, " seke to wast my life.

73.

" Loe, here the wythered and bewytched arme,
That thus is spent by those two sorceresse' charme:"
And bared his arme and shewed his swynish skinne,
Such cloaks they vse, that seke to clowd their sinne:
But out, alas, it serueth not for the rayne,
To al the house the colour was to playne:
Nature had giuen him many a maymed marke,
And it amonges to note her monstruous warke.

74.

My doubtfull harte distracted this replye:
For th'one I cared not: th'other nipt so nye
That whyst I cold not, but forthwith brake forth:
" If so it be, of death they are doubtlesse worth?"
" If, traitour?" quoth he, " playst thou with yfs and ands?
Ile on thy bodye auowe it with these hands:"
And therwithal he mightlye bounced the borde,
In rushd his byl-men, one himselfe bestird.

[1] What earned they, whoe me 1563.
[2] Might. N.

75.

Laying at lord *Stanley*, whose brain he had surely cleft,
Had he not downe beneathe the table crept:
But *Elye*, *Yorke*, and I, were taken straight,
Imprisoned they, I should no longer wait,
But charged was to shriue me, and shift with hast:
My lorde must dine, and now midday was past:
The bore's first dish, not the bore's head should be:
But *Hastinge's* head, the boarish beast would see.

76.

Why stay I his dinner? vnto the chappel ioyneth
A greenish hil, that body and soule oft twineth:
There on a blocke my head was striken of,
As *Baptiste's* head,[1] for *Herode* bloudy gnoffe:
Thus liued I, *Baldwin*, thus dyed I, thus I fel,
This is the summe, which al at large to tel
Would volumes fil: whence yet these lessons note
Ye noble lordes, to learne and ken by rote.

77.

By fylthy rising feare your names to stayne:
If not for vertue's loue, for dread of payne,
Whom so the mindes vnquiet state vpheaues,
Be it for loue or feare, when fancye reaues
Reason her[2] right, by mocking of the wyt,
If once the cause of this affection flit,
Reason preuayling on the vnbrideled thought:
Downe falth he who[3] by by fancye clymbe aloft.

78.

So hath the ryser fowle no stay from[4] fal,
No not of those that raisde him first of al:
His suretie stands in mainteining the cause

[1] Iohn Baptists' dishe. 1563.
[2] His. 1563.
[3] Downe tottreth whoe. 1563.
[4] Of. 1563.

That heaued him first, which reft by reason's sawes,
Not onely faith he to his former state,
But liueth for euer in his prince's hate:
And marke, my lordes, God for adultery sleath,
Though ye it thinke too sweete a sinne for death.

79.

Serue trulye your prince and feare not[1] rebels might,
On princes halues the mightie God doth fight:
O much more then forsweare a forrein foe,
Who seeketh your realme and countrie to vndo:
Murther detest, hane handes vnstaind with bloud,
Aye with your succour do protect the good,
Chace treason where trust should be, wed to your frend
Your hart and power, to your liue's last end.

80.

Flie tickle credit, shunne alike distrust:
To true it is, and credite it you must:
The ialous nature wanteth no stormy strife,
The simple soule aye leadeth a sower life:
Beware of flatterers, frendes in outward show:
Best is of such to make your[2] open foe:
What al men seeke, that al men seeke to fayne,
Some such to bee, some such to seeme, them payne.

81.

Marke God's iust iudgements, punishing sinne by sinn,
And slipperie state wherein aloft we swimme:
The prouerbe, al day vp if we ne fall,
Agreeth wel to vs hie heaued worldlinges al:
From common sort vpraisde[3] in honour's weede
We shine, while fortune false, whom none erst feede,

[1] No. 1563. [2] Thyne. 1563.
[3] From dunghill couche vpsterte. 1563.

To stand with staye and forsweare ticklenesse,
Sowseth vs in myre of durtie brittlenesse.

82.

And learne ye princes by my wronged sprite,
Not to misconster what is ment aright,
The whinged wordes too oft preuent the wyt,
When silence cesseth afore the lips to sit:
Alas, what may the wordes yeld worthy death?
The wordes worst is, the speaker's stinking breath:
Wordes are but winde, why cost they then so much
The guiltye kycke, when they to smartly touche.

83.

Forth irreturnable flyeth the spoken word,
Be hit in scoffe, in earnest, or in bourd:
Without retourne, and vnreceiued, hit hangs,
And at the taker's mercie, or rigour, stands:
Which if he sowerly wrest with wrathful cheare,
The shiuering word turnes to the speaker's feare:
If frendly curtesie do the word expound,[1]
To the speaker's comfort swetely it doth redound.[2]

84.

Euen as the vapour which the fier repels,
Turnes not to earth, but in myd aer dwels
Where while it hangth, if *Boreas'* frosty flawes
With rigour rattle it, not to rayne it thawes,
But thunder, lightninges, ratling hayle, or[3] snowe,
Sendes downe to earth, whence first it rose below:
But if fayre *Phœbus* with his countenaunce swete
Resolue it, downe the dew, or manna, sleete.[4]

[1] Resollve. 1563.
[2] Hit dissolueth. 1563.
[3] And. 1563.
[4] Fleeteth. 1563, 75.

85.

(The manna dew, that in the easterne landes,
Excelth the labour of the bees small handes:)
Els for her *Memnon* gray *Aurora's* teares,
On the earth it stilleth, the partener of her feares:
Or sendeth sweet showers to glad their mother earth,
Whence first they tooke their first inconstant birth:
To so great griefes, il taken wordes do[1] grow:
Of wordes wel taken, such delightes do flow.

86.

This learned, thus be here at length an end,
What since ensued, to thee I wil commend:
Now farewel, *Baldwine*, shield my torne name,
From slaunderous trompe of blasting blacke defame:
But, ere I part, hereof thou record beare:
I claime no parte of vertues reckned here:
My vice my selfe, but God my vertues take:
So hence depart I, as I entred naked."

87.

Thus ended *Hastinges* both his life and tale,
Contayning al his worldly blisse and bale:
Happye he liued, to happie but for sinne,
Happie hee dyed whom right his death did bring:
Thus euer happie, for there is no meane
Twixt blisseful liues and mortal deathe's extreame:
Yet feared not his foes to staine his name,
And by these sclaunders to procure his shame.

88.

In rousty armure as in extreame shift,
They clad themselues, to cloake their diuelish drift:
And forthwith for substancial citezens sent,

[1] Wynd doth. 1563.

Declaring to them, *Hastinges* forged entent,
Was to haue slaine the duke: and to haue seised
The kinge's young person, slaying whom he had pleas'd:
But God of iustice had withturnd that fate,
Which, where it ought, light on his proper pate.

89.

Then practised they by[1] proclamation spred,
Nought to forget, that mought[2] defame him dead:
Which was so curious, and so clerkely pend,
So long withal, that when some did attend
His death so young, they saw, that long before
The shroude was shaped, then babe to dye was bore:
So wonteth God to blinde the worldly wise,
That not to see, that al the world espies.

90.

One hearing it cried out: "A goodly cast,
And wel contriued, foule cast away for hast:"
Whereto another gan in scoffe replie,
"First pend it was by enspiring prophecie:"
So can God reape vp secret mischiefes wrought,
To the confusion of the workers thought:
My lords, the tub, that dround the *Clarence* duke,
Dround not his death, nor yet his deathe's rebuke.

91.

Your politique secrets gard with trusty loyalty:
So shal they lurke in most assured secrecie:
By *Hastinge's* death, and after fame, ye learne
The earth for murther cryeth out vengeance sterne:
Flye from his faultes, and spare to hurt his fame,[3]
The eager houndes forbeare their slayne game;

[1] Then fed they fame by. 1563.
[2] Nought. 1575, 78.
[3] Spare his quyted fame. 1563.

Dead, dead, auaunt curres from the conquered chase,
Il mought[1] he liue who loueth the dead to race.

92.

Thus liued this lorde, thus died he, thus he slept,
Mids forward race when first to rest he stept,
Enuious death that bounceth aswel with mace
At *Keysar's* courtes, as at the poorest gates:*
When nature seemde to slow by arts sloape[2] meane
Conueyghde him sooner to his liue's extreame,
Happy, in preuenting woes that after hapt,
In slumber sweete his liuing lights hee lapt.

93.

Whose thus vntymely death, if any[3] grieue,
Know hee, hee liu'd to dye, and dyde to liue:
Untymely neuer coms the liue's last mett,
In cradell death may rightly clayme his[4] debt:
Straight after byrth due is the fatall beere:
By death's permission th'aged[5] linger heere:
Euen in the swathbands our commission goeth
To loose thy breath, that yet but yongly bloweth.

94.

Happy, thryse happy, who so loosth his breath,
As life hee gayneth by his liuing[6] death;
As *Hastings* here, whom tyme and truth agree
T'engraue[7] by fame in strong eternity:
Who spareth not spitting, if hee spit but bloud?
Yet this our lord, sparde not for other's good:

[1] Might. N.
* End of the passage omitted. See note, p, 296.
[2] By this sloape. 1575, 78. N.
[3] Whose hasty death, if it doe any. 1575, 78. N.
[4] Her, misprint. 1587.
[5] The aged. 1563, 71, 75, 78. N.
[6] Godly. 1575, 78. N.
[7] To engraue. 1563, 71, 75, 78. N.

With one sweete breath his present death to speake,
Against th'vsurpour bore, that hellish freake.[1]

95.

Worthy to lyue, but[2] lyu'd not for himselfe,
But prisde his fame more then this worldly pelfe:
Whose name and lyne, if any yet preserue,
Wee wish they liue like honour to deserue:
Whether thou seeke by martiall prowesse prayse,
Or *Pallas* pollicie high thy name to rayse,
Or trusty seruice iust death to[3] attaine:
Hastings foreled: trace[4] here his bloudy trayne.

Maister D.[5]

[1] Who spareth not speaking, with danger of his bloud:
Yet, loe, this noble lord did thinke it good
To cleare the innocent, not to spare to speake,
Although his shoulders with his bloud should reake. 1575, 78. N.
[2] Who. 1563, 71, 75, 78. N.
[3] Seruice honour to. 1575, 78. N.
[4] Tracke. 1575, 78. N.
[5] John Dolman. Ritson, in the *Bibliographia Poetica*, art. Dolman, has mentioned a manuscript note upon this legend describing it as "evidently the worst in the collection." That note is written in a copy of the edition by Niccols, now in the possession of Mr. Heber, and being so quoted has given it more importance than it is worth; but, for the sake of juxta position, the whole is now given. "The stile of this legend, which is evidently the worst in the collection, and in this edition much alter'd from the three former publications of it, convinced me the author of it was not *Drayton*. By the second edition of these poems, printed A. 1563, this poem appears to have been penned by Maister *Dolman*." Whatever credit may be given to this writer as a critic, his statement is too erroneous to be of any value, as the principal alterations made by Dolman are inserted in the edition of 1575, and the above signature is not to be found in that of 1563, but first appears in 1571.

[When I had read this, one sayd: "It was very darke, and hard to bee vnderstoode: except it were diligently and very leasurely considered." "I like it the better," sayd[1] another, "for that shall cause it to bee oftner read, and the better remembred. Considering also that it is written for the learned (for such all magistrates are, or should bee) it cannot be to hard, so long as it is sound and learnedly written." Then sayd the reader: "The next here whome I finde miserable are king *Edward's* two sonnes, cruelly murdered in the tower of *London*: haue you their tragedy?" "No, surely," sayd[1] I, "The lord *Vaulx* vndertoke to pen it, but what hee hath done therein I am not certayne, and therefore I let it passe till I knowe farder. I haue here the duke of *Buckingham*, king *Richard's* chiefe instrument, written by maister *Thomas Sackuille*." "Read it we pray you," sayd they. "With a good will," quoth[1] I, "but first you shall heare his Preface or Induction." "Hath hee made a preface," sayd[1] one, "what meaneth hee thereby, seeing none other hath vsed the like order?" "I will tell you the cause thereof," sayd[1] I, "which is this: after that hee vnderstoode that some of the counsayl would not suffer the booke to bee printed in such order as wee had agreede and determined, hee purposed to[2] haue gotten at my handes all the tragedies that were before the duke of *Buckingham's*, which hee would haue preserued in one volume. And from that time backward, euen to the time of *William* the Conquerour, he determined to continue and perfect all the story him selfe, in such order as *Lydgate* (following *Bochas*) had already vsed. And therefore to make a meete induction into the matter, hee deuised this poesie: which (in my

[1] Q. 1563. [2] Purposed with him selfe to. 1563.

iudgement) is so well penned, that I would not haue any verse thereof left out of our volume. Now that you knowe the cause and meaning of his doing, you shall also heare what hee hath done. His induction beginneth thus."]'

' This celebrated poem was reprinted in Mrs. Cooper's *Muse's Library*, 1738, from the edition of 1610. By Capell in the *Prolusions*, 1760. from those of 1563 and 71, with the text modernized. And also by Warton in the *History of English Poetry*, 1781, Vol. III. from the edition of 1610, who adopted most of the emendations of Capell. Also, in Anderson's Poets, Vol. I. 1793; from the first edition.

THE INDVCTION.[1]

1.

THE wrathfull winter proching[2] on apace,
With blustering blasts had all ybarde the treene,
And olde *Saturnus* with his frosty face
With chilling cold had pearst the tender greene:
The mantles rent, wherein enwrapped beene
The gladsom groues that now lay ouerthrowne,
The tapets torne, and euery bloine downe blowne.[3]

2.

The soyle, that erst so seemly was to seene,
Was all despoyled of her beauties hewe:
And soote-fresh flowers (wherewith the sommer's queene

[1] In two copies of the edition of 1563 is the following variation. In the title one has "The Induction:" the other "Mayster Sackuille's Induction."

[2] Hastning. N.

[3] This line was also altered in the first edition while at press, as in one copy the reading is,

"The tapets torne and euery *tree* downe blowen:"

and is uniformly repeated in the subsequent editions, which also adopt the running title of "*Mayster Sackuille's Induction*," following the copy where the alteration to "*tree*" appears, though the head title conforms to the other copy. It therefore remains uncertain which was intended as the correction. "*Bloom*" is the reading preferred by Capell and Warton, and the context appears to confirm the adoption. In a preceding line the blustering blasts of winter are said to have bared the trees; and the poet goes on to describe that the cold had pierced the green, had rent and overthrown the mantles of the groves, had torn the tapets, or tapistry, and blown down every bloom. In this picture there is not any thing extravagant, or beyond the usual effects of winter, whereas were every tree down blown, it would amount to a hurricane, and not to the common decay of nature despoiling the earth of the flowers wherewith it was clad by summer, and as described by the poet in the following stanza. J. H.

I would prefer "*tree*" notwithstanding. *Bloom* applies to spring, not autumn. E. B.

Had clad the earth) now *Boreas'* blasts downe blewe:
And small foules, flocking, in theyr song did rewe
The winter's wrath, wherewith ech thing defaste,
In woefull wise bewayld the sommer past.

3.

Hawthorne had lost his motley liuery,
The naked twiges were shiuering all for cold:
And, dropping downe the teares aboundantly,
Ech thing, mee thought, with weeping eye mee tolde
The cruell season, bidding mee withholde
My selfe within, for I was gotten out
Into the fieldes, wheras I walkt[1] about.

4.

When loe the night with misty mantels spred
Gan darke the day, and dim the azure skies,[2]
And *Venus* in her message *Hermes* sped
To bloudy *Mars*, to will him not to rise,
While shee her selfe approacht in speedy wise:
And *Virgo* hyding her disdaynefull brest,
With *Thetis* now had layde her downe to rest.

5.

Whiles *Scorpio* dreading *Sagittarius* dart,
Whose bowe prest bent in fight, the string had slipt,
Down slide into the *Ocean* flud aparte,
The *Beare*, that in the *Irish* seas had dipt
His griesly feete, with speede from thence hee whipt:
For *Thetis*, hasting from the virgin's bed,
Pursude the *Beare*, that, ere she came, was fled.

[1] Walk. Capell.

[2] The remainder of this stanza and the next omitted by Capell. In Warton the omission includes also the three following stanzas.

6.

And *Phaeton* now, neare reaching to his race
With glistring beames, gold-streaming where they bent,
Was prest to enter in his resting place:
Erythius, that in the cart fyrst went,
Had euen now attaynd his iorney's stent:
And, fast declining, hid away his head,
While *Titan* coucht him in his purple bed.

7.

And pale *Cinthea*, with her borrowed light,
Beginning to supply her brother's place,
Was past the noonesteede sixe degrees in sight,
When sparkling stars amid the heauen's face,
With twinkling light shone on the earth apace,
That, while they brought about the nighte's chare,[1]
The darke had dimd the day, ere I was ware.

8.

And sorrowing I to see the sommer flowers,
The liuely greene, the lusty lease,[2] forlorne,
The sturdy trees so shattred with the showers,
The fieldes so fade, that florisht so beforne:
It taught mee well, all earthly things be borne
To dye the death: for nought long time may last:
The sommer's beauty yeeldes to winter's blast.

9.

Then looking vpward to the heauen's leames,[3]
With nighte's starres[4] thicke powdred euery where,
Which erst so glistned with the golden streames

[1] Night's black chare. N. Nightys chair. Capell.
[2] Leafe. Cooper.
[3] Beams. Warton.
[4] Bright starres. N. Nightys stars. Capell.

That chearfull *Phœbus* spred downe from his sphere,
Beholding darke, oppressing day, so neare:
The sodayne sight reduced to my mynde,
The sundry chaunges that in earth wee finde.

10.[1]

That musing on this worldly wealth in thought,
Which coms, and goes, more faster than wee see
The flickring flame that with the fyre is wrought,
My busie mynde presented vnto mee
Such fall of peeres as in the[2] realme had bee:
That oft I wisht some would their woes descryue,
To warne the rest whome fortune left a liue.

11.

And strait forth stalking with redoubled pace,
For that I sawe the night drew on so fast,
In blacke all clad there fell before my face
A piteous wight, whom woe had all forewast,
Forth on her eyes[3] the cristall tears out brast,
And sighing sore her hands shee wrong and folde,
Tare all her hayre, that ruth was to beholde.

12.

Her body smale, forwithred, and forspent,
As is the stalke that sommer's drought oppreſt,
Her wealked face with woefull teares bee sprent,
Her colour pale, and,[4] as it seemed her best,
In woe and plaint reposed was her rest:
And, as the stone that drops of water weares,
So dented were her chekes with fall of teares.

[1] Omitted by Warton.
[2] This. 1563. Capell.
[3] Furth from her iyen. 1563. Capell, Warton.
[4] 'And,' restored from ed. 1563. So Capell.

13.

Her eyes swollen[1] with flowing streams aflote,
Where, with her lookes throwne vp full piteously,
Her forcelesse hands together oft shee smote,
With dolefull shrikes, that eckoed in the skye:
Whose plaint such sighes did strait accompany,
That, in my doome, was neuer man did see
A wight but halfe so woe begone as shee.

14.

I stoode agast, beholding all her plight,
Tweene dread and dolour, so distreinde in hart,
That, while my hayres vpstarted with the sight,
The teares out streamde for sorow of her smart:
But, when I sawe no end that could appart[2]
The deadly dewle which shee soe sore did make,
With dolefull voice then thus to her I spake:

15.

"Unwrap thy woes, what euer wight thou bee,
And stint in tyme[3] to spill thy self with playnt,
Tell what thou art, and whence, for well I see
Thou canst not dure, with sorrow thus attaynt:"
And, with that word of sorrow, all forfaynt
Shee looked vp, and, prostrate, as shee lay,
With piteous sound, lo, thus shee gan to say:

16.

"Alas, I wretch, whom thus thou seest distraynde
With wasting woes, that neuer shall aslake,
Sorrow I am, in endlesse torments paynde
Among the furies in th'infernall[4] lake,

[1] Swollen her eyes. Capell.
[2] Aparte 1563.
[3] Betime. 1563. Capell, Warton.
[4] The infernall. 1563, 71. Capell.

Where *Pluto* god of hell so grisely blacke
Doth holde his throne, and *Lxtheus*[1] deadly tast
Doth rieue remembraunce of ech thing forepast.

17.

" Whence come I am, the drery desteny,
And lucklesse lot for to bemone of those
Whome fortune, in this maze of misery,
Of wretched chaunce, most wofull mirours chose,
That, when thou seest how lightly they did lose
Their pompe, their power, andthat they thought most sure,
Thou mayst soone deeme no earthly ioy[2] may dure."

18.[3]

Whose rufull voice no sooner had out brayed
Those wofull words, wherewith shee sorrowed so,
But out, alas, shee shright, and neuer stayed,
Fell downe, and al to dasht her selfe for wo:
The cold pale dread my limmes gan ouergo,
And I so sorrowed at her sorrowes eft,
That, what with griefe, and feare, my wits were reft.

19.

I stretcht my selfe, and strayt my hart reuiues,
That dread and dolour erst did so appale,
Like him that with the feruent feuer striues,
When sicknesse seekes his castell[4] health to skale:
With gathred sprites[5] so forst I feare to auale:[6]
And, rearing her, with anguish all foredone,
My sprits returnd,[7] and then I thus begon:

[1] Lethe's. Capell, Warton.
[2] Thing. Capell.
[3] The next eight stanzas omitted by Warton.
[4] Calstell. 1571, 87.
[5] Gathered spirites. 1563.
[6] Tauale. N.
[7] Spirits. 1563, 71.

20.

"O *Sorrow*, alas, sith *Sorrow* is thy name,
And that to thee this drere doth well pertayne,
In vayne it were to seeke to cease the same:
But, as a man himselfe with sorrow slayne,
So I, alas, doe comfort thee in payne,
That here in sorrow art forsunke so deepe,
That at thy sight I can but sigh and weepe."

21.

I had no sooner spoken of a syke,[1]
But that the storme so rumbled in her brest,
As *Eölus* could neuer roare the like,
And showers downe raynde from her eyes[2] so fast,
That all bedreint the place, till, at the last,
Well eased they the dolour of her minde,
As rage of rayne doth swage the stormy winde:

22.

For forth shee paced in her fearefull tale:
"Come, come," quod shee, "and see what I shall showe,[3]
Come, heare the playning and the bitter bale
Of worthy men, by fortune's[4] ouerthrowe:
Come thou, and see them rewing all in rowe,
They were but shades, that erst in minde thou rolde:
Come, come with mee, thine eyes shall them beholde."

23.

What coulde these wordes but make mee more agast,
To heare her tell whereon I musde while ere?
So was I mazde therewith, till, at the last,
Musing vpon her words, and what they were,

[1] 'Stike' is altered to 'syke' in the list of faults escaped 1563, a correction now first adopted.
[2] Iyen. 1563. Eyen. Capell.
[3] Shewe. 1563. [4] Fortune. 1563, 71. Capell.

All sodaynly well lessoned was my feare:
For to my minde retourned, how shee teld
Both what shee was, and where her wun shee helde.

24.

Whereby I knewe that she a goddesse was,
And, therewithall, resorted to my minde
My thought, that late presented mee the glas
Of brittle state, of cares that here wee finde,
Of thousand woes to ssely[1] men assynde:
And how shee now bid mee come and beholde,[2]
To see with eye that earst in thought I rolde.

25.

Flat downe I fell, and with all reuerence
Adored her, perceiuing now, that shee,
A goddesse, sent by godly prouidence,
In earthly shape thus shewd her selfe to mee,
To wayle and rue this world's vncertainty:[3]
And, while I honourd thus her godhead's might,
With plaining voyce these words to mee shee shright.

26.

"I shall thee guyde first to the griesly lake,
And thence vnto the blissfull place of rest,
Where thou shalt see, and heare, the playnt they make
That whilome here bare swinge among the best:
This shalt thou see: but greate is the vnrest
That thou must byde, before thou canst attayne
Unto the dreadfull place where these remayne."

27.

And, with these words, as I vpraysed stood,
And gan to followe her that straight forth paste,[4]
Ere I was ware, into a desert woode

[1] Silly. 1563. [2] Capell suggests reading 'be bold.'
[3] World's certainty. 1571, 75, 78. [4] Paced. 1563.

Wee now were come: where, hand in hand imbraste,[1]
Shee led the way, and through the thicke so traste,[2]
As, but I had bene guided by her might,
It was no way for any mortall wight.

28.

But, loe, while thus amid the desert darke
Wee passed on, with steps and pace vnmeete,
A rumbling roare, confusde with howle and barke
Of dogs, shoke all the ground vnder our feete,
And stroke the din within our eares so deepe,
As, halfe distraught, vnto the ground I fell,
Besought retourne, and not to visite hell.

29.

But shee, forthwith, vplifting mee a pace,
Remoude my dread, and, with a stedfast minde,
Bad mee come on, for here was now the place,
The place where wee our trauail's end[3] should finde:
Wherewith I rose,[4] and to the place assignde
Astoinde I stalkt, when strayght wee approached nere
The dreadfull place, that you will dread to here.

30.

An[5] hideous hole, all vaste, withouten shape,
Of endles depth, orewhelmde with ragged stone,
With ougly mouth, and griesly iawes doth gape,
And to our sight confounds it selfe in one:
Here entred wee, and, yeeding forth, anone
An horrible lothly[6] lake wee might discerne,
As blacke as pitch that cleped is *Auerne*.

[1] Imbraced. 1563.
[2] Traced. 1563.
[3] Trauayle end. 1563, 71, 75, 78.
[4] Arose. 1563.
[5] And. 1571, 87. N.
[6] A dreadfull lothly. N.

31.

A deadly gulfe: where nought but rubbish grows,
With fowle blacke swelth in thickned lumps that lies,
Which vp in th'ayre[1] such stinking vapors throws
That ouer there, may flie no fowle, but dyes
Choakt with the pestilent[2] sauours that arise:
Hither wee come, whence forth wee still did pace,
In dreadfull feare amid the dreadfull place:

32.

And, first, within the porch and iawes of hell
Sate deepe *Remorse of Conscience*, all bee sprent
With teares: and to her selfe oft would shee tell
Her wretchednes, and, cursing, neuer stent
To sob and sighe: but euer thus lament,
With thoughtfull care, as shee that, all in vaine,
Would weare, and waste continually in payne.

33.

Her[3] eyes vnstedfast, rolling here and there,
Whirld on each place, as place that vengeaunce brought,
So was her minde continually in feare,
Tossed[4] and tormented with the[5] tedious thought
Of those detested crymes which shee had wrought:
With dreadfull cheare, and lookes throwne to the skie,
Wishing for death, and yet shee could not die.

34.

Next, sawe wee *Dread*, all trembling how hee shooke,
With foote, vncertayne, profered here and there:
Benomd of speach, and, with a ghastly looke,

[1] The ayer. 1563. I'the air. Capell.
[2] Pestilent, 1563. Pestlent. 1571, 75, 78, 87. Noysome. N. Noysom vapours. Warton.
[3] Jer. 1578. [4] Tost. Capell.
[5] The, omitted. 1571, 75, 78, 87. N.

Searcht euery place, all pale and dead for feare,
His cap borne vp with staring of his heare,
Stoynde and amazde at his owne shade for dreede,
And fearing greater daungers then was neede.

35.

And, next, within the entry of this lake,
Sate fell *Reuenge*, gnashing her teeth for ire,
Deuising meanes how shee may vengeaunce take,
Neuer in rest, till shee haue her desire:
But frets within so farforth with the fire
Of wreaking flames, that now determines shee
To dy by death, or vengde by death to bee.

36.

When fell reuenge, with bloudy foule pretence
Had showde her selfe, as next in order set,
With trembling lims wee softly parted thence,
Till in our eyes another sight wee met:
When fro my heart a sigh forthwith I fet,
Rewing, alas, vpon the woefull plight
Of *Misery*, that next appeard in sight.

37.

His face was leane, and somedeale pynde away
And eke his hands consumed to the bone,
But what his body was, I cannot say,
For on his carkas rayment had hee none,
Saue clouts and patches pieced one by one,
With staffe in hand, and scrip on shoulder[1] cast,
His chiefe defence agaynst the winter's blast.

38.

His foode, for most, was wilde fruites of the tree,
Unlesse sometime some crums fell to his share,
Which in his wallet long, God wot, kept hee,

[1] Shoulders. 1563.

As one the which full daintely would fare:[1]
His drinke, the running streame, his cup, the bare
Of his palme closede, his bed, the hard cold ground:
To this poore life was *Misery* ybound.

39.

Whose wretched state when wee had well beheld,
With tender ruth on him, and on his feres,
In thoughtfull cares forth then our pace wee held:
And, by and by, another shape apperes
Ofgreedy *Care*, still brushing vp the breres,
His knuckles knobde, his flesh deepe dented in,
With tawed hands, and hard ytanned skin.

40.

The morrowe gray no sooner hath begon
To spreade his light, euen peping in our eyes,
When[2] hee is vp, and to his worke yrun:
But let the night's blacke misty mantles rise,
And with foule darke neuer so mutch disguise
The fayre bright day, yet ceasseth hee no while,
But hath his candels to prolong his toyle.

41.

By him lay heauy *Sleepe*, the[3] cosin of *Death*,
Flat on the ground, and still as any stone,
A very corps, saue yelding forth a breath:
Smale kepe tooke hee, whome fortune frowned on,
Or whom shee lifted vp into the throne
Of high renoune, but, as a liuing death,
So, dead aliue, of life hee drew the breath.

[1] Full dayntlye would he fare. 1563. Capell.
[2] But. Capell. Warton.
[3] The, omitted. N.

42.

The bodie's rest, the quiet of the hart
The trauailes ease, the still night's feere was hee:
And of our life in earth the better part,
Reuer of sight, and yet in whom wee see
Things oft that tyde,[1] and oft that neuer bee:
Without respect, esteming[2] equally
King *Cræsus'* pompe, and *Irus'* pouertie.

43.

And next, in order sad, *Old Age* wee found,
His beard all hoare, his eyes hollow and blind,
With drouping chere still poring on the ground,
As on the place where nature him assinde
To rest, when that the sisters had vntwynde
His vitall thred, and ended with their knyfe
The fleting course of fast declyning lyfe.

44.

There heard wee him with broke[3] and hollow plaint
Rewe with him selfe his end approching fast,
And all for nought his wretched mind torment,
With sweete remembraunce of his pleasures past,
And fresh delytes of lusty youth forewast:
Recounting which, how would hee sob and shrike?
And to bee yong agayne of loue beseke.

45.

But, and[4] the cruell fates so fixed bee,
That tyme forepast cannot retourne agayne,
This one request of Ioue yet prayed hee:
That, in such withred plight, and wretched paine,

[1] That chance. Warton. Capell.
[2] Esteemed. Warton Capell.
[3] Broken. 1563. Capell. Warton.
[4] But, an' the. Warton. Capell.

As eld, accompanied with his[1] lothsome trayne,
Had brought on him, all were it woe and griefe,
Hee might a while yet linger forth his liefe.

46.

And not so soone discend into the pit:
Where *Death*, when hee the mortall corps hath slayne,
With retchlesse hand in graue doth couer it,
Therafter neuer to enioy agayne
The gladsome light, but, in the ground ylayne,
In depth of darknesse wast and weare to nought,
As hee had nere[2] into the world bene brought.

47.

But who had seene him, sobbing, how hee stoode,
Unto himselfe, and how hee would bemone
His youth forepast, as though it wrought him good
To talke of youth, all were his youth foregone,
Hee would haue musde, and meruaylde much, whereon
This wretched *Age* should life desire so fayne,
And knowes full well lyfe doth but length his payne.

48.

Crookebackt hee was, toothshaken, and blere eyde,
Went on three feete, and somtyme,[3] crept on fowre,
With olde lame boanes, that ratled by his syde,
His scalpe all pild, and hee with eld forlore:
His withred fist still knocking at *Death's* dore,
Fumbling, and driueling, as hee drawes his breath,[4]
For briefe, the shape and messenger of *Death*.

[1] His, omitted. N. Her. Capell.
[2] Neuer. 1563, 71.
[3] Sometimes. Warton.
[4] Bread. Warton.

49.

And fast by him pale *Malady* was plaste,
Sore sicke in bed, her coulour all foregone,
Bereft of stomacke, sauour, and of taste,
Ne could shee brooke no meate, but broths alone:
Her breath corrupt, her kepers euery one
Abhorring her, her sicknes past recure,
Detesting phisicke, and all phisicke's cure.

50.

But, oh,[1] the dolefull sight that then wee see,
Wee tournd our looke, and, on the other side,
A griesly shape of *Famine* mought wee see,
With greedy lookes, and gaping mouth, that cryed
And roarde for meate, as shee should there haue dyed,
Her body thin, and bare as any bone,
Whereto was left nought but the case alone.

51.

And that, alas, was gnawne on euery where,
All full of holes, that I ne mought refrayne
From tears, to see how shee her armes could teare,
And with her teeth gnash on the bones in vayne:
When, all for nought, shee fayne would so sustayne
Her staruen corps, that rather seemde a shade,
Then any substaunce of a creature made.

52.

Great was her force, whome stone wall could not stay,
Her tearing nayles snatching at all shee sawe:
With gaping iawes, that by no[2] meanes ymay
Be satisfide from hunger of her mawe,
But eates herselfe as shee that hath no lawe:

[1] O. Capell. Warton. [2] Ne. 1571, 75, 78.

Gnawing, alas, her carkas all in vayne,
Where you may count ech sinew, bone, and veyne.

53.

On her while wee thus firmly fixt our eyes,
That bled for ruth of such a drery sight,
Loe, sodaynly shee shrikt[1] in so huge wise,
As made hell gates to shiuer with the might:
Wherewith, a dart wee sawe, how it did light
Right on her brest, and, therewithall, pale *Death*
Enthrilling it, to reue her of her breath.

54.

And, by and by, a dum dead corps wee sawe,
Heauy, and colde, the shape of death aright:
That daunts all earthly creatures to his lawe:
Against whose force in vaine it is to fight:
Ne peeres, ne princes, nor no mortall wyght,
No townes, ne realmes, cittyes, ne strongest tower,
But all, perforce, must yeelde vnto his power.

55.

His dart, anon, out of the corps hee tooke,
And in his hand (a dreadfull sight to see)
With great tryumph eftsones the same hee shooke,
That most of all my feares affrayed mee:
His body dight with nought but bones, perdye,
The naked shape of man there saw I plaine,
All saue the flesh, the sinow, and the vaine.

56.

Lastly, stoode *Warre*, in glittering[2] armes yclad,
With visage grym, sterne lookes,[3] and blackly hewed
In his right hand a naked sworde hee had,

[1] Shrinkt. N. [2] Gilttering. 1571.
[3] Look'd. Capell. Warton.

That to the hilts was all with bloud embrued:
And in his left (that king[1] and kingdomes rewed)
Famine and fyer he held, and therewithall
He razed townes, and threw downe towres and all.

57.

Cities hee sakt, and realmes (that whilome flowred
In honour, glory, and rule, aboue the best)
Hee ouerwhelmde, and all theire fame deuoured,
Consumde, destroyde, wasted and neuer ceast,
Tyll hee theire wealth, theire name, and all opprest:
His face forehewde with wounds, and by his side
There hung his targ, with gashes deepe and wide.

58.

In mids of which, depainted there, wee founde
Deadly *Debate*, all full of snaky heare,
That with a bloudy fillet was ybound,
Out breathing nought but discord euery where:
And round about were portrayde, here and there,
The hugy hostes, *Darius* and his power,
His kings, princes, his peeres,[2] and all his flower.

59.[3]

Whom great *Macedo* vanquisht there in sight,
With deepe slaughter, despoyling all his pryde,
Pearst through his realmes, and daunted all his might:
Duke *Hanniball* beheld I there besyde,
In *Canna's* field, victor how hee did ryde,
And woefull *Romaynes* that in vayne withstoode,
And consull *Paulus* couered all in blood.

[1] Kings. 1563.
[2] His kings, his princes, peers. Capell. Warton.
[3] Stanzas 59, 60, and 61, omitted by Capell and Warton.

60.

Yet sawe I more the sight at *Trasimene*,
And *Treby*[1] field, and eke when *Hanniball*
And worthy *Scipio* last in armes were sene
Before *Carthago* gate, to try for all
The world's empyre, to whom it should befall:
There saw I *Pompey*, and *Cæsar* clad in arms,
Their hoasts allied and all their ciuill harms:

61.

With conquerers hands, forbathde in their owne bloud,
And *Cæsar* weeping ouer *Pompey's* head:
Yet saw I *Scilla* and *Marius* where they stood,
Their greate crueltie, and the deepe bloudshed
Of frends: *Cyrus* I saw and his host dead,
And howe the queene with greate despite hath flong
His head in bloud of them shee ouercome.

62.

Xerxes, the *Percian* king, yet sawe I there,
With his huge host, that dranke the riuers drye,
Dismounted hills, and made the vales vprere,
His hoste and all yet sawe I slayne, perdye:
Thebes I sawe,[2] all razde how it did lye
In heapes of stones, and *Tyrus* put to spoyle,
With walls and towers flat euened with the soyle.

63.

But *Troy*, alas, mee thought, aboue them all,
It made myne eyes in very teares consume:
When I behelde the woefull werd befall,
That by the wrathfull will of gods[3] was come:

[1] Trebery, corrected to Treby, in faults escaped, ed. 1563. The error uniformly continued in every subsequent edition.
[2] Thebes too I saw. Capell. Warton. [3] God. 1571, 87. N.

And *Ioue's* vnmoued sentence and foredoome
On *Priam* king, and on his towne so bent,
I could not lin, but I must there lament.

64.

And that the more sith desteny was so sterne
As, force perforce,[1] there might no force auayle,
But shee must fall: and, by her fall, wee learne,
That cities, towers, welth, world, and all shall quaile:
No manhood, might, nor nothing mought preuayle,
All were there prest full many a prince, and peere,
And many a knight that solde his death full deere.

65.

Not worthy *Hector*, worthyest of them all,
Her hope, her ioy, his force is now for nought:
O *Troy*, *Troy*,[2] there is no boote but bale,
The hugie horse within thy walls is brought:
Thy turrets fall, thy knights, that whilome fought
In armes amid the field, are slayne in bed,
Thy gods defylde, and all thy honour dead.

66.

The flames vpspring,[3] and cruelly they creepe
From wall to roofe, till all to cinders waste,
Some fyre the houses where the wretches sleepe,
Some rush in here, some run in there as fast:
In euery where or sword, or fyre, they tast:
The walls are torne, the towers whourld to the ground,
There is no mischiefe, but may there bee found.

[1] 'Perfore,' ed. 1563. The others have 'perforce.' A similar line in the legend of Lord Hastings, see stanza 27, l 2, p. 284.

[2] O Troy, Troy, *Troy*; amended by Capell and repeated by Warton.

[3] 'Vpspring,' corrected by ed. 1563. So Capell and Warton. All the others read vprising.

67.

Cassandra yet there sawe I how they haled
From *Pallas* house, with spercled tresse vndone,
Her wrists fast bound, and with *Greekes*[1] rout empaled:
And *Priam* eke, in vayne how hee did ronne
To arms, whom *Pyrrhus* with dispite hath donne
To cruell death, and bathde him in the bayne
Of his sonne's bloud, before the altare slayne.

68.

But how can I descrine the dolefull sight,
That in the shield so liuely[2] fayre did shine?
Sith in this world, I thinke was neuer wight
Could haue set forth the halfe, not halfe so fyne:
I can no more, but tell how there is seene
Fayre Ilium fall in burning red gledes downe,
And, from the soile, great *Troy*, *Neptunus'* towne.

69.

Here from when scarce I could mine[3] eyes withdrawe
That fylde with teares as doth the springing well,
We passed on so far forth till we sawe
Rude *Acheron*, a lothsome lake to tell,
That boyles and bubs vp swelth as blacke as hell,
Where griesly *Charon*, at theyr fixed tyde,
Still ferries ghostes vnto the farder side.

70.

The aged god no sooner *Sorrow* spyed,
But, hasting straight vnto the bancke apace,
With hollowe call vnto the rout hee cryed,
To swarue apart, and gieue the goddesse place:
Strayt it was done, when to the shoare wee pace,

[1] Greek. Capell. [2] Liuelike. 1563.
[3] My. 1571, 75, 78.

Where, hand in hand as wee than linked fast,
Within the boate[1] wee are together plaste.

71.

And forth wee launch full fraughted to the brinke,
Whan, with th'vnwonted[2] waight, the rusty keele
Began to cracke as if the same should sinke,
Wee hoyse vp maste and sayle, that in a while
Wee fet the shoare, where scarsely wee had while
For to ariue, but that wee heard anone
A three sound barke confounded all in one.

72.

Wee had not long forth past, but that wee sawe
Blacke *Cerberus*, the hydeous hound of hell,
With bristles reard, and with a three mouth'd jawe,
Foredinning th'ayre[3] with his horrible yell:
Out of the deepe darke caue where hee did dwell,
The goddesse straight hee knewe, and, by and by,
Hee peast, and couched, while[4] that wee past by.[5]

73.

Thence come wee to the horrour and the hell,
The large great kingdoms, and the dreadfull raigne
Of *Pluto* in his throne where hee did dwell,
The wide waste places, and the hugie playne:
The waylings, shrikes, and sondry sorts of payne,
The sighes, the sobs, the deepe and deadly groane,
Earth, ayre, and all, resounding playnt and moane.

[1] Boote. 1571, 75, 78.
[2] The vnwonted. 1563, 71. Capell.
[3] The ayer. 1563, 71. Capell.
[4] Whils. 1571, 75, 78. Whiles. Capell.
[5] Passed by. 1563, 71.

74.[1]

Heare pewled[2] the babes, and here the maydes vnwed,
With folded hands theyr sory chaunce bewayld:
Here wept the guiltles slayne, and louers dead,
That slew them selues when nothing els auayld:
A thousand sorts of sorrows here, that waylde
With sighs, and teares, sobs, shrikes, and all yfeare,
That, oh,[3] alas, it was a hell to heare.[4]

[1] Instead of the 74th stanza the four following are substituted by Niccols, who has so closely imitated his author that Warton has given the first two stanzas as genuine.

Thence did we passe the three-fold emperie,
To th' vtmost bounds, where *Radamanthus* raignes,
Where proud folke waile there woefull miserie,
Where dreadfull din of thousand dragging chaines,
And balefull shriekes of ghosts in deadly paines
Tortur'd eternally are heard most brim
Through silent shades of night so darke and dim.

From hence vpon our way we forward passe,
And through the groues and vncoth paths we goe,
Which leade vnto the *Cyclops* walles of brasse:
And where that maine-broad flood for aye doth floe,
Which parts the gladsome fields from place of woe,
Whence none shall euer passe t'*Elizium* plaine,
Or from *Elizium* euer turne againe.

With *Sorrow* for my guide, as there I stood,
A troope of men the most in armes bedight,
In tumult clustred 'bout both sides the flood;
'Mongst whom, who were ordaind t'eternall night,
Or who to blissefull peace and sweet delight
I wot not well, it seem'd that they were all
Such as by death's vntimely stroke did fall.

Some headlesse were, some body, face and hands,
With shamefull wounds despoil'd in euery part.
Some strangled, some that dide in captiue bands,
Some smothred, drown'd, some stricken through the hart
With fatall steele, all drown'd in deadly smart:
Of hastned death, with shrikes, sobs, sighs and teares,
Did tell the woes of their forepassed yeares.

[2] Pewed. 1571, 75, 78. [3] O. Capell.

[4] Warton has given this stanza, in a note, as from the edition of 1559, but the Induction was first printed 1563.

75.[1]

Wee staide vs strait, and with a rufull feare,
Beheld this heauy sight, while from myne eyes,
The vapored tears downe stilled here and there,
And *Sorrowe* eke in far more wofull wise,
Tooke on with plaint, vp heauing to the skies
Her wretched hands, that, with her cry, the rout
Gan all in heapes to swarme vs round about.

76.

"Loe here," quoth *Sorrow*, "princes of renoune,
That whilom sate on top of fortune's wheele,
Now layde full low, like wretches whurled downe,[2]
Euen with one frowne, that slayde but with a smyle,
And now beholde the thing that thou, erewhile,
Saw onely in thought, and, what thou now shalt heere,
Recompt the same to kesar, king, and peere."

77.

Then first came *Henry* duke of *Buckingham*,
His cloake of blacke all pilde, and quite forworne,[3]
Wringing his hands, and fortune oft doth blame,
Which of a duke hath made him now her skorne:
With gastly lookes, as one in maner lorne,
Oft spred his armes, stretcht hands hee ioynes as fast,
With rufull cheare, and vapored eyes vpcast.

78.

His cloake hee rent, his manly brest hee beat,
His hayre all torne, about the place it lay,[4]
My heart so molt to see his griefe so great,
As felingly me thought, it dropt away:

[1] Omitted by Warton.
[2] The last four lines not in Warton.
[3] Forlorne. Warton.
[4] Layne. Warton.

His eyes they whurld about withouten stay,
With stormy sighes the place did so complayne,
As if his heart at ech had burst in twayne.

79.

Thrise hee began to tell his dolefull tale,
And thrise the sighes did swallow vp his voyce,
At ech of which hee shriked so withall,
As though the heauens riued with the noyse:
Tyll at the last, recouering his voyce,
Supping the teares that all his brest beraynde,
On cruell fortune, weeping, thus hee playnde.

THE COMPLAYNT
of Henry Duke of Buckingham.

1.

WHo trusts too much to[1] honour's highest throne,
And warely[2] watch not sly dame fortune's snares:
Or who in court will beare the swinge[3] alone,
And wisely weigh not how to wield the care,
Behold hee mee, and by my death beware:
Whome flattering fortune falsely so beguylde,
That, loe, she slewe, where erst full smooth she smilde.

2.

And, *Sackuille*, sith in purpose now thou hast
The wofull fall of princes to descryue,
Whom fortune both vplift, and eke[4] downe cast,
To shew thereby th'vnshurty[5] in this life,
Marke well my fall, which I shall shew belyue,
And paynt it forth, that all estates may knowe:
Haue they the warning, and be mine the woe.

3.

For noble bloud made mee both prince and peere,
Yea peereles too, had reason[6] purchast place,
And God with giftes endowde mee largely heere:

[1] In. 1563. [2] Warily. N. [3] Swaye. 1563.
[4] And gayn. 1563. [5] The vnsuerty. 1563, 71, 75, 78.
[6] Season. 1578.

But what auayles his giftes where fayles his grace?
My mother's sire sprong of a kingly race,
And cald was *Edmund* duke of *Somerset*,
Bereft of life ere time by nature set.

4.

Whose faythfull heart to *Henry* sixt so wrought,
That neuer hee him in[1] weale, or woe, forsooke,
Till lastly hee at *Tewkesbury* fielde was cought,
Where with an axe his violent death hee tooke:
Hee neuer could king *Edward's* party brooke,
Tyll by his death hee voucht that quarell good,
In which his sire and graundsire spilt theyr bloud.

5.

And such was erst my father's cruell chaunce,
Of *Stafforde* carle, by name that *Humfrey* hight,
Who euer prest did *Henrye's* part auaunce,
And neuer ceast, till at *S. Albane's* fight
Hee lost his life, as then[2] did many a knight:
Where eke my graundsire, duke of *Buckingham*,
Was wounded sore, and hardly scapt vntane.

6.

But what may boote to stay the sisters three?
When *Atropos* perforce will cut the thred:
The dolefull day was come, when you might see
Northampton fielde with armed men orespred,
Where fate would algates haue my graundsire dead:
So, rushing forth amids the fiercest fight,
Hee liu'd[3] and dyde there in his maister's right.

[1] That he him nere in. N.
[2] Than. 1563, 71, 75, 78.
[3] Liued. 1563, 71, 75, 78.

7.

In place of whom, as it befell my lot,
Like on a stage, so stept I in straite way,
Enioying there, but woefully, God wot,
As hee that had a slender part to play:
To teach thereby, in earth no state may stay,
But as our partes abridge, or length our age,
So passe wee all, while others fill the stage.

8.

For of my selfe the drery fate to playne,
I was sometime a prince withouten peere,
When *Edward* fift began his rufull raigne,
Ay me, then I began that hatefull yeere,
To compasse that which I haue bought so deere:
I bare the swinge, I and that wretched wight
The duke of *Glocester*, that *Richard* hight.

9.

For when the fates had reft that royall prince
Edward the fourth, cheife miroure of that name,
The duke and I, fast ioyned euer since
In faithfull loue, our secret drifts to frame,
What hee thought best, to mee so seemde the same,
My selfe not bent so much for to aspyre,
As to fulfill that greedy duke's desyre.

10.

Whose restlesse mynd, sore thirsting after rule,
When that hee sawe his nephewes both to bene
Through tender years as yet vnfit to rule,
And rather ruled by their mother's kin,
There sought hee first his mischiefe to begin,

To plucke from them theire mother's frends assynde,
For well hee wist they would withstand[1] his mynde.

11.

To follow which hee ran so headlong swyft,
With egre thirst of his desired draught,
To seeke their deaths that sought to dash his drift,
Of whome the chief the queene's allies hee thought,
That bent therto with mounts of mischief fraught,
Hee knew their liues would bee so sore his let,
That in their deaths his onely help hee set.

12.

And I, most cursed caytife that I was,
Seeing the state vnstedfast how it stoode,
His chiefe complice to bring the same to passe,
Unhappy wretch consented to their blood:
Yea kings and peeres that swim in worldly good,
In seeking bloud the end aduert you playne,
And see if bloud ey aske not bloud agayne.

13.

Consider *Cyrus* in your cruell thought,
A makelesse[2] prince in riches, and in might,
And weigh in mynd the bloudy deeds hee wrought,
In sheading which hee set his whole delight:
But see the guerdon lotted to this wight,
Hee, whose huge powre no man might ouerthrowe,
Tomyris queene with greate dispite hath slowe.

14.

His head dismembred from his mangled corps,
Her selfe shee cast into a vessell fraught
With clottered bloud of them that felt her force,

[1] Wistand. N. [2] Matchlesse. N.

And with these words a iust reward shee taught:
" Drinke now thy fill of thy desired draught:"
Loe, marke the fine that did this prince befall:
Marke not this one, but marke the end of all.

15.

Behold *Cambises*, and his fatall day,
Where murder's mischiefe, mirour like, is left,
While hee his brother *Mergus* cast to slay,
A dreadfull thing, his wits were him bereft:
A sword hee caught, wherewith hee perced eft
His body gored, which hee of life benooms:
So iust is God in all his dreadfull dooms.

16.

O, bloudy *Brutus*, rightly didst thou rue,
And thou, O[1] *Cassius*, iustly came thy fall,
That with the sword, wherewith thou *Cæsar* slue,
Murdredst thyselfe, and reft thy life withall:
A miroir let him bee vnto you all
That murdrers bee, of murder to your meede:
For murder cryes[2] out vengeaunce on your seede.

17.

Loe, *Bessus*, hee that armde with murdrer's[3] knife,
And traytrous heart agaynst his royall king,
With bloudy hands bereft his maister's life,
Aduert the fine his foule offence did bring:
And lothing murder as most lothly thing,
Behold in him the iust deserued fall
That euer hath, and shall betyde them all.

[1] 'O,' added. 1587. N.
[2] Crieth. 1563, 71, 75, 78.
[3] Murderers. 1563, 71, 75, 78.
[4] Traytours. 1571, 75, 78. N.

18.

What booted him his false vsurped raygne?
Wherto by murder hee did so ascend,
When like a wretch, led in an yron chayne,
He was presented, by his chiefest frend,
Unto the foes of him whom hee had slayne:
That euen they should venge[1] so foule a gilt,
That rather sought to haue his bloud yspilt.

19.

Take heede ye princes and ye prelates all
Of this outrage, which though it sleepe a while
And not disclosde, as it doth seeld befall,
Yet God, that suffreth[2] silence to beguile
Such gilts, wherewith both earth and ayre ye file,
At last discryes them to your fowle deface,
You see th'examples[3] set before your face.

20.

And deeply graue within your stony harts,
The drery dewle that mighty *Macedo*,
With teares vnfoulded, wrapt in deadly smarts,
When hee the death of *Clitus* sorrowed so,
Whom erst hee murdred[4] with the deadly blowe
Raught in his rage vpon his frend so deare,
For which beholde, loe, how his panges appeare.

21.

The launsed speare hee wrythes out of the wound,
From which the purple bloud spins in[5] his face:
His heynous gilt when hee returned found,
Hee throwes himselfe vpon the corps, alas,
And in his armes how oft doth hee imbrace

[1] Auenge. N. [2] Suffereth. 1578. N.
[3] The examples. 1563. [4] Murdered. 1578. [5] On. 1563.

His murdred frend? and kissing him, in vayne
Forth flowe the fluds of salt repentant rayne.

22.

His frends amazde at such a murder done,
In fearefull flocks begin to shrinke away,
And hee therat, with heapes of grief fordone,
Hateth him selfe, wishing his later day:
Now hee likewise perceiued in lyke stay,
As is the wylde beast in the desert bred,
Both dreading others and him selfe a dred.

23.

Hee calles for death, and loathing lenger[1] lyfe,
Bent to his bane, refuseth kindely foode:
And plungd in depth of death and dolour's strife,
Had queld him selfe, had not his frends withstoode:
Loe, hee that thus hath shed the guiltles bloud,
Though hee were king and kesar ouer all,
Yet chose hee death to guerdon death withall.

24.

This prince whose peere was neuer vnder sunne,
Whose glistening fame the earth did ouerglyde,
Which with his power welny the world had wonne,
His bloudy handes himselfe could not abyde,
But fully[2] bent with famine to haue dyed,
The worthy prince deemed in his regarde,
That death for death could bee but iust rewarde.

25.

Yet wee, that were so drowned in the depth
Of deepe desire, to drinke the guiltlesse bloud,
Like to the wolfe, with greedy lookes that lepth

[1] Longer. N. [2] Folly. 1587. N.

Into the snare, to feede on deadly foode,
So wee delighted in the state wee stoode,
Blinded so far in all our blinded trayne,
That blinde wee sawe not our destruction playne.

26.

Wee spared none whose life could ought forlet
Our wicked purpose to his passe to come:
Fowre worthy knights wee headed at *Pomfret*
Guiltlesse, God wote, withouten law or dome:
My heart euen bleedes to tell you all and some,
And how lord *Hastings*, when hee feared least,
Dispiteously was murdred and opprest.

27.

These rockes vpraught, that threatned most our wrecke,
Wee seemde to saile much surer in the streame:
And fortune faring as shee were at becke
Layde in our lap the rule of all the realme:
The nephues strait deposde were by the eame:
And wee aduaunst to that wee bought full deare,
Hee crowned king, and I his chiefest peare.

28.

Thus hauing wonne our long desired pray,
To make him king that hee might make mee chiefe,
Downe throwe wee straith his seely nephues tway,
From princes pompe, to woefull prisoners life:
In hope that nowe stint was all furder strife:
Sith hee was king, and I chiefe stroke did beare,
Who ioyed but wee, yet who more cause to feare?

29.

The guiltles bloud which wee vniustly shed,
The royall babes deuested from theyr throne,
And wee like traytours raigning in theyr sted,

These heauy burdens passed[2] vs vpon,
Tormenting vs so by our selues alone,
Much like the felon that pursude by night,
Starts at ech bush, as his foe were in sight.

30.

Now doubting state, now dreading losse of life,
In feare of wracke at euery blast of winde,
Now start in dreames through dread of murdrer's[2] knife,
As though euen then reuengement were assynde:
With restles thought so is the guilty minde
Turmoyld, and neuer feeleth ease or stay,
But liues in feare of that which followes aye.

31.

Well gaue that judge his dome vpon the death
Of *Titus Clelius*[3] that in bed was slayne:
Whan euery wight the cruell murder layeth
To his two sonnes that in his chamber layen,
The judge, that by the proofe perceiueth playne,
That they were found fast sleeping in theyr bed,
Hath deemde them guiltles of this bloud yshed.

32.

Hee thought it could not bee, that they which brake
The lawes of God and man in such outrage,
Could so forthwith themselues to sleepe betake:
He rather thought the horrour, and the rage
Of such an heynous guilt, could neuer swage,
Nor neuer suffer them to sleepe, or rest,
Or dreadles breath one breth out of theyr brest.

[1] Pressed. 1563.
[2] Murders. N.
[3] Gleluis. 1578.

33.

So gnawes the griefe of conscience euermore,
And in the heart it is so deepe ygraue,[2]
That they may neyther sleepe nor rest therefore,
Ne thinke one thought but on the dread they haue:
Still to the death foretossed with the waue
Of restles woe, in terrour and despeyre,
They leade a life continually in feare.

34.

Like to the dere that stricken with the dart,
Withdrawes himselfe into some secret place,
And feeling greene the wound about his hart,
Startles[3] with pangs tyll hee fall on the grasse,
And, in great feare, lies gasping there a space,
Forth braying sighes, as though ech pang had brought
The present death, which hee doth dread so oft:

35.

So wee, deepe wounded with the bloudy thought,
And gnawing worme that greu'd[3] our conscience so,
Neuer tooke ease, but as our heart out brought[4]
The strayned[5] sighes in witnes of our woe,
Such restles cares our fault did well beknowe:
Wherewith, of our deserued fall, the feares
In euery place rang death within our eares.

36.

And as ill grayne is neuer well ykept,
So fared it by vs within a while:
That which so long with such vnrest wee reapt,

[2] Deepely graue. 1578.
[3] Grieved. 1563, 71, 75, 78.
[3] Startlesse. 1571, 75, 78.
[4] Furth brought. 1563.
[5] 'Strayned' is the reading of 1563. All the other editions have stayned.

In dread and daunger by all wit and wile,
Loe, see the fine, when once it felt the whele
Of slipper fortune, stay it mought no stowne,
The wheele whurles vp, but strayt it whurleth downe.

37.

For hauing rule and riches in our hand,
Who durst gaynesay the thing that wee averd?
Will was wisedome, our lust for law did stand,
In sort so straunge, that who was not afeard,
When hee the sounde but of king *Richard* heard?
So hatefull waxt the hearing of his name,
That you may deeme the residue of[1] the same.

38.

But what auaylde the terrour and the feare,
Wherwith he kept his lieges vnder awe?
It rather wan him hatred euery where,
And fayned faces forc'd by feare of lawe:
That but, while fortune doth with fauour blawe,
Flatter through feare: for in theyr heart lurkes aye
A secret hate that hopeth for a daye.

39.

Recordeth *Dionisius* the king
That with his rigour so his realme opprest,
As that hee thought by cruell feare to bring
His subiects vnder, as him liked best:
But, loe, the dread wherewith him selfe was strest,
And you shall see the fine of forced feare,
Most miroir like, in this prowd prince appeare.

40.

All were his head with crowne of gold ysprad,
And in his hand the royall scepter set:
And hee with princely purple richly clad,

[1] By. 1563.

Yet was his heart with wretched cares orefret:
And inwardly with deadly feare beset,
Of those whom hee by rigour kept in awe,
And sore oppreſt with might of tyraunt's lawe.

41.

Agaynst whose feare no heapes of gold and glie,
No strength of gard, nor all his hyred powre,
Ne prowde high towres, that preaced to the skie,
His cruell heart of safty could assure:
But dreading them whom hee should deeme most sure,
Him selfe his beard with burning brand would ceare,
Of death deseru'd so vexed him the feare.

42.

This might suffice to represent the fine
Of tyraunt's force, theyr feares, and theyr vnrest:
But heare this one, although my heart repine
To let the sounde once sinke within my brest:
Of fell *Phereus*, that, aboue the rest,
Such lothsome cruelty on his people wrought,
As, oh, alas, I tremble with the thought.

43.

Some hee encased in the coates of beares,
Among wilde beastes deuoured so to bee:
And some, for pray vnto the hunter's speares,
Like sauage beasts withouten ruth to dye:
Sometime, to encrease[1] his horrible cruelty,
The quicke with face to face engraued hee,
Ech other's death that ech mought liuing see.

44.

Loe, what more cruell horrour mought bee founde
To purchase feare, if feare could stay his raigne?
It booted not, it rather strake the wounde

[1] T'encrease. N.

Of feare in him, to feare the like agayne:
And so he did full oft, and not in vayne,
As in his life his cares could witnesse well,
But most of all his wretched end doth tell.

45.

His owne deare wife, whom as his life hee loued,
Hee durst not trust, nor proche vnto her bed,
But causing first his slaue with naked sworde
To goe before, himselfe with trembling dread,
Strayt foloweth fast, and whurling in his head
His rolling eyne, he searched[1] heare and there
The deepe daunger that hee so sore did feare.

46.

For not in vayne it ran still in his brest,
Some wretched hap should hale him to his end,
And therefore alway by his pillow prest
Had hee a sworde, and with that sworde he wende,
In vayne, God wot, all perils to defende:
For, loe, his wife, foreyrking[2] of his raigne,
Sleping in bed this cruell wretch hath slaine.

47.

What should I more now seeke to say in this,
Or one iote farder linger forth my tale?
With cruell *Nero*, or with *Phalaris*,
Caligula, *Domitian*, and all
The cruell rout? or of theyr wretched fall?
I can no more, but in my name aduert
All earthly powres beware of tyraunt's hart.

[1] Searcheth. 1563, 71, 75, 78.
[2] Foreyrked. 1563, 71, 75, 78.

48.

And as our state endured but a throwe,
So, best in vs, the stay of such a state
May best appeare to hang on ouerthrowe,
And better teach tyraunts deserued hate,
Then any tyraunt's death tofore or late:
So cruell seemde this *Richard* third to mee,
That, loe, my selfe now loathde[1] his cruelty.

49.

For when, alas, I saw the tyraunt king
Content not only from his nephues twayne
To riue world's blisse, but also all world's being,
Sauns earthly gylt ycausing both be slayne,
My heart agrisde[2] that such a wretch should raigne,
Whose bloudy brest so saluagde[3] out of kinde,
That *Phalaris* had nere[4] so bloudy[5] a minde.

50.

Ne[6] could I brooke him once within my brest,
But with the thought my teeth would gnash withall:
For though I erst were his by sworne behest,
Yet when I saw mischiefe on mischiefe fall,
So deepe in bloud, to murder prince and all,
Ay then, thought I, alas, and welaway,[7]
And to my selfe thus mourning would I say:

51.

If neyther loue, kinred, ne[8] knot of bloud,
His owne allegaunce to his prince of due,
Nor yet the state of trust, wherein hee stoode,

[1] Loth'd. N. [2] Agriefde. 1575, 78. Agrieud. N.
[3] Sauag'd. N. [4] Never. 1563, 71, 75, 78. [5] So foule. N.
[6] Nay. N. [7] Wealaway. 1563, 71, 75, 78. [8] Nay. N.

The world's defame, nor nought could forme[1] him true,
Those gyltles babes, could they not make him rue?
Nor could theyr youth, nor innocence withall
Moue him from reauing them, theyr life, and all?

52.

Alas, it could not moue him any iote,
Ne[2] make him once to rue, or wet his eye,
Stird him no more then that that stirreth not:
But as the rocke, or stone, that will not plye,
So was his heart made hard with[3] cruelty,
To murder them: alas, I weepe in thought,
To thinke on that which this fell wretch hath wrought.

53.

That now, when hee had done the thing hee sought,
And as he would, complisht and compast all,
And saw and knew the treason hee had wrought
To God and man, to slay his prince and all,
Then seemde hee first to doubt and drede vs all,
And mee in chiefe, whose death all meanes hee might,
He sought to worke by malice and by might.

54.

Such heapes of harms vpharbard in his brest,
With enuious hart my honour to deface,
And knowing hee, that I, which wotted best
His wretched dryfts, and all his wretched case,[4]
If euer sprang within mee sparke of grace,
Must nedes abhorre him and his hatefull race:
Now more and more can cast mee out of grace.

[1] Could tourne. 1563.
[2] Nay. N.
[3] Hard to. 1563.
[4] Cursed case. 1763.

55.

Which sodayne chaunge, when I, by secret chaunce
Had well perceiude, by proofe of enuious frowne,
And saw the lot that did mee to aduaunce
Him to a king, that sought to cast mee downe,
To late it was to linger any stowne,
Sith present choise lay cast before myne eye:
To worke his death, or, I my selfe to dye.

56.

And as the knight in field among his foes,
Beset with swords, must slay or there bee slayne:
So I, alas, lapt in a thousand woes,
Beholding death on euery syde so playne,
I rather chose by some sly secret trayne
To worke his death, and I to liue therby,
Then hee to liue, and I of force to dye.

57.

Which heauy choyse so hastened mee to chose,
That I in part agrieude at his disdayne,
In part to wreake the dolefull death of those
Two tender babes, his sely[1] nephewes twayne,
By him, alas, commaunded to be slayne,
With paynted chere humbly before his face,
Strayght tooke my leaue, and roade to *Brecknocke* place.

58.

And there as close and couert as I might,
My purposde practise to his passe to bring,
In secret drifts I lingrede day and night,
All how I might depose this cruell king,
That seemde to all so much desyrde a thing,

[1] Sillye. 1563. N.

As therto trusting I empriside the same:
But to much trusting brought mee to my bane.

59.

For while I now had fortune at my becke,
Mistrusting I no earthly thing at all,
Unwares, alas, least looking for a checke,
Shee mated mee in tourning of a ball:
When least I fearde, then nerest was my fall,
And when whole hoasts were prest to stroy my foen,
Shee chaungde her cheare, and left mee post alone.

60.

I had vpraysde a mighty band of men,
And marched forth in order of array,
Leading my power amid the forest *Dene*,
Agaynst the[1] tyrant banner to display:
But, loe, my souldiers cowardly[2] shranke away:
For such is fortune when shee list to frowne,
Who seemes most sure, him soonest whurls shee downe.

61.

O, let no prince, put trust in commontie,
Nor hope in fayth of giddy people's mynde,
But let all noble men take heede by mee,
That by the proofe to well the payne do fynde:
Loe, where is truth or trust? or what could bynde
The vayne people, but they will swerue and swaye,
As chaunce brings chaunge, to driue and draw that way.

62.

Rome, thou that once aduaunced vp so hye,
Thy stay, patron, and flowre of excellence,
Hast now throwne him to depth of miserie,

[1] That. 1563. [2] Basely. N.

Exiled him that was thy whole defence,
Ne comptest[1] it not an horrible offence,
To reuen him of honour and of fame,
That wan it thee when thou hadst lost the same.

63.

Behold *Camillus*, hee that first reuiued
The state of *Rome*, that dying hee did fynde,
Of his owne state is now, alas, depriued,
Banisht by them whom hee did thus det-bynde:
That cruell folke, vnthankfull and vnkinde,
Declared well their false vnconstancie,[2]
And fortune eke her mutabilitie.

64.

And thou *Scipio*, a miroir mayst thou bee
To all nobles, that they learne not to late,
How they once trust th'vnstable[3] commontie:
Thou that recuredst[4] the torne dismembred state,
Euen when the conquerour was at the gate,
Art now exilde, as though thou not deserued
To rest in her, whom thou hadst so preserued.

65.

Ingratfull *Rome*, hast shewde thy crueltie
On him, by whom thou lyuest yet in fame,
But not thy deede, nor his desert shall die,
But his owne words shall witnes ay the same:
For, loe, his graue doth thee most iustly blame,
And with disdayne in marble sayes to thee:
Vnkind countrey, my bones shalt thou not see.

[1] Count'st. N.
[2] Inconstancye. 1563, 71, 75, 78.
[3] The vnstable. 1563, 71, 75, 78.
[4] Recur'd. N.

66.

What more vnworthy then this his exile?
More iust then this the wofull playnt hee wrote?
Or who could shew a playner proofe the while,
Of most false fayth, then they that thus forgot
His great deserts? that so deserued not:
His cindres yet, loe, doth hee them deny
That him denyde amongst them for to dye.

67.

Milciades, O happy hadst thou bee,[1]
And well rewarded of thy countrey men,
If in the fielde when thou hadst forst to flye,
By thy prowes, three hundred thousand men,
Content they had beene to exile thee then:
And not to cast thee in depth of prison, so
Laden with gyues, to end thy life in woe.

68.

Alas, how hard and steely hearts had they,
That, not contented there to haue thee dye,
With fettred gyues in prison where thou lay,
Increast so farre in hatefull crueltye,
That buriall to thy corps, they eke denye:
Ne wil they graunt the same till thy sonne haue
Put on thy gyues, to purchase thee a graue.

69.

Loe, *Hannibal*, as long as fixed fate,
And brittle fortune had ordayned so,
Who, euermore, aduaunst his country state
Then thou, that liu'dst[2] for her and for no moe?

[1] Ben. N. [2] Livedst. 1563, 71, 75, 78.

But when the stormy waues began to growe,
Without respect of thy deserts erewhile,
Art by thy[1] countrey throwne into exile.

70.

Unfrendly fortune, shall I thee now blame?
Or shall I fault the fates that so ordayne?
Or art thou loue the causer of the same?
Or cruelty her selfe, doth shee constrayne?
Or on whom els, alas, shall I complayne?
O trustlesse world, I can accusen none,
But fickle fayth of commontie alone.

71.

The Polipus nor the Chameleon straunge,
That tourne themselues to euery hewe they see,
Are not so full of vayne and fickle chaunge,
As is this false vnstedfast commontye:
Loe, I, alas, with myne aduersitye
Haue tryde it true, for they are fled and gone,
And of an hoast there is not left mee one.

72.

That I, alas, in this calamitie
Alone was left, and to my selfe mought[2] playne
This treason, and this wretched cowardye,
And eake with tears beweepen and complayne
My hatefull hap, still loking to bee slayne:
Wandring in woe, and to the gods[3] on hye
Cleaping for vengeaunce of this treacherye.

[1] They, misprint. 1587.
[2] Might. N.
[3] Heauens. N.

73.

And as the turtle that hath lost her make,[1]
Whom griping sorrowe doth so sore attaint,
With dolefull voice and sound that[2] shee doth make,
Mourning her losse, fills all the groue with plaint:
So I, alas, forsaken, and forfaynt,
With restlesse foote the wood rome vp and downe,
Which of my dole all shiuering doth resowne.

74.

And being thus, alone, and all forsake,
Amid the thicke, forwandred in despayre,
As one dismayde, ne wist what way to take,
Untill at last gan to my mynd repayre,
A man of myne, calde *Humfrey Banastaire:*
Wherwith mee feeling much recomforted,
In hope of succour, to his house I fled.

75.

Who being one whom erst I had vp brought
Euen from his youth, and lou'd[3] and liked best,
To gentry state auaunciug him from nought,
And had in secret trust, aboue the rest
Of speciall trust, now, being thus distrest,
Full secretly to him I mee conueyde,
Not doubting there but I should fynd some ayde.

76.

But out, alas, on cruell trecherie,
When that this caytife once an inkling hard,
How that king *Richard* had proclaimde, that hee
Which mee descryde should haue for his rewarde

[1] Mate. 1575, 78. N. [2] Whych. 1563. [3] Loved. 1563, 71, 75, 78.

A thousand pounds, and farther bee prefarde,
His truth so turnde to treason, all distaynde,
That fayth quite fled, and I by trust was traynde.

77.

For by this wretch I being straite betrayed
To one *Ihon Mitton*, shiriffe of *Shropshire* then,
All sodaynly was taken, and conuayed
To *Salisburie*, with rout of harnest men,
Unto king *Richard* there, encamped then
Fast by the cittie with a mighty host:
Withouten dome where head and life I lost."

78.

And with these wordes, as if the axe euen there
Dismembred had his head and corps aparte,
Dead fell hee downe: and wee in woefull teare
Stoode mazed when hee would to lyfe reuert:
But deadly griefs still grew about his hart,
That still hee lay, sometime reuiude with payne,
And with a sigh becomming dead agayne.

79.

Midnight was come, when euery[1] vitall thing
With sweete sound sleepe, their weary lyms did rest,
The beasts were still, the little byrds that sing,
Now sweetely slept, besides their mother's brest,
The olde and all were shrowded in their nest:
The waters calme, the cruell seas did cease,
The woods, the fieldes, and all thinges held their peace.

80.

The golden stars were whyrld amyd their race,
And on the earth did laugh with twinkling light,
When each thing nestled in his resting place,

[1] And every. 1563.

Forgat daye's payne with pleasure of the night:
The hare had not the greedy hounds in sight,
The fearefull dere of death stoode not in doubt,
The partridge drept not of the falcon's foote.

81.

The ougly beare now minded not the stake,
Nor how the cruell mastiues doe him teare,
The stag lay still vnroused from the brake,
The fomy boare fearde not the hunter's speare:
All thing was still in desert, bush, and breare:
With quiet heart now from their trauayles ceast,
Soundly they slept in midst of all their rest.

82.

When *Buckingham*, amid his playnt opprest,
With surging sorrowes and with pinching paynes
In sort thus sowned,[1] and with a sigh, hee ceast
To tellen forth the trechery and the traynes
Of *Banastaire:* which him so sore distraynes,
That from a sigh hee falls into a sounde,
And from a sound ly'th[2] raging on the ground.

83.

So twiching were the pangs that hee assayed,
And hee so sore with ruthfull[3] rage distraught,
To thinke vppon the wretch that him betrayed,
Whom erst hee made a gentleman of naught,
That more and more agreued with this[4] thought,
Hee stormes out sighes, and with redoubled sore,
Stroke with the furies, rageth more and more.

[1] Sown'd. N. [2] Lyeth. 1563, 71, 75, 78.
[3] Rufull. 1563, 71, 75, 78. [4] Was his. 1578.

84.

Who as hath seene the hart chased with darts,
And with deepe woundes forgrieu'd and gored so,
Till hee, oppressed with the deadly smarts,
Fall in a rage, and run vpon his foe,
Let him, I say, behold the raging woe
Of *Buckingham*, that in these gripes of griefe,
Rageth gaynst him that hath betrayde his lyfe.

85.

With blood red iyen hee stareth here and there,
Frothing at mouth, with face as pale as clowte:
When, loe, my lyms were trembling all for feare,
And I amazde stoode still in dread and doubt,
While I mought see him throwe his arms about:
And gaynst the ground him selfe plunge with such force,
As if the life forthwith should leaue the corps.

86.

With smoke of sighs sometyme I might beholde,
The place all dimde, like to the morning mist:
And strait agayne the teares how they downrold
Alongst his cheekes, as if the riuers hyst:
Whose flowing streames ne where no soner whist,
But to the stars such dreadfull shouts hee sent,
As if the throne of mighty Ioue should rent.

87.

And I the while with sprits[1] welny bereft,
Behold the plight and pangs that did him strayne,
And how the bloud his deadly colour left,
And straight retournde with flaming red againe:

[1] Spirites. 1563.

When sodaynly amid his raging payne
Hee gaue a sigh, and with that sigh hee sayed:
"Oh *Banastaire:*" and strait agayne hee stayed.

88.

Dead lay his corps, as dead as any stone,
Till swelling sighes storming within his brest,
Upraysde his head, that downeward fell anone,
With lookes vpcast, and sighes that neuer ceast:
Forth stremde the teares records of his vnrest,
When hee with shrikes thus groveling on the ground,
Ybrayed these words with shrill and dolefull sounde.

89.

"Heauen and earth, and ye eternall lamps
That, in the heauens wrapt, wyll vs to rest,
Thou bright *Phœbe*, that clearest the night's damps,
Witnes the playnts that in these pangs opprest,
I, wofull wretch, vnlade out of my brest,
And let mee yeelde my last words, ere I parte,
You, you, I call to record of my smarte.

90.

And thou, *Alecto*, feede mee with thy foode,
Let fall thy serpents from thy snaky heare,
For such releife well fits mee in this moode,
To feede my playnt with horrour and with feare,
While rage afresh thy venomde worme areare:
And thou *Sibilla*, when thou seest mee faynte,
Addresse thy selfe the guide of my complaynt.

91.

And thou, O Ioue, that with the[1] deepe fordoome
Dost rule the earth, and raygne aboue the skies,
That wreakest wrongs, and geu'st[2] the dreadfull doome

[1] Thy. 1563, 71, 75, 78. [2] Gevest. 1563, 71, 75, 78.

Agaynst the wretch that doth thy name despise,[1]
Receiue these words, and wreake them in such wise,
As heauen and earth may wytnesse and beholde,
Thy heapes of wrath vpon this wretch vnfolde.

92.

Thou *Banastaire*, gainst thee I clepe and call
Unto the gods, that they iust vengeaunce take
On thee, thy bloud, thy stayned stocke and all:
O Ioue, to thee aboue the rest I make
My humble playnt, guide mee, that what I speake,
May be thy will vpon this wretch to fall,
On thee, *Banastaire*, wretch of wretches all.

93.

O would to God, the[2] cruell dismall day,
That gaue mee light fyrst to behold thy face,
With foule eclipse had reft my sight away:
Th'vnhappy[3] hower, the tyme, and eke the place,[4]
The sunne and moone, the stars, and all that was
In theire aspects helping in ought to thee,
The earth and ayre, and all, accursed bee.

94.

And thou caytyfe, that like a monster swarued
From kinde and kindnes, hast thy maister lorne,
Whom neyther trueth, nor trust wherein thou serued,
Ne his deserts could moue, nor thy fayth sworne,
How shall I curse, but wish that thou vnborne
Had beene, or that the earth had rent in tway,
And swallowed thee in cradle as thou laye.

[1] Trone despyse. 1563.
[2] That. 1563.
[3] The vnhappy. 1563, 71, 75, 78.
[4] 'Place,' reading of 1563. Day. 1571, 75, 78, 87. N.

95.

To this did I, euen from thy tender youth,
Witsaue[1] to bring thee vp? did I herefore
Beleue the oth of thy vndoubted troth?
Aduaunce thee vp, and trust thee euermore?
By trusting thee that I should dye therefore?
O wretch, and worse then wretch, what shall I say?
But clepe and curse gaynst thee and thine for aye.

96.

Hated be thou, disdaynde of euery wight,
And poynted at where euer that thou goe:
A trayterous wretch, vnworthy of the light
Bee thou esteemde: and to encrease thy woe,
The sounde be hatefull of thy name also:
And in this sort with shame and sharp reproche,
Lead thou thy life, tyll greater griefe approche.

97.

Dole and despayre, let those be thy delight,
Wrapped in woes that cannot bee vnfolde,
To wayle the day, and weepe the weary night,
With rayny eyne and sighes cannot be tolde,
And let no wight thy woe seeke to withholde:
But count thee worthy (wretch) of sorrowe's store,
That suffering much, oughtst still to suffer more.

98.

Deserue thou death, yea bee thou deemde to dye
A shamefull death, to end thy shamefull life:
A sight longed for, ioyfull to euery eye,
When thou shalt bee arraigned as a theefe,
Standing at bar, and pleading for thy life,

[1] Vouchsafe. N.

With trembling tongue in dread and dolour's rage,
Lade with white lockes, and fourscore yeares of age.

99.

Yet shall not death deliuer thee so soone
Out of thy woes, so happy shalt not[1] bee:
But to th'eternall[2] Ioue this is my boone,
That thou mayst[3] liue thine eldest sonne to see
Reft of his wits, and in a foule bore's stye
To end his dayes, in rage and death distrest,
A worthy tombe where one of thine should rest.

100.

Yet[4] after this, yet pray I more, thou may
Thy second sonne see drowned in a dyke,
And in such sort to close his later day,
As heard or seene erst hath not been the like:
Ystrangled in a puddle, not halfe[5] so deepe
As halfe a foote, that such hard losse of life,
So cruelly chaunst, may bee the[6] greater griefe.

101.

And not yet shall thy hugie[7] sorrowes ceasse,
Ioue shall not so witholde his wrath, from thee,
But that thy plagues may more and more encrease,
Thou shalt still liue, that thou thy selfe maist see
Thy deare daughter stroken with leprosye:[8]
That shee, that erst was all thy whole delight,
Thou now mayst loth to haue her come in sight.

[1] Shalt thou not. 1563.
[2] The eternall. 1563, 71, 75, 78.
[3] May. 1563. [4] And. 1563.
[5] Halfe, wanting. 1563. [6] Thy. 1563.
[7] 'Hugie,' the reading of 1563. Huge. 71, 75, 78, 87. Dolefull. N.
[8] Thy daughter strucken with the leprosie. N.

102.

And after that, let shame and sorrowes griefe
Feede forth thy yeares continually in woe,
That thou maist lieue in death, and dye in life,
And in this sort forwaylde and weried so,
At last thy ghost to part thy body fro:
  This pray I, Ioue, and with this later breath,
  Vengaunce I aske vpon my cruell death."

103.

This sayde, he flong his retchlesse armes abroade,
And, groueling, flat vpon the grounde he laye,
Which with his teeth hee all to gnasht and gnawde,
Deepe groanes hee fet, as hee that would awaye:
But, loe, in vayne hee did the death assay:
  Although I thinke was neuer man that knewe
  Such deadly paynes, where death did not ensue.

104.

So stroue hee thus a while as with the death,
Now pale as leade, and cold as any stone,
Now still as calme, now storming forth a breath
Of smoky sighes, as breath and all were gone:
But euery thing hath end: so hee anone
  Came to himselfe, when, with a sigh outbrayed,
  With woefull chere, these woefull words hee sayed:

105.

"Ah, where am I, what thing, or whence is this?
Who reft my wits? or how doe I thus lye?
My lyms do quake, my thought agasted is,
Why sigh I so? or whereunto do I
Thus grovle[1] on the grounde?" and by and by

[1] Graule. 1571, 75, 78. Groule. N.

Uprayde hee stoode, and with a sigh hath stayde,
When to himselfe retourned thus hee sayde:

106.

" Suffiseth now this playnt and this regrete,
Whereof my heart his bottom hath vnfraught:
And of my death let peeres and princes wete
The world's vntrust, that they thereby be taught:
And in her wealth, sith that such chaunge is wrought,
Hope not too much, but in the mids of all
Thinke on my death, and what may them befall.

107.

So long as fortune would permit the same,
I liu'd[1] in rule and ryches with the best:
And past my time in honour and in fame,
That of mishap no feare was in my brest:
But false fortune, whom[2] I suspected least,
Did tourne the wheele, and with a dolefull fall
Hath mee bereft of honour, life, and all.

108.

Loe, what avayles in riches, flouds that flowes?
Though she so smylde, as all the world were his,
Euen kings and kesars, byden[3] fortune's throwes,
And simple sort, must beare it as it is:
Take heede by mee that blithde in balefull blisse,
My rule, my riches, royall bloud and all,
When fortune frounde the feller made my fall.

109.

For hard mishaps, that happens vnto such
Whose wretched state erst neuer fell no chaunge,
Agreeue them not in any part so much

[1] Lyved. 1563, 71, 75, 78.
[2] Whan. 1563, 71, 75, 78.
[3] Bidden. N.

As theyr distresse: to whom it is so straunge
That all theyr liues, nay passed pleasures raunge,
Theyr sodayne woe, that aye wielde welth at will,
Algates theyr hearts more pearcingly must thrill.

110.

For of my byrth, my bloud was of the best,
First borne an earle, then duke by due discent,
To swinge the sway in court among the rest,
Dame fortune mee her rule most largely lent,
And, kinde with courage, so my corps had blent,
That, loe, on whom but mee did shee most smyle?
And whom but mee, loe, did shee most begyle?

111.

Now hast thou heard the whole of my vnhap,[1]
My chaunce, my chaunge, the cause of all my care:
In welth and woe, how fortune did mee wrap,
With world at will, to win mee to her snare:
Bid kings, bid kesars, bid[2] all states beware,
And tell them this from me that tryde it true:
Who reckles rules, right soone may hap to rue."

T. S.[3]

[1] Mishap. 1578. [2] By. 1563, 71, 75.
[3] Initials added 1571. T. Saxuill. N.

[" How like you this my maisters?" quoth[1] I. " Very well," sayd one: " the tragedy excelleth: the inuention also of the induction, and the descriptions are notable. But wheras hee fayneth to talke with the princes in hell, that I am sure will bee mislyked, because it is most certayne, that some of theyr soules be in heauen. And although hee herein doe follow allowed poets, in their description of hell, yet it sauoureth so much of purgatory, which the papistes haue digged thereout, that the ignorant may thereby bee deceiued." " Not a whit I warrant you," sayd I,[2] " for hee meaneth not by his hell the place eyther of damned soules, or of such as lye for their fees, but rather the graue, wherein the dead bodyes of all sorts of people doe rest till time of the resurrection. And in this sence is hell taken often in the scriptures, and in the writings of learned christians. And so, as hee himselfe hath told mee, hee meaneth, and so would haue it taken." " Tush," quoth[3] another, " what stand we here vpon? it is a poesy, and no diuinity: and it is lawfull for poets to faine what they list, so it bee appertinent to the matter: and therefore let it passe euen in such sort as you haue read it." " With a good will," quoth[4] I. " But whereas you say a poet may faine what he list: in deede me thinke[5] it should bee so, and ought to be well taken of the hearers: but it hath not at all times beene so allowed." " Yee say troth," quoth[6] the reader: " for here followeth in the story, that after the death of this duke, one called *Collingbourne* was cruelly put to death for making of a rime." " I haue his tragedy here," sayd[7] I. For

[1] Q. 1563.
[2] Sayd one. 1578.
[3] Q. 1563.
[4] Q. 1563. Quod. 1575.
[5] My thynke. 1563, 71, 75.
[6] Q. 1563.
[7] Sayd one. 1578.

the better perceiuing whereof, you must imagine that you see him a maruailous well fauoured man, holding in his hand his owne heart, newely ripped out of his breast, and smoaking forth the liuely spirite: and with his hand,[1] beckening to and fro, as it were to warne vs to auoide: and with his faint tongue and voice, saying as couragiously as hee may, these words that followe.]

[1] Other hand. 1563.

HOW COLLINGBOURNE

was cruelly executed for making

a foolish ryme.

1.

BEWARE, take heede, take heede, beware, beware[1]
You poets, you, that purpose to rehearce
By any art what tyraunt's doings are:
Erynnis rage is growne so fell and fearce,
That vicious acts may not be toucht in verse:
The muse's[2] freedome, graunted them of elde,
Is barde, slye reasons treasons hye are helde.

2.

Be rough in ryme, and then they say you rayle,
As *Iuuenal* was, but that[3] makes[4] no matter:
With *Ieremy* you shall bee had to iayle,
Or forc'd with *Martial, Cæsar's* faultes to flatter:
Clarkes must bee taught to claw, and not to clatter:
Free *Helicon* and franke *Parnassus'* hylls,
Are helly haunts, and ranke pernicious ylls.

3.

Touch couertly in terms, and then you taunt,
Though praysed poets alway did the like,
Controll vs not, els traytour vile auaunt,

[1] I say, beware. N. [2] Mule's. 1587.
[3] Though Juuenal so be, that. 1563. [4] That doth make. N.

What passe wee what the learned doe mislike?
Our sinnes wee see, wherein to swarme wee seeke:
Wee passe not what the people say or thinke:
Their shittle hate makes[1] none but cowards shrinke.

4.

Wee knowe, say they, the course of fortune's wheele,
How constantly it whirleth still about,
Arrearing now, while elder headlong reele,
How all the riders alway hang in doubt:
But what for that? we count him but a loute
That sticks to mount, and basely like a beast
Liues temperatly, for feare of Blockam feast.

5.

In deede wee would of all be deemed gods
What euer[2] wee do: and therefore partly hate
Rude preachers, that dare threaten [vs] plagues and rods,
And blase the blots whereby wee stayne our state:
But nought wee passe what any such do prate:
Of course and office they must say theyr pleasure,
And we of course must heare and mend at leasure.

6.

But when these pelting poets in theyr rymes
Shall taunt, or iest, or paynt our wicked workes,
And cause the people know and curse our crymes,
This ougly fault no tyraunt liues but vrkes:
Wherefore wee loth such taunters[3] worse then Turkes,
Whose meaning is to[4] make vs know our misse,
And so to mend:[5] but they but doate in this.

[1] Maketh. 1563, 71, 75, 78. [2] Ere. N.
[3] And therefore lothe we taunters. 1563.
[4] Whose minde thereby to. 1563.
[5] Amend. 1563.

7.

Wee know our faults as well as any other,
Wee also doubt the daungers from them due:
Yet still wee trust so right to rule[1] the rother,
That scape we shall the sourges that ensue:
We thinke we know more[2] shifts than other knew:
In vayne therefore for vs are counsailes writ:
Wee know our faults, and will not mend a whit.

8.

These are the feats of the vnhappy sort,[3]
That preace for honours, wealth, and pleasure vayne:
Ceasse therefore, *Baldwine*, ceasse I thee exhort,
Withdrawe thy pen, for nothing shalt thou gayne
Saue hate, with losse of paper, ynke, and payne:
Fewe hate theyr faults, all hate of them to heare,
And faultiest, from fault would seeme most cleare.[4]

9.

Thy intent[5] I know is honest,[6] playne, and good,
To warne the wise, to fray the fond fro[7] ill,
But wicked worldlings are so witles wood,
That to the worst they althinges construe still:
With rigour oft they recompence good will:
They racke the wordes till time theyr sinowes burst,
In dolefull[8] sences strayning still the worst.

[1] To guyde. 1563, 71, 75, 78.
[2] Moe. 1563, 71, 75, 78.
[3] The affections of the wycked sorte. 1563.
[4] Theyr sinnes, all hate to heare them touched,
Howe covertly so ever they be couched. 1563.
[5] Th'intent. N.
[6] Is godly. 1563.
[7] From. N.
[8] Doubtfull. 1563, 71, 75, 78.

10.

A paynfull proofe taught mee the truth of this,
Through tyraunt's rage, and fortune's cruell tourne:
They murdred mee, for meetring things amisse:
For wotst thou what? I am that *Collingbourne*
Which made the ryme, whereof I may well[1] mourne:[2]
" The cat, the rat, and *Louell* our dog,
Doe rule all *England*, vnder a hog."

11.

Whereof the meaning was so playne and true,
That euery foole perceiued it at furst:
Most liked it, for most that most things knewe,
In hugger mugger, muttred what they durst:
The tyraunt prince of[3] most was held accurst,
Both for his owne, and for his counsayl's faults,[4]
Of whom were[5] three, the naughtyest of all naughts.

12.

Catesby was one, whom[6] I called[7] a cat,
A crafty lawyer, catching all hee could:
The second *Ratcliffe*, whom I namde a rat,
A cruell beast to gnawe on whom hee should:
Lord *Louell* barkt and bit whom *Richard* would,
Whom I therefore did rightly tearme our dog,
Wherewith to ryme I calde the king a hog.

[1] Well may. 1578.
[2] Which rymed that whych made full many mourne. 1563.
[3] The kynge himselfe of. 1563.
[4] His faultors faultes. 1563.
[5] Was. 1571, 75, 78.
[6] The chyefe was Catesby whom. 1563.
[7] Whom I did call. N.

13.

Tyll he the crowne had caught, hee[1] gaue the bore,
In which estate would God hee had deceased,
Than had the realme not ruined so sore,
His nephue's raigne should not so soone haue ceased,
The noble bloud had not beene so decreased:
His rat, his cat, and bloudhound had not noyed,
Such liegemen true, as after they destroyed.[2]

14.

Theyr lawles actes good subiects did[3] lament.
And so did I, and therefore made the rymes
To shew my wit, how well I could inuent,
To warne withall the carelesse of theyr crymes:
I thought the freedom of the auncient tymes
Stoode still in force: *Ridentem dicere verum*
Quis vetat? nay, nay. *Veritas est pessuma*[4] *rerum.*[5]

15.

Belike no tyraunts were in *Horace'* dayes,
And therefore poets freely blamed vice,
Witnesse theyr satyrs[6] sharp, and traguike playes,
With chiefest princes chiefly had in price:
They name no man, they mixe theyr gall with spice,
No more doe I, I name no man outright,
But riddle wise, I meane them as I might.

[1] Tyll he vsurped the crowne, he. 1563.
[2] So many thousandes as they have destroyed. 1563.
[3] Laweles dealynges al men dyd. 1563.
[4] *Pessima.* 1571, 75, 78.
[5] *Quis vetat?* None, save clymers stil in *ferum*, 1563.
[6] Satyr. 1563.

16.

When bruite had brought this to theyr gylty eares,
Whose right surnames were[1] noted in the ryme,
They all conspired, like most greedy beares,
To charge me straight with this most greeuous cryme:[2]
And damned mee the gallow tree to clyme,
And then strangled, in[3] quarters to bee cut,
Which should on high ouer[4] *London* gates be put.

17.

This iudgement giuen so vehement and sore,[5]
Made me exclame agaynst[6] theyr tyranny:
Wherewith encenst, to make my payne the more,
They practised a shamefull vilany:
They cut mee downe aliue, and cruelly
Ript vp my paunch and bulke, to make me smart,
And lingred long ere they tooke out my hart.

18.

Here tyraunt *Richard* playde the eager hog,
His grashing tuskes my tender gristles shore:
His bloodhound *Louell* playde the hungry dog,[7]
His woluish teeth my giltles carkasse tore:
His rat, and cat, did what they might, and more
Cat *Catesby* clawed my guts to make me smart,
The rat *Ratcliffe*[8] gnawed mee to the hart.

[1] Who rudely named were. 1563.
[2] Me wyth most haynous traytrous cryme. 1563.
[3] And strangled fyrst in. 1563. And strangled then in. N.
[4] Ore. N. [5] And so sore. 1578.
[6] This wicked iudgement vexed me so sore
That I exclamed agaynst. 1563.
[7] The ravenyng dog. 1563, 71, 75, 78.
[8] The rat lord Ratclyve. 1563.

19.

If Iewes had kilde the iustest king aliue,
If Turkes had burnt vp churches, gods, and all,
What greater payne could cruell hearts contriue,
Than that I suffred for this trespasse small?
I was no prince, nor peere, but yet my fall
Is worthy to be thought vpon for this,
To see how cankard tyrant's malice is.

20.

To teach also all subiects to take heede
They medle not with magistrates affayres,
But pray to God to mend them if it neede:
To warne also all poets that be strayers,
To keepe them close in compasse of theyr chayers,
And when they touch that they would wish[1] amended,
To sauce them so, that fewe neede bee offended.

21.

And so to mixe theyr sharpe rebukes with mirth,
That they may pearce, not causing any payne,
Saue such as followeth euery kindely byrth,
Requited strayt, with gladnes of the gayne:
A poet must be pleasaunt, not too playne,
Faults to controll, ne yet to flatter vice,[2]
But sound and sweete, in all things ware and wise.

22.

The Greekes do paynt a poet's office whole
In *Pegasus*, theyr fayned horse with wings,
Whome shaped so *Medusae's* bloud did foale,

[1] Touch thinges which they wish. 1563.
[2] No flatterer, no bolsterer of vyce. 1563.

Who with his feete strake out the muses' springs,
Fro[1] flinty rockes to *Hellicon* that clings:
And then flewe vp into[2] the starry skie,
And[3] there abides among the gods on hye.[4]

23.

For hee that shall a perfect poet bee,
Must first bee bred out of *Medusae's* bloud,
He must be chast and vertuous, as was shee
Who to her powre the Ocean god withstoode:
To th'ende also his doome be iust and good,
Hee must, as shee, looke rightly with one eye
Truth to regarde, and write nothing awrye.[5]

24.

In courage eke he must be like a horse,
He may not feare to register the right:
What though some frowne? thereof he may not force,[6]
No bit, nor reyne, his tender iawes may twight:
He must be armde with strength of wit and sprite,
To dash the rocks, darke causes and obscure,
Till hee attayne the springs of truth most pure.

25.

His hooues also must[7] plyant bee and strong,
To riue the rocks of lust and errours blinde,
In braynlesse heads, that alway wander wrong:
These must hee brise[8] with reasons playne and kinde,
Till springs of grace doe gush out of the minde:

[1] From. N. [2] Vnto. 1563. [3] An, misprint. 1587.
[4] The heauens hye. 1563.
[5] He must (as she had) have one onlye iye,
Regarde of truth, that nought maye leade awrye. 1563.
[6] And that no power or fansie do him force. 1563.
[7] Must also. 1563. [8] Bruse. N.

For till affections from the fond be driuen,
In vayne is truth tolde, or good counsayle giuen.

26.

Like *Pegasus* a poet must haue wings,
To flye to heauen, or where him liketh best:[1]
He must haue knowledge of eternall things,
Almighty Ioue must harbour in his brest:
With worldly cares he may not be opprest,
The wings of wit and skill[2] must heaue him hyer,
With great delight to satisfie desier.[3]

27.

He must also be lusty,[4] free, and swift
To trauayle far, to vewe the trades of men,
Great knowledge oft is gotten by this[5] shift:
Things that import hee[6] must bee quicke to pen,
Reprouing vices sharply now and then:
He must be swift when touched tyraunts chafe,
To gallop thence, to keepe his carkas safe.

28.

If I had well these qualit·es considered,[7]
Especially that which I touched last,
With speedy flight my feete should haue deliuered
My feeble body from [a] most boystrous blast,[8]
They should haue caught mee, ere I had be cast:[9]

[1] To heauen thereto to feede and rest. 1563.
[2] Of skyll and hope. 1563.
[3] That *(than)* al the ioyes which worldly wyts desyre. 1563.
[4] He must be also nymble. 1563.
[5] The. 1563, 71, 75, 78.
[6] Thinges notable he. 1563. Impart he. 1571, 75, 78.
[7] These propertyes yf I had well consydered. 1563.
[8] From the stormy blast. 1563.
[9] Bin cast. N.

But too much trusting to a tyraunt's[1] grace,
I neuer shronke, nor chaunged port or place.

29

I thought the poet's auncient libertyes
For pleas had beene allowed at the bar:[2]
I had forgot how newe found tyrannyes
With truth[3] and freedom were at open war,
That lust was lawe, that might did make and marre,
That among tyraunts this is[4] and euer was,[5]
Sic volo, sic iubeo, stet pro ratione voluntas.

30.

Where lust is[6] lawe it booteth not to pleade,
No priuelege nor[7] libertyes avayle:
But with the learnde, whome lawe and wisdome leade,
Although through rashnes poets hap to rayle,
A plea of dotage may all quarels quayle:
Theyr olde licence[8] theyr writings to expounde,
Doth quit them cleare from faults by Momus founde.

31.

This freedom old ought[9] not to be debard
From any wight that speaketh ought, or writeth:
The author's meaning should of right be heard,
He knoweth best to what end he enditeth:
Wordes somtime beare more then the heart behiteth:
Admit therefore the author's exposition,
If playne, for trueth: if forc'd, for his submission.

[1] But trusting vaynely to the tyrauntes. 1563. Trust vnto a tyrant's. 1571, 75, 78.
[2] Had bene allowed plea at any barre. 1563.
[3] Ryght. 1563. [4] Tyrants t'is. N.
[5] That with the lewde save this no order was. 1563.
[6] Where this is. 1563. [7] Or. 1563.
[8] Their libertyes. 1563. [9] This auncient freedome ought. 1563.

32.

In case of slaunder, [the] lawes[1] requyre no more,
Same to amend that seemed not well sayde:[2]
Or to vnsay the slaunder's sayde afore,
And aske forgiuenes for the hasty brayde:
To heretikes no greater payne is layde,
Then to recant theyr errours, or retract:
And worse then these can be no writer's acte.

33.

"Yes," quoth the Cat, "thy rayling words be treason,
And treason is far worse then heresy:"
Then must it follow by this awkewarde[3] reason,
That kings be more then God in maiesty,
And soules be lesse then bodyes in degree:
For heretikes both soules and God offend,
Traytors but seeke to bring man's life to end.

34.

I speake not this t'abace[4] the haynous fault,
Of trayterous actes abhorde by God[5] and man,
But to make playne theyr iudgement to be naught,
That heresy for lesser sin doe ban:
I curse them both as deepe as any can,
And alway did: yet through my foolish ryme,
They stayned mee with that most hatefull cryme.[6]

35.

I neuer meant the king or counsayl harme,
Unles to wish them safty were offence:
Agaynst theyr powre I neuer lifted arme,

[1] Of slaunderers iust lawes. 1563.
[2] Seemed euel sayd. 1563.
[3] Foolyshe. 1563.
[4] To abase. 1563, 71, 75, 78.
[5] Of traytrous actes abhord of God. 1563.
[6] They arraynde and staynde me with that shameful crime. 1563.

Nor pen, nor tongue, for any ill pretence:
The ryme I made, though rude, was sound in sence,
For they therein, whom I so fondly named,
So ruled all that they were foule defamed.

36.

This was no treason, but the very troth,
They ruled all, none could deny the same:
What was the cause then why they were so wroth?
What, is it treason in a ryming frame
To clip, to stretch, to adde, or chaunge a name?
And this reserued, there is no ryme nor reason,
That any craft can clout to seeme a treason.

37.

For where I meant the king by name of hog,
I only alluded to his badge the bore:
To *Louel's* name I added more our dog,
Because most dogs haue borne that name of yore:
These metaphors I vsde[1] with other more,
As cat, and rat, the halfe names of the rest,
To hide the sence that they so wrongly wrest.

38.

I pray you now what treason finde you heare?
Enough, you rubd the gilty on the gaule,
Both sence and names doe note them very neare:
I graunt that was the chiefe cause of my faule,
Yet can you finde therein no treason at all:
There is no worde against the prince, or state,
No harme to them whom all the realme did hate.

39.

But sith the gilty alwayes are suspicious,
And dread the ruin that must sue by reason,
They cannot choose but count theyr counsayle vicious

[1] Vse. 1563, 71, 75, 78.

That note theyr faults, and therefore call it treason:
All grace and goodnes with the lewde is geason:
This is the cause why they good thinges doe wrest,
Whereas the good take ill things to the best.

40.

And therefore, *Baldwine*, boldly to the good
Rebuke their fault, so[1] shalt thou purchase thankes:
As for the bad, thou shalt but moue their[2] moode,
Though pleasauntly thou touch their naughty prankes:[3]
Warne poets all, no wise to[4] passe the bankes
Of Hellicon, but keepe within the bound:[5]
So shall their freedome to[6] no harme redound.[7] *

[1] Rebuke thou vice, so. 1563.
[2] His. 1563.
[3] His sinfull prankes. 1563.
[4] Warne poetes therfore not to. 1563.
[5] Kepe them in the streames. 1563.
[6] Vnto. 1571, 75, 78.
[7] Freedome save them from extreames. 1563.
* This legend without signature. Attributed to Baldwin.

["Gon's blessing on his heart that made this:" sayd one, "specially for reuiuing our auncient liberties. And I pray God it may take such place with the magistrates, that they may ratifie our olde freedome." "Amen," sayd another: "for that shall bee a meane both to stay and vpholde themselues from falling, and also to preserue many kinde, true, zealous, and well meaning mindes from slaughter and infamy. If king *Richarde* and his counsailours had allowed, or at the least but winked at some such wits, what great commodities might they haue taken thereby? First, they should haue knowen what the people misliked and grudged at, (which no one of their flatterers either woulde or durst haue tolde them) and so mought haue found meane, eyther by amendment (which is best) or by some other pollicy to haue stayed the people's grudge: the forerunner commonly of ruler's destruction.[1] *Vox populi, vox Dei*, in this case is not so famous a prouerbe, as true: the experience of all times doe[2] approue it. They should also haue bene warned of their owne sinnes, which call continually for God's vengeaunce, which neuer faileth to fall on their neckes sodainly and horribly, vnles it bee stayed with hearty repentaunce. These weighty commodities mought they haue taken by *Collingbourn's* vaine rime. But, as all thinges worke to the best in them that bee good, so best thinges heape vp mischiefe in the wicked, and all to hasten their vtter destruction. For after this poore wretche's lamentable persecution (the common rewarde of best endeuours) strait followed the fatall[3] destruction both of this tyrant, and of his tormentours. Which I wishe might bee so set forth, that they might bee a warning for euer, to all in authority, to beware howe they vsurpe or abuse theyr offices." "I haue here," quoth[4] I, "king *Richard's*

[1] Q. 1563.
[2] Destructions. 1563, 71, 75, 78.
[3] Eternal. 1563.
[4] Q. 1563.

tragedy." "Reade it, wee pray you:" quoth[1] they. "With a good will," quoth[2] I. "For the better vnderstanding whereof, imagine that you see him tormented with *Dives* in the deepe pit of hell, and thence howling this which followeth."]

[1] Q. 1563. [2] Q, 1563.

[HOW RICHARDE PLAN-

tagenet Duke of Glocester mur-

dered his brother's children, vsurp-

ing the crowne, and in the third yeare of

his raigne was most worthely depriued of

life and kingdome, in Bosworth plaine,

by Henry Earle of Richmond

after called King Henry

the vij. the 22 of Au-

gust 1485.[1]

1.

WHAT heart so hard, but doth abhorre to heare
The rufull raigne of me the third *Richard?*
King vnkindly calde, though I the crown did weare,
Who entred by rigour, but right did not regard,
By tyranny proceding in killing king *Edward*,
Fift of that name, right heyr vnto the crowne,
With *Richard* his brother, princes of renowne.

2.

Of trust they were committed vnto my gouernaunce,
But trust turned to treason, too truly it was tryed,
Both agaynst nature, duty, and alleigaunce,

[1] Date added. 1571.

For through my procurement most shamefully they dyed:
Desire of a kingdom forgetteth all kinred,
As after by discourse it shalbe shewed here,
How cruely these innocents in prison murdered[1] were.

3.

The lords and commons all with one assent,
Protectour made me both of land and king,
But I therewith, alas, was not content:
For minding mischife I ment another thing,
Which to confusion in short time did mee bring:
For I, desirous to rule and raigne alone,
Sought crowne and kingdom, yet title had I none.

4.

To all peeres and princes a president I may bee,
The like to beware how they do enterprise,
And learne theyr wretched falles by my fact to foresee,
Which rufull stand bewayling my chaunce before theyr eyes,
As one cleane bereft of all felicityes:
For right through might I cruelly defaced,
But might helped right and mee agayne displaced.

5.

Alas, that euer prince should thus his honour stayne
With the bloud of innocents, most shamefull to be tolde:
For these two noble impes I caused to be slaine,
Of yeares not full ripe as yet to rule and raigne:
For which I was abhorred both of yong and olde,
But as the deede was odious in sight of God and man,
So shame and destruction in the end I wan.

6.

Both God, nature, duty, alleigaunce all forgot,
This vile and haynous act vnnaturally conspyred:[2]
Which horrible deede done, alas, alas, God wot,

[1] Murdred. 1563, 75. [2] I conspyred. 1563.

Such terrours mee tormented, and my sprites[1] fired
As vnto such a murder and shamefull deede required,
Such broyle dayly felt I breeding in my brest,
Whereby, more and more, increased mine vnrest.

7.

My brother's children were right heyres vnto the crowne,
Whom nature rather bound to defend then destroy,
But I not regarding theyr right nor my renowne,
My whole care and study to this end did employe,
The crowne to obtayne, and them both to put downe:
Wherein I God offended, prouoking iust his ire,
For this my attempt and most wicked desire.

8.

To cursed[2] *Cayn* compare my carefull case,
Which did vniustly slay his brother iust *Abel:*
And did not I in rage make run that rufull race
My brother duke of *Clarence?* whose deth I shame to tel,
For that it was so straunge as it was horrible:
For sure he drenched was, and yet no water neare,
Which straunge is to bee tolde, to all that shall it heare.

9.

The but hee was not whereat I did shoote,
But yet he stoode betweene the marke and mee,
For had he liu'd,[3] for mee it was no boote
To tempt[4] the thing that by no meanes could bee,
For I third was then of my brethren three:
But yet I thought the elder being gone,
Then needes must I beare the stroke alone.

[1] Spyrytes. 1563.
[2] To cruel cursed. 1563.
[3] Lived. 1563, 71, 75.
[4] Attempt. 1578.

10.

Desire of rule made mee, alas, to rewe,
My fatall fall I could it not foresee,
Puft vp in pride, so hawty then I grewe,
That none my peere I thought now could bee,
Disdayning such as were of high degree:
  Thus dayly rising, and pulling other downe,
  At last I shot how to win the crowne.

11.

And dayly deuising which was the best way
And meane, how I might my nephues both deuour:
I secretly then sent, without furder delay,
To *Brackinbury*, then lieutenaunt of the tower,
Requesting him by letters to helpe vnto his power,
  For to accomplish this my desire and will,
  And that hee would secretly my brother's children kill.

12.

He aunswered playnly with a flat nay,
Saying that to dye hee would not doe that deede:
But finding then a profer to my[1] pray,
"Well worth a friend (quoth[2] I) yet in time of neede:"
Iames Tyrrill hight his name, whom with all speede,
  I sent agayne to *Brackinbury*, as you heard before,
  Commaunding him deliuer the keyes of euery dore.

13.

The keyes hee rendred,[3] but partaker would not be
Of that flagitious fact. O, happy man, I say:
As you haue heard before, he rather chose to dye,
Then on those sely lambes his violent hands to lay:

[1] Proffer ready for my. 1563.
[2] Q. 1563. [3] Rendered. 1563, 71, 75.

His conscience him pricked his prince to betraye,
O constant minde, that wouldst not condiscend,
Thee may I prayse, and my selfe discommend.

14.

What though hee refused, yet bee sure you may,
That other were as ready to take in hand that[1] thing,
Which watched and wayted as duely for their pray,
As euer did the cat for the mouse taking,
And how they might their purpose best to passe bring:
Where *Tyrrill* hee thought good to haue no bloud shed,
Becast them to kill by smothering in their bed.

15.

The wolues at hand were redy to deuoure
The seely lambes in bed, wheras they laye,
Abiding death, and looking for the howre,
For well they wist, they could not scape away:
Ah, woe is mee, that did them thus betray,
In assigning this vile deede to bee done,
By *Miles Forrest* and wicked *Ihon Dighton.*

16.

Who priuely into their chamber stale,
In secret wise somwhat before midnight,
And gan the bed together tug and hale,
Bewrapping them, alas, in wofull[2] plight,
Keping them downe, by force, by power, and might,
With haling, tugging, turmoyling, turnde[3] and tost,
Tyll they of force were forced yeeld the ghost.

77.

Which when I heard, my hart I felt was eased
Of grudge, of griefe, and inward deadly payne,
But with this deede the nobles were displeased,

[1] The. 1563. [2] Rufull. 1563. [3] Torne. 1563.

And sayde: " O God, shall such a tyrant raygne,
That hath so cruelly his brother's children slayne?"
Which bruit once blowen in the people's ears,
Their doloure was such, that they brast out in tears.

18.

But what thing may suffise vnto the gredy[1] man,
The more hee baths in bloud, the bloudier hee is alway:
By proofe I do this speake, which best declare it can,
Which onely was the cause of this prince's decay:
The wolfe was neuer gredier then I was of my pray:
But who so vseth murder, full well affirme I dare,
With murder shall bee quit, ere hee thereof beware.

19.

And marke the sequel of this begone mischiefe:
Which shortly after was cause of my decay,
For high and low conceiued such a griefe
And hate agaynst mee, which sought, day by day,
All wayes and meanes that possible they may,
On mee to bee reuenged for this sinne,
For cruelly murdering vnnaturally my kyn.

20.

Not only kyn, but king, the truth to say,
Whom vnkindely of kingdome I bereft,
His lyfe from him, I also raught[2] away,
With his brother's, which to my charge was[3] left:
Of ambition beholde the worke and weft,
Prouoking mee to do this haynous treason,
And murder them, agaynst all right and reason.

[1] Bloudy. 1563.
[2] His life also from him I raught. 1563.
[3] Were. 1563.

21.

After whose death thus wrought by violence,
The lords not lyking this vnnaturall deede,
Began on mee to haue greate diffidence,
Such brinning hate gan in their harts to breede,
Which made mee doubt, and sore my daunger dreede:
Which doubt and dreede proued not in vayne,
By that ensude, alas, vnto my payne.

22.

For I supposing all things were as I wished,
When I had brought these sely[1] babes to bane,
But yet in that my purpose far I missed:
For as the moone doth chaunge after the wane,
So chaunged the hearts of such as I had tane
To bee most true, to troubles did mee tourne:
Such rage and rancoure in boyling brests doth[2] burne.

23.

And sodainly a bruit abroade was blowne,
That *Buckingham* the duke, both sterne and stout,
In field was ready, with diuers to mee knowne,
To giue mee battayle if I durst come out:
Which daunted mee and put mee in greate doubt,
For that I had no army then prepared:
But after that, I litle for it cared.

24.

But yet remembring, that oft a litle sparke
Suffred doth growe vnto a greate flame,
I thought it wisdome wisly for to warke,
Mustred then men in euery place I came:
And marched forward dayly with the same,

[1] Silly. 1563. [2] Do. 1563, 71, 75.

Directly towards the towne of *Salisbury*,
Where I gat knowledge of the duke's army.

25.

And as I passed ouer *Salisburie* downe,
The rumour ran the duke was fled and gone,
His hoast dispersed besides *Shrewesbury* towne,
And hee dismaied was left there post alone,
Bewailing his chaunce and making great mone:
Towards whome I hasted with all expedition,
Making due search and diligent inquisition.

26.

But at the fyrst I could not of him heare,
For hee was scaped by secrete bywayes,
Unto the house of *Humfrey Banastaire*,
Whome hee had much preferred in his dayes,
And was good lorde to him, in all assaies:
Which hee full ill[1] requited in the end,
When hee was driuen to seeke a trusty frend.

27.

For so it happened to his mishap, alas,
When I no knowledge of the duke could heare:
A proclamation, by my commaundement, was
Published and cryed throughout euery shyre,
That whoso could tell where the duke were,
A thousand marke shoulde haue for his payne:
What thing so hard but mony can obtayne?

28.

But were it for mony, meede, or dreede,
That *Banastaire* thus betrayed his ghest,
Diuers haue diuersly deuined of this deede,

[1] Ful euel. 1563, 71, 75.

Some deeme the worst, and some iudge the best,
The doubt not dissolued, nor playnly exprest:
But of the duke's death hee doubtless was cause,
Which dyed without iudgement, or order of lawes.

29.

Loe, this noble duke I brought thus vnto bane,
Whose doings I doubted and had in greate dread,
At *Banastaire's* house I made him to bee tane,
And without iudgement be shortned by the head,
By the shriue of *Shropshyre* to *Salisburie* led,
In the market place vpon the scaffolde newe,
Where all the beholders did much his death rewe.

30.

And after this done I brake vp my hoaste,
Greatly applauded with this heauy hap,[1]
And forthwith I sent to euery sea cost,
To foresee all mischieues and stop euery gap,
Before they shoud chaunce or[2] light in my lap,
Geuing them in charge to haue good regarde
The sea cost to keepe, with good watch and warde.

31.

Dyrecting my letters vnto euery shriue,
With strait commaundement vnder our name,
To suffer no man in their partes to aryue,
Nor to passe forth out of the same,
As they tendred our fauour, and voyde would our blame,
Doing therein theyr payne and industry,
With diligent care and vigilant eye.

[1] Happy happe. 1563. [2] And. 1563.

32.

And thus setting things in order as you heare,
To preuent mischieues that might then betyde,
I thought my selfe sure, and out of all feare,
And for other things began to prouide:
To *Nottingham* castle straight did I ryde,
Where I was not very long space,
Straunge tydings came, which did mee sore amaze.

33.

Reported it was, and that for certainty,
The earle[1] of *Richmond* landed was in *Wales*
At *Milford* hauen, with an huge army,
Dismissing his nauy which were many sayles:
Which, at the fyrst, I thought flying tales,
But in the end did otherwise proue,
Which not a little did mee vexe and moue.

34.

Thus fauning fortune gan on mee to frowne,
And cast on mee her scornfull lowring looke:
Then gan I feare the fall of my renowne,
My heart it faynted, my sinowes sore they shooke,
This heauy hap a scourge for sinne I tooke:
Yet did I not then vtterly dispayre,
Hoping storms past the weather shoulde bee fayre.

35.

And then with all speede possible I might,
I caused them muster throughout euery shyre,
Determining with the earle spedely to fyght,

[1] Therle. 1563, 71, 75.

Before that his power much encreased were,
By such as to him great fauour did beare:
Which were no small number, by true report made,
Dayly repayring him for to ayde.

36.

Dyrecting my letters to diuers noble men,
With earnest request their power to prepare
To *Notingham* castle, where, as I lay then,
To ayde and assist mee in this waighty affayre:
Where straite to my presence did then repayre,
Ihon duke of *Northfolke*, his eldest sonne also,
With th'earle of *Northumberland* and many other mo.

37.

And thus being furnisht with men and munition,
Forwarde wee marched in order of battayle ray,
Making by scouts euery way inquisition,
In what place the earle with his campe lay:
Towards whom dyrectly wee tooke then our way,
Euermore mynding to seeke our most auayle,
In place conuenient to gieue to him battayle.

38.

So long wee laboured, at last our armies met
On *Bosworth* playne, besides *Lecester* towne,
Where sure I thought the garland for to get,
And purchase peace, or els to lose my crowne:
But fickle fortune, alas, on mee did frowne,
For when I was enchamped in the fielde,
Where most I trusted I soonest was begylde.

39.

The brand of malice thus kindling in my brest
Of deadly hate which I to him did beare,
Pricked mee forward, and bad mee not desist,

But boldly fight, and take at all no feare,
To wyn the field, and the earle to conquere:
Thus hoping glory greate to gayne and get,
Myne army then in order did I set.

40.

Betyde mee lyfe or death I desperatly ran,
And ioyned mee in battayle with this earle so stoute,
But fortune so him fauoured that hee the battayle wan,
With force and great power I was beset about:
Which when I did beholde, in midst of the whole route,
With dint of sword I cast mee on him to be reuenged,
Where in the midst of them my wretched life I ended.

41.

My body was hurried and tugged like a dog,
On horsebacke all naked and bare as I was borne:
My heade, hands, and feete, downe hanging lyke a hog,
With dirte and bloud besprent, my corpes all to torne,
Cursing the day that euer I was borne:
With greuous woundes bemangled, moste horrible to see,
So sore they did abhorre this my vile cruelty.

42.

Loe, heare you may behold the due and iust rewarde
Of tyranny and treason, which God doth most detest:
For if vnto my duety I had taken regarde,
I might haue liued still in honour with the best,
And had I not attempt the thing that I ought leste:
But desyre to rule, alas, did mee so blinde,
Which caused mee to doe agaynst nature and kynde.

43.

Ah, cursed caytife, why did I climbe so hye,
Which was the cause of this my balefull thrall:
For still I thirsted for the regall dignitye,

But hasty rising threatneth sodayne fall:
Content your selues with your estates all,
And seeke not right by wrong to suppresse,
For God hath promist ech wrong to redresse.

44.

See here the fine and fatall fall of mee,
And guerdon due for this my wretched deede,
Which to all princes a miroir now may bee,
That shall this tragicall story after reede,
Wishing them all by mee to take heede,
And suffer right to rule as it is reason:
For tyme tryeth out both truth and also treason.

F. Seg.[1]]

[1] Added ed. 1571 for Francis Segar. This legend omitted by Niccols.

[When I had read this, we had much talke about it. For it was thought not vehement enough for so violent a man as king *Richard* had bene. The matter was well enough liked of some, but the meetre was misliked almost of all. And when diuers therefore would not allowe it, "What," quoth[1] one, "you know not whereupon you sticke: els you would not so much mislike this because of the vncertaine meeter. The cumlines called by the rhetoricians decorum, is specially to bee obserued in all thinges. Seing than that king *Richard* neuer kept measure in any of his doings, seeing also hee speaketh in hell, whereas is no order: it were against that[2] decorum of his personage, to vse either good meetre or order. And therefore if his oration were farre worse, in my opinion it were more fit for him. *Mars* and the muses did neuer agree. Neither is to be suffered, that their milde sacred arte should seeme to proceede from so cruell and prophane a mouth as his: seeing they themselues doe vtterly abhorre it. And although wee read of *Nero*, that hee was excellent both in musicke and in versifying, yet doe not I remember that euer I sawe any song or verse of his making: *Minerua* iustly prouiding, that no monument should remayne of any such vniust vsurpation. And therefore let this passe euen as it is, which the writer I know both could and would amend in many places, saue for keeping the decorum, which he purposely hath obserued herein." "In deede," quoth[3] I, "as you say: it is not meete that so disorderly and vnnaturall a man as king *Richard* was, should obserue any metricall order in his talke: which notwithstanding in many places of his oration is very well kepte: it shall passe therefore euen as it is, though too good for so euill[4] a person."[5] Then

[1] Q. 1563. [2] The. 1563. [3] Q. 1563. [4] Yll. 1563.

[5] In the editions of 1571, 75, 78, the legends of Michael Joseph and Jane Shore were transposed, the latter being made to conclude the volume. The induction to the first in 1563 is in few words, nearly the same as the above conclusion. It follows: "When they had sayde their myndes herein allowyng it very well, they willed me

they willed mee to reade the blacke Smith. "With a good will," quoth I: "but first you must imagin that you see him standing on a ladder ouer shrined with the Tyburne, a meete stage for all such rebelles and traytours: and there stoutly saying as followeth."]

---

also to reade the blacke Smyth. "Wyth a good wyll," quod I, "but fyrst you must ymagine that you see hym standynge on a ladder, ouershryned wyth the Tyborne, a meete trone for all suche rebelles and trayters: and there corageouslye sayenge as folowethe."

THE WILFVLL FALL OF

the blacke Smith, and the foolishe

ende of the Lorde Awdeley, in

Iune, Anno 1496.[1]

1.

WHO is more bolde then is the blinde beard ?[2]
Where is more craft than in the clouted shone?
Who catch more harme than such as nothing feard ?[3]
Where is more guile then where mistrust in[4] none ?
No plaisters helpe before the griefe be knowen,
So seemes by mee who could no wisdome lere,
Untill such time I bought my wit too deare.

2.

Who, being boystrous, stout, and braynlesse bolde,
Puft vp with pride, with fire and furyes fret,
Incenst with tales so rude and playnly tolde,
Wherein deceit with double knot was knit,
I trapped was as seely fishe in net,
Who swift in swimming, not doubtfull of[5] deceit,
Is caught in gin wherein is layde no bayt.

[1] Date added. 1571.
[2] Then is the Bayard blind. N.
[3] Then do the bold in mind. N.
[4] Is. 1563, 71. N.
[5] Swimming carelesse of. N.

3.

Such force and vertue hath this dolefull playnt,
Set forth with sighes and teares of crocodile,
Who seemes in sight as simple as a saynt,
Hath layde a bayte the wareles to begyle,
And as they wepe they worke deceit the while,
Whose rufull cheare the rulers so relent,
To worke in haste that they at last repent.

4.

Take heede therefore ye rulers of the land,
Be blinde in sight, and stop your other eare:
In sentence slow, till skill the truth hath scand,
In all your doomes both loue and hate forbeare,
So shall your iudgement iust and right appeare:
It was a southfast sentence long agoe,
That hasty men shall neuer lacke much woe.

5.

Is it not truth? *Baldwine*, what sayest thou?
Say on thy minde: I pray thee muse no more:
Me thinke thou star'st and look'st[1] I wot not howe,
As though thou neuer saw'st[2] a man before:
Belike thou musest why I teach this lore,
Els what I am, that here so bouldly[3] dare,
Among the prease of princes to compare.

6.

Though I bee bolde I pray the blame not mee,
Like as men sowe, such corne nedes must they reape,
And nature hath so planted in[4] eche degree,
That crabs like crabs will kindly crall and crepe:

[1] Starest and lookest. 1563, 71. [2] Sawest. 1563, 71.
[3] Boldie. N. [4] Nature planted so in. N.

The suttle foxe vnlike the sely shepe:
It is according to my education,
Forward to prease in rout and congregation.

7.

Behold my coate burnt with the sparkes of fire,
My lether apron fylde with the[1] horse shoe nayles,
Beholde my hammer and my pinsers here,
Beholde my lookes, a marke that seldom fayles,
My cheekes declare I was not fed with quayles,
My face, my cloathes, my tooles, with all my fashion,
Declare full well a prince of rude creation.

8.

A prince I sayde, a prince, I say agayne,
Though not by byrth, by crafty vsurpation:
Who doubts but some men princehood do obtayne,
By open force, and wrongfull domination?
Yet while they rule are had in reputation:
Euen so by mee, the while I wrought my feate
I was a prince, at least in my conceyte.

9.

I dare the bolder take on mee the name,
Because of him whom here I leade in hand,
Tychet lord *Awdley*, a lorde of byrth[2] and fame,
Which with his strength and powre serude in my band,
I was a prince while that I was so mande:
His butterfly still vnderneath my shielde
Displayed was, from *Welles* to *Blackeheath* fielde.

10.

But now beholde hee doth bewayle the same:
Thus after wits theyr rashnes do depraue:
Beholde dismayde hee dare not speake for shame,

[1] The, wanting. 1563. N. [2] Awdley, one of birth. N.

He lookes like one that late came from the graue,
Or one that came forth of *Trophonius* caue,
For that in wit hee had so litle pith,
As he a lord to serue a traytour smith.

11.

Such is the courage of the noble hart,
Which doth despise the vile and baser sort,
Hee may not touch that sauers of the cart,
Him listeth not with ech jacke lout to sport,
Hee lets him passe for payring of his porte:
The iolly egles catch not litle flees,
The courtly silkes match seelde with homely frees.

12.

But surely, *Baldwine*, if I were allowde
To say the troth, I could somewhat declare:
But clarkes will say: " 'This smith doth waxe to prowde,
Thus in precepts of wisedome to compare:"
But smiths must speake that clarkes for feare ne dare:
It is a thing that all men may lament,
When clarkes keepe close the truth lest they be shent.

13.

The hostler, barber, miller, and the smith,
Heare of the sawes of such as wisdom ken,
And learne some wit, although they want the pith
That clarkes pretend: and yet, both now and then,
The greatest clarkes proue not the wisest men:
It is not right that men forbid should bee
To speake the truth, all were hee bond or free.

14.

And for because I [haue] vsed to fret and fome,
Not passing greatly whom I should displease,
I dare be bolde a while to play the mome,

Out of my sacke some other's faults to lease,
And let mine[1] owne behinde my backe to peyse:
For hee that hath his owne before his eye,
Shall not so quicke another's fault espye.

15.

I say was neuer no such wofull case,
As is when honour doth it selfe abuse:
The noble man that vertue doth embrace,
Represseth pride, and humblenes doth vse,
By wisdome workes, and rashnes doth refuse:
His wanton will and lust that bridle can
In deede, is gentill, both to God and man.

16.

But where the nobles want both wit and grace,
Regarde no rede, care not but for theyr lust,
Oppresse the poore, set will in reason's place,
And in theyr wordes and doomes bee found vniust,
Wealth goeth to wracke till all lye in the dust:
There fortune frownes, and spite begins[2] to growe,
Till high, and lowe, and all be ouerthrowe.

17.

Then sith that vertue hath so good rewarde,
And after vice so duly wayteth shame,
How hapth that princes haue no more regarde,
Theyr tender youth with vertue to enflame?
For lacke whereof theyr wit and will is lame,
Infect with folly, prone to lust and pryde,
Not knowing how themselues or theyrs to guyde.

18.

Whereby it hapneth to the wanton wight,
As to a ship vpon the stormy seas,
Which lacking sterne to guide it selfe aright,

[1] My. 1563. [2] Beginth. 1563. Beginneth. 1571.

From shore to shore the winde and tyde to[1] teese,
Fynding no place to rest or take his ease,
Till at the last it sinke vpon the sande:
So fare they all that haue no vertue[2] cand.

19.

The plowman first his land doth dresse and tourne,
And makes it apt or ere the seede hee[3] sowe,
Whereby hee is full like to reape good corne,
Where otherwise no seede but weede would growe:
By which ensample men may easely knowe,
When youth haue welth before they can well vse it,
It is no wonder though they do abuse it.

20.

How can hee rule well in a common wealth,
Which knoweth not himselfe in rule to frame?
How should hee rule himselfe in ghostly health,
Which neuer learnde one lesson for the same?
If such catch harme theyr parents are too blame:
For needes must they be blinde, and blindly led,
Where no good lesson can be taught or read.

21.

Some thinke theyr youth discret and wisely taught,
That brag, and boast, and weare theyr fether braue,
Can royst, and rout, both lowre, and looke aloft,
Can sweare, and stare, and call theyr fellowes knaue,
Can pill, and poll, and catch before they craue,
Can carde and dice, both cog and foyste at fare,
Play on vnthrifty, till theyr purse bee bare.

22.

Some teach theyr youth to pype, to sing, and daunce,
To hauke, to hunt, to choose and kill theyr game,
To winde theyr horne, and with theyr horse to praunce,

[1] Do. 1563, 71. [2] Vertues. N. [3] Be. 1563, 71.

To play at tenis, set the lute in frame,
Run at the ring, and vse such other game:
Which feats although they be not all vnfit,
Yet cannot they the marke of vertue hit.

23.

For noble youth, there is nothing so meete
As learning is, to knowe the good from yll:
To knowe the toungs and perfectly endyte,
And of the lawes to haue a perfect skill,
Things to reforme as right and iustice will:
For honour is ordeyned for no cause,
But to see right mayntayned by the lawes.

24.

It spites my heart to heare when noble men
Cannot disclose their secrets to theire frend
In sauegarde sure, with paper, inke, and pen,
But first they must a secretary fynde,
To whome they shewe the bottome of theire mynde:
And bee hee false or true, a blab or close,
To him they must theyr counsayle needs disclose.

25.

And where they rule that haue of lawe no skill,
There is no boote, they needes must seeke for ayde:
Then rulde are they, and rule as others will,
As hee that on a stage his part hath playde:
But hee was taught, nought hath hee done or sayde:
Such youth therfore seeke science of the sage,
As thinke to rule when that ye come to age.

26.

Where youth is brought vp in feare and obedience,
Kept from yll company, brydled of theyr lust,
Do serue God duly and know theire allegiaunce,

Learne godly wisdome[1] which tyme nor age can rust:
Theire prince, people, and peers needes prosper must:
For happy are the people, and blessed is that land,
Where truth and vertue haue got the ouer hand.

27.

I speake this, *Baldwine*, of this rufull lord,
Whome I, perforce, do here present to thee,
He faynts so sore hee may not speake a word:
I pleade his cause without rewarde or fee,
And am enforc'd[2] to speake for him and mee:
If in his youth hee had bene wisely tought,
Hee should not now his wit so deare haue bought.

28.

For what is hee that hath but halfe a wit,
But may well know that rebelles cannot speede:
Marke well my tale, and take good heede to it,
Recount it well, and take it for good reede,
If it proue vntrue[3] I will not trust my creede:
Was neuer rebell before the world, nor since,[4]
That could or shall preuayle agaynst his prince.

29.

For ere the subiect beginneth[5] to rebell,
Within him selfe let him consider well,
Foresee the daunger, and beate [well] in his brayne,
How hard it is his purpose to obtayne:
For if hee once bee entred to the brears,
Hee hath a raging wolfe fast by the ears.

[1] Weale. N.
[2] Inforst. 1563, 71.
[3] Proue it vntrue. N.
[4] Rebell heretofore or since. N.
[5] Purpose. N.

30.

And when hee is once entred to[1] rule the [beastly] rout,
Although hee would, he can no way get out:
Hee may bee sure none will to him resorte,
But such as are the vile and rascall sorte:
All honest men, as well the most as lest,
To tast of treason will vtterly detest.

31.

Then let him way how long hee can bee sure,
Where fayth nor frendship may no while endure:
Hee whom hee trusteth most, to gayne a grote
Will fall him from, and assay[2] to cut his throate:
Among the knaues and slaues where vice is rooted,
There is no other frendship to bee looked.

32.

With slashers, slaues, and snuffers so falshode is[3] in price,
The simple fayth is deadly sinne,[4] and vertue counted vice:
And where the quarell is so vile and bad,
What hope of ayde then is there to bee had?
Thinks hee that men will run at this or that,
To do a thing they knowe not how or what?

33.

Nor yet what daunger may thereof betyde,
Where wisdome would they should at home abyde,
Rather then seeke, and knowe not what to fynde:
Wise men will fyrst debate this in their minde:
Full suer they are if that they goe to wrecke,
Without all grace they loose both head and necke.

[1] He entred is to. N. [2] Seeke. N.
[3] With foolish men so falsehood is. N. [4] That faith is sinne. N

34.

They lose their lands and goods, their childe and wife
With sorrowe and shame shall leade a wofull lyfe:
If hee bee slayne in fielde hee dyeth accurst,
Which of all wrecks wee should accompt the worst:
And hee that dyeth defending his liege lord
Is blist, and blist agayne by God's owne worde.

35.

And where the souldiers wages is vnpayde,
There is the captayne slenderly obayde:
And where the souldier is out[1] of feare and dreede,
Hee will bee lacke when that there is most neede,
And priuatly hee seekes his ease and leasure,
And will bee ruled but at his will and pleasure.

36.

And where some drawe forth, [and] other doe drawe backe,
There in the end must nedes bee woe and wracke:
To hope for ayde of lords it is but vayne,
Whose foretaught wit of treason knoweth the payne:
They knowe what powre a prince hath in his hand,
And what it is with rebells for to stand.

37.

They knowe by treason honour is defaced,
Their ofspring and their progeny disgraced:
They knowe to honour[2] is not so worthy a thing,
As to bee true and faythfull to their king:
Aboue cognisaunce or armes, or pedigrewe a far,
An vnspotted coate is lyke a blasing star:

[1] Soldiers out. N. [2] To praise. N.

38.

Therefore the rebell is accurst and mad,
That hopeth[1] for that which rebell neuer had:
Who trusting still to tales doth hang in hope,
Tyll at the last hee hang fast by the rope,
For though that tales bee tolde that hope might feede,
Such foolishe hope hath still vnhappy speede.

39.

It is a custome [that] neuer will be broken,
In broyles the bag of lyes is euer open:
Such lying newes men dayly will inuent,
As can the hearer's fancy best content:
And as the newes do runne and neuer cease,
So more and more they dayly do encrease.

40.

And as they encrease,[2] they multiply as fast,
That ten is ten hundred, ten thousand at the last:
And though the rebell had once got the fielde,
Thinks hee therby to make his prince to yeelde?
A prince's power, within his owne region,
Is not so soone brought vnto confusion.

41.

For kings by[3] God are strong and stoutly harted,
That they of subiects will not bee subuerted:
If kings would yeelde, yet God would them restrayne,
Of whom the prince hath grace and power to raygne:
Who straytly chargeth vs aboue all thing,
That no man should resist agaynst his king.

[1] Hopes. N. [2] They 'ncrease. N. [3] Through. N.

42.

Who that resisteth his dreade soueraign lorde,
Doth dampne his soule, by God's owne very worde,
A christian[1] subiect shoulde with honour due
Obay his souerayne, though hee were a Jewe:
Wherby assured[2] when subiects do rebell,
God's wrath is kindled, and threatneth fire and hell.

43.

It is soone knowne when God's wrath[3] is kindled,
How they shall speede with whom hee is offended:
If God gieue victory to whom hee liketh best,
Why looke they for it whom God doth most detest?
For treason is hatefull, and abhord in God's sight,
Example of Iudas that most wicked wight:

44.

Which is the chiefe cause no treason preuayles,
For yll must hee spede whom God's wrath assayles:
Let traytours and rebelles looke to speede then,
When God's mighty power is subiect to men:
Much might bee sayde that goeth more nere the pith:
But this sufficeth for a rurall smith.

45.

Baldwine, when thou hearest my reason[4] in this case,
Belike thou thinkest[5] I was not very wise,
And that I was accurst, or else wanted[6] grace,
Which knowing the end of my fond enterprise,
Would thus presume agaynst my prince to rise:
But as there is a cause that moueth euery woe,
Somewhat there was whereof this sore did growe.

[1] Christen. 1563, 71. [2] Assur'd. N.
[3] God's fierce wrath. N. [4] Hear'st reason. N.
[5] Think'st. N. [6] Lacked. 1563, 71.

46.

And to bee playne and simple in this case,
The cause why I such matter tooke in hand,
Was nothing els but pryde and lacke of grace,
Vayne hope of helpe, and tales both false and fond:
By meane whereof I did my prince withstand,
Denied the taxe assest by conuocation,
To mayntaine war agaynst the *Scottishe* nation.

47.

Whereat the *Cornish* men did much repine,
For they of golde and siluer were full bare,
And liued hardly, digging in the myne,
They sayd they had no money for to spare:
Began first to grudge, and then to sweare and stare,
Forgot theyr due obeysaunce, and rashly fell to rauing,
And sayd they would not beare such polling and such shauing.

48.

They fyrst accusde the king as authour of their greife,
And then the bishop *Moreton*, and sir *Reinold Bray:*
For they then were about the king most cheife,
Because they thought the whole[1] fault in them lay:
They dyd protest to rid them out of the way:
Such thanke haue they that rule aboue a prince,
They beare the blame of other[2] men's offence.

49.

When I perceiude the commons in a roare,
Then I and *Flamoke* consulted both together,[3]
To whom the people resorted more and more,
Lamenting and crying, help vs now or neuer,

[1] Hole. 1563, 71. [2] Others. 1563.
[3] Flamoke both agreed together. N.

Breake this yoake of bondage,[1] then are wee free for euer:
Wherat [wee] inflamed in hope to haue a fame,[2]
To bee their captaynes tooke on vs the name.

50.

Then might you heare the people make a shout,
[And cry] "God saue the captaynes, and send vs all good speede:"
Then hee that fainted was counted but a lout,[3]
The ruffians ran [abroade] to sowe seditious seede:
To call for company [then] there was no neede,
For euery man laboured another to entice,[4]
To bee partaker of his wicked vice.

51.

Then all such newes as made for our auayle,
Was brought to me, but such as sounded ill,
Was none so bould to speake or yet bewayle:
Euerich was so wedded vnto[5] his will,
That foorth they cryed with bowes, sword,[6] and byll:
And what the rufler spake the lout tooke for a verdite,
For there the best was worst, [the] worst [was] best regarded.

52.

For when men goe a madding, there[7] still the viler part[8]
Conspyre together, and will haue all the sway:
And bee it well or yll, they must haue all the porte,[9]
As they will do, the rest must nedes obay:
They prattle and prate as doth the popingaye:
They crye and commaund the rest[10] to kepe th'array,
Whiles they may raunge and rob for spoyle and pray.

[1] Breake bondage now. N.
[2] To purchase fame. N.
[3] Counted was a lout. N.
[4] Man his brother did entice. N.
[5] Each one so wedded was vnto. N.
[6] With sword. N.
[7] Men rebell there. N.
[8] Sort. N.
[9] They beare the port. N.
[10] Crie vnto the rest. N.

53.

And when wee had prepared euery thing,
Wee went to *Taunton* with all our prouision,
And there we slewe the prouost of *Penryn*,
For that on the subsedy hee sate in commission:[1]
Hee was not wise, nor yet of great discretion,
That durst approche his enmies in their rage,
When wit nor reason coulde their yre asswage.

54.

From thence wee went to *Wels*, where wee were[2] receiued
Of this lorde *Axdeley* as [of | our chiefe captayne,
And so had[3] the name, but yet hee was deceiued,
For I indeede did rule the clubbish trayne,
My cartly knights true honour did disdayne:
For like doth loue his like, it will[4] bee none other,
A chorle will loue a chorle, before hee will his brother.

55.

[Then] from *Wels* to *Winchester*, [and so] to *Blackheath* field,
And there [wee] enchamped looking for more ayde,
But when none came, wee thought our selues begild:
Such *Cornishmen* as knew they were betrayde,
From their fellowes by night away they strayde:[5]
There might wee learne how vayne it is to trust
Our fayned frends, in quarels so vniust.

56.

But wee [the sturdy captaynes] that thought our power was strong,
Were bent to try [our fortune] what euer should betyde:
Wee were the bolder, for [that] the king so long

[1] For that he there did sit in high commission. N.
[2] Wels and were. N. [3] He had. N. [4] Twill. N.
[5] From vs by night away together straid. N.

Deferred battayle: which so increast our pryde,
That sure wee thought the king himselfe did hyde
Within the cyty, therfore with[1] courage hault,
Wee did determine the[2] cyty to assault.

57.

But hee [working] contrary to our expectation,
Was fully mynded to[3] let vs run our race,
Till wee were from our domesticall habitation,[4]
Where that of ayde or succour was no place,
And then [to] bee plaged as it should please his grace:
[But] all doubtfull playnts, how euer they did sound,
To our best vayle wee alway did expound.

58.

When that the king sawe time, with courage bolde
Hee sent a powre to circumuent vs all:
Where wee enclosde as simple sheepe in folde,
Were slaine and murdred as[5] beasts in butcher's stall:
The king himselfe, what euer [chaunce] might fall,
Was strongly encamped[6] within Saynt *George's* fielde,
And there abode tyll that hee hearde vs yeelde.

59.

Then downe wee kneelde, and cryde to saue our life,
It was to late our folly to bewayle:
There were wee spoylde of armour, coate, and knife:
And wee, which thought [with pride] the citye to assaile,
Were led in[7] prisoners, naked as my nayle:
[But] of vs two thousand they had slayne before,
And wee of them three hundred and no more.

[1] City and with. N. [2] Did intend the. N.
[3] Fully bent to N.
[4] Were farthest from our habitation. N.
[5] Were slaughtered all as. N. [6] Arm'd. N. [7] Led as. N.

60.

[This] my lorde and wee the captaynes of the west,
Tooke [our] inne at Newgate, fast in fetters tide,
Where after tryall[1] wee had but litle rest:
My lorde through *London* was drawne on a slide,
To *Tower* hill, where with an[2] axe hee dyde,
Clad in his [coate] armour painted all in paper,
Torne[3] and reuersed[4] in spite of his behauer.[5]

61.

And I with *Thomas Flamoke*, and[6] other of our bent,
As traytours at Tiburne our iudgment did obay:
The people looked[7] I should my fault lament,
To whom I [boldly] spake, that for my fond assaye
I was sure of fame,[8] that neuer should decaye:
Wherby ye may perceiue vayne glory doth enflame
As well the meaner sort, as men of greater name.[9]

62.

But as the fickle patient, sometyme hath desyre
To tast the things that phisicke hath denide,
And hath both payne and sorrowe for his hyre:

[1] After doome. N. [2] An, wanting. 1563. [3] Al torne, 1563.
[4] Reuers'd. N.
[5] He (the king) caused the Lord Audeleigh to be drawen from Newgate to the Towre hie in a cote of his awne armes peinted vpon paper, reuersed and al to torne, and there to be behedded the xxviii day of Juyn. And Thomas Flamock and Myghell Joseph he commaunded after the fassyon of treytours to be drawen, hanged and quartred. *Hall.*
[6] With Flamoke I and. N. [7] Lookt. N.
[8] I should haue fame. N.
[9] This Mighell Joseph, surnamed the black smyth, one of the capiteins of this donge hill and draffe sacked ruffians, was of such stowte stomack and haute courage, that at the same time that he was drawen on the herdle toward his death, he sayd, as men do reporte: "That for this myscheuous and facinorous acte, he should haue a name perpetual and a fame permanent and immortal." So (you may perceaue) that desire and ambicious cupidite of vaine glorie and fame, enflameth, and encourageth aswel poore and meane persones, as the heartes of great lords and puyssaunt princes to trauayle and aspire to the same. *Hall.*

The same to mee right well may bee applide,
Which while I raught for fame on shame did slide:
And seeking fame, brought forth my bitter bane,
As hee that fyred the temple of *Diane.*

63.

I tell thee, *Baldwine*, I muse [right] oft, to see
How euery man for wealth and honour gapeth,
How euery man would climbe aboue the skye,
How euery man th'assured meane so hateth,
How froward fortune oft their purpose mateth:
And if they hap theire purpose to obtayne,
Their wealth is woe, their honour care and payne.

64.

Wee see the seruant more happy[1] then his lord,
Wee see him lyue when that his lorde is dead,
Hee slepeth sounde, is mery at his boorde,
No sorrowe in his harte doth vexe his head:
Happy [then] is he that pouerty can wed:
What gayne the mighty conquerours[2] when they be dead,
By all the spoyle, and bloud that they haue shed?

65.

The terrible towre[3] where honour hath his seate,
Is hye on rockes more slipper then the yse,
Where still the whorleing wynde doth roare and beate,
Where sodayne qualmes and periles still aryse,
And is beset with many sundry vice,
So straunge to men when first they come thereat,
They bee amased, and do they wot not what.

[1] Seruant happier. N.
[2] Mightie men. N.
[3] The loftie towre. N.

66.

Hee that preuailes, and to the towre can clyme,
With trouble[1] and care must needes abridge his dayes:
And hee that slydes may curse the howre and tyme,
Hee did attempt to geue so fond assayes,
And all his lyfe to sorrowe[2] and shame obayes:
Thus slyde he downe, or to the top ascend,
Assure himselfe repentaunce is the end.

67.

Wherefore, good *Baldwine*, do[3] thou record my name,
To bee ensample to[4] such as credit lyes,
Or thrist to sucke the sugred cup of fame,
Or doe attempt agaynst their prince to ryse:
And charge them all to keepe within their syse:
Who doth assay to wrest beyond his strength,
Let him be sure hee shall repent at length.

68.

[And] at my request admonishe thou all men,
To spend well the talent[5] which God [to them] hath lent,
[And] hee that hath [but] one, let him not toile for ten,
For one is[6] too much, vnlesse it bee well spent:
I haue had the proofe, therefore I now repent,
And happy are those men, and blist and blist is hee,
As can bee well content to serue in his degree.[7]

Maister Cauyll.[8]

[1] Toile. N. [2] Griefe. N. [3] Baldwin, therefore do. N.
[4] For president to. N. [5] The talent well. N. [6] One's. N.
[7] Thrice happie are those men, yea, blest is hee,
Who can contented serue in his degree. N.
[8] Signature added. 1571.

["It is pity," quoth[1] one, "that the meeter is no better, seeing the matter is so good: you may do very well to helpe it, and a lytle filing would make it formal." "The author him selfe," quoth[2] I, could haue done that, but hee would not, and hath desired me that it may passe in such rude sort as you haue heard it: for hee obserueth therein a double decorum both of the Smith, and of himselfe: for hee thinketh it not meete for the Smith to speake, nor for himselfe to write in any exact kinde of meeter." "Well," sayd another, "the matter is notable to teach al people, as well officers as subiects, to consider their estates, and to liue in loue and obedience to the highest powers, whatsoeuer they bee, whome God either by birth, law, succession, or vniuersall election, doth or shall aucthorise in his owne roume to execute his lawes and iustice among any people or nation. For by all these meanes God placeth his deputies. And in my iudgement there is no meane so good eyther for the common quiet of the people, or for God's free choise, as the naturall order of enheritaunce by lineall discent: for so it is left in God's handes, to creat in the wombe what prince hee thinketh meetest for his purposes: the people also knowe their princes, and therefore the more gladly and willingly receiue and obay them. And although some realmes, more carefull then wise, haue entailed theire crowne to the heire male, thinking it not meete for the feminine sexe to beare the royall office: yet if they consider all circumstaunces, and the chiefest vses of a prince in a realme, they shall see how they are deceiued. For princes are God's lieutenauntes or deputies, to see God's lawes executed among theire subiects, not to rule according to their owne lustes or deuises, but by the prescript of God's lawes: so that the chiefest poynt of a prince's office consisteth in obedience to God and to his ordinaunces, and what shoulde

[1] Q. 1563. [2] Q. 1563.

let but that a woman may bee as obedient vnto God, as a man? The second poynt of a prince's office is to prouide for the impotent, nedy, and helples, as widowes, orphanes, lame, and decrepite persons: and seing women are by nature tender harted, milde and pitifull, who may better then they discharge this duty? Yea but a woman lacketh courage, boldnesse, and stomacke, to withstand the aduersarie, and so are her subiects an open spoyle to their enemies. *Debora*, *Iaell*, *Iudith*, *Thomeris*, and other doe proue the contrary. But graunt it were so: what harme were that, seing victory consisteth not in witte or force, but in God's pleasure.[1] I am sure that whatsoeuer prince doth his duty in obaying God, and causing iustice to bee ministred according to God's lawes, shall not only lacke warre (bee hee man, woman, or childe) but also bee a terroure to all other princes. And if God suffer any at any time to be assayled, it is for the destruction of the assayler, whether he bee rebell or forayne foe, and to the honour and profit of the vertuous prince, in whose behalfe, rather then hee shall miscary, God himselfe will fight with enfections and earthquakes from the lande and waters, and with stormes and lightenings from the ayre and skies. Moe warres haue bene sought through the wilfull and hauty courages of kings, and greater destructions happened to realmes therby, then by any other meanes. And as for wisdome and pollicy, seing it consisteth in following the counsayle of many godly, learned, and long experienced heades, it were better to haue a woman, who considering her owne weaknes and inability, should be ruled thereby, then a man which presuming vpon his owne fond brayne, will heare no aduise saue his owne. You muse peraduenture wherefore I say this. The franticke heades which disable our queene, because shee is a woman, and our king because hee is a straunger, to bee our princes and cheife gouernours, hath caused mee to say thus mutch. For whatsoeuer man, woman, or childe, is by the consent of the whole realme established in the royall seate, so it haue not bene iniuriously procured by rygour of sworde and open force, but quietly

[1] Good pleasure. 1563.

by tytle, either of enheritaunce, succession, lawfull bequest, common consent or election, is vndoubtedly chosen by God to bee his deputye: and whosoeuer resisteth any suche, resisteth agaynste God himselfe, and is a ranke traytour and rebell, and shalbe sure to prosper as well as the blacke Smith and other suche haue done. All resist that wilfully breake any lawe, not being agaynst God's lawe, made by common consent for the wealthe of the realme, and commaunded to be kept by the authority of the prince: or that deny to pay such duties, as by consent of the high court of parliament, are appointed to the prince, for the defence and preseruation of the realme." "You haue saide very truly herein," quoth[1] I, "and I trust this terrible example of the blacke Smith, will put all men in minde of their duties, and teach them to bee obedient to all good lawes, and lawfull contributions. The scriptures do forbyd vs to rebell, or forcibly to withstand princes, though they commaund vniust things: yet in any case wee may not doe them: but receiue quietly at the prince's hand whatsoeuer punishment God shall suffer to bee layd vpon vs for our refusall. God will suffer none of his to bee tempted aboue their strength."[2] This talke thus being ended: "I was willed my maisters," quoth I, "by maister *Holinshed*, to bring sir *Nicholas Burdet* vnto you." "Were you?" quoth they: "on his word we will heare what he sayes." "Read it, I pray you," quod one. "You must thinke then," quoth I, "that you see him all wounded as he was slaine at *Pontoise*, to say as foloweth."]

[1] Q. 1563.

[2] "But because the night is cum, I will trouble you no longer, I haue certayne rabets here but they are not wurth the readinge. I will cause these which you haue allowed, to be printed as soon as I may conueniently." This sayd we take leue eche of other, and so departed. 1563.

This sentence concludes the edition of 1563. The above continuance of the induction, added by Higgins in 1587, to introduce his own legend of sir Nicholas Burdet, then first printed, and who adopted Holinshed instead of Hall for his authority. See *Chronicles temp. Hen. VIth. passim.*

HOW THE VALIANT

Knight Sir Nicholas Burdet, Chiefe

Butler of Normandy, was slayne

at Pontoise, Anno 1441.

1.

" Yf erst at prince' affayres[1] wee counted were of truste,
To fight in waeged warres, as captayne gainst the foes,
And might therefore aliue receiue the guerdon iuste,
Which ay his maiesty employde on those:
Why should wee so keepe silence now, and not disclose
Our noble acts to those remayne aliue,
T'encourage them the like exployts t'achiue?

2.

For if when as wee werde,[2] for prince and publique weale,
We might to ech for both haue time and place to speake,
Then why not now, yf wee to both appeale?
Sith both well knowe our dealeings were not weake:
Wee clayme as ryghte, in trueth our myndes to breake,
The rather eke wee thinke to speake wee franchizde ar,
Because wee serude for peace and dyde in prince his war.[3]

3.

Which graunted so, and held deserued due,
I may full well on stage supply the place a while,
Till I haue playnly layde before your vew

[1] If erst in king's affaires. N.
[2] Warr'd. N. [3] Prince's warre. N.

That I haue cause, as these, to playne of fortune's guyle,
Which smirking though at first, she seeme to smoothe and smyle,
(If fortune bee) who deemde themselues in skyes to dwell,
She thirleth downe to dreade the gulfes of ghastly hell.

4.

But here I let a while the lady fortune stay,
To tell what time I liu'd, and what our warres were then,
The great exployts wee did, and where our armies laye,
Eke of the prayse of some right honourable men,
Which things with eyes I saw, calde now to minde agen:
What I performed present in the fight,
I will in order and my fall resite.

5.

In youth I seru'd that royall *Henry* fifte the king,
Whose prayse for martiall feats eternall fame retaynes,
When hee the Normanes stout did in subiection bring,
My selfe was vnder then his ensignes taking paynes:
With loyall hart I faught, pursude my prince his gaines,
There dealt I so that time my fame to rayse,
French wryters yet my name and manhoode prayse.

6.

And erste as *Burdet's* diuers warlike wights,
(In Warwickeshire theyr lands in Arrow ar)[1]
Were, for good seruice done, made worthy knights,
Whose noble acts be yet recounted far:
Euen so my selfe, well framde to peace or war,
Of these the heyre by due discent I came,
Sir *Nicholas Burdet* knight, which had to name.

7.

That time the noble *Iohn* of *Bedford* duke bare sway,
And feared was in *Fraunce* for courage stout and fell,
Hee lou'de mee for my fight and person, (though I say)

[1] See Holinshed's Chronicles, Vol. III. p. 345, ed. 1808.

And with revenues mee rewarded yearely well:
I playde the faythfull subiect's parte, the truth to tell,
And was accounted loyall, constant still
Of stomake, worship great, and warlike scill.

8.

But then, O greefe to tell, ere long this pearelesse king,
When hee restored had his right vnto the crowne
The duchye all of Normandy, eke subiect bring
The Frenchemen all, and set lieutenants in eache towne,
High regent made of Fraunce, then fortune gan to frowne,
Hee then departed life, too soone alas:
Som men suppose his grace empoysonde was.

9.

Thou fortune slye, what meanste thou thus, these prancks to play
False fortune blereyde blinde, vnsteady startling still,
What meanste thou turning thus thy flattering face away,
Inconstant where thou bearest most good will?
Is it thy nature then? or iste thy wonted scill?
It cost thee naught, they say it commes by kinde,
As thou art bisme, so are thine actions blinde.

10.

I nothing doubte then thou thy selfe shalt fall:
I trust to see the time when thou shalt bee forgot:
For why thy pride, and pompe and powre must vanish all,
Thy name shall dye for aye, and perish quite I wot:
And when thou shalt bee counted but a sot,
The noble wights which liude and dyde in worthy fame,
In heauen and earth shall finde an euerlasting name.

11.

But words of course are these of fortune had,
When vnto princes haps chaunce good or ill:
God sends to euery sorte these tempests sad,

When from his worde they swarue and heauenly will:
Men must endeuour then to please his goodnesse still,
And then come life, or death, come ioy, come smarte:
No fortune's frowne can daunte the doughty harte.

12.

The famous king so dead, his son, but nyne months olde,
Henry the sixt of England was proclaymed king:
And then the Frenchmen wexte more stoute and bolde,
His youth occasion gaue them to conspire the thing,
Which might them all from due subjection bring?
On which the councell calde a parliament,
Of French that might the treasons high preuent.

13.

Wherein the duke of *Bedford*, my good lorde and frend,
Was regent made, the prince his deputy in Fraunce:
The duke of *Glocester* protectour was, to th'end
To rule in cases such at home might hap to chaunce:
They chose to garde the prince, in honour to aduaunce
Henry Beuforde bishop of *Winchester*,
And *Thomas* the noble duke of *Excester*.

14.

But here before those things coulde well be setled sure,
(As great affayres of kingdomes longer time do take)
The Frenchmen did by treason, force, and coyne, procure
Some townes which English were, in Fraunce theyr fayth forsake:
A long discourse it were of all recitall make:
But of my chaunce that time, resite will I,
Which seru'd in warres my prince in *Normandy*.

15.

Before the mount S. *Michaell* as in seige I lay,
In confines of the *Normane's* and the *Breton's* land,
From townsemen famisht nigh we vitailes kept away,

And made them oft in daunger of dis-mounteing stand:
But it being strong and also stoutly mand,
Euen by our losses they gate harte of grasse,
And wee declineing saw what fortune was.

16.

Yet nathelesse[1] weee thought by famine make them yeelde,
Eke they by fight or succours hoapt the seige to rayse,
T'accomplish which they rusht on sodayne out to feelde,
As bent to dy or win the wanted foode with prayse:
And wee as ready were for them at all assayes:
These eager impes whome foode, want, feazde to fight amayne,
Wee forc'd them dye, fall, fly, to take theyr forte agayne.

17.

Where I in chase pursude them euen to the towne,
Tane prisner was, a while for ransom lay:
But then the worthy duke, the regent of renowne,
Did for mee quite disburse the price requirde to pay:
The seige wee raysde, from thence wee went our way,
And I redeemed bare this blanke in minde,
Till of requite I might occasion finde.

18.

Which thus ere long befell, to this a while giue eare:
When *Arthur* earle of *Richmond* to S. *Iaques* came
De Beuuron, where my selfe and other captaynes were,
Which had repared well and fortefide the same,
Wee made him flye, to his immortall shame:
Euen thus to him and forty thousand moe,
Fiue hundreth English gaue the ouerthroe.

19.

Long while hee battery layde agaynst the wall,
Thereby to make a breatche for them to enter in:
But well perceiuing still his shot to profite small,

[1] Nerethelesse. N.

And that wee weyde not of his powre a pinne,
On euery side afreshe hee did th'assault begin:
Yet wee so bare them off, and beate them downe,
They durst not seaze or enter on the towne.

20.

But wearied with the seige and sault, they pausde a while,
Consulting what were best, and so did wee likewise:
They founde the feate, they thought should surely vs beguile,
And in an euening came t'accomplish th'enterprise:
A sharp assaulte they gaue: alarme my mates, wee rise:
On both the sides they scalde, the forte to gayne,
But from the scales and walles wee flang them downe amayne.

21.

It was my charge that time to keepe a bulwarke bace,
Where *Bretons* came along to enter by a streit:
Twas in a bottome lowe, a pond was by the place,
By which they needes must passe vp to a posterne gate:
I meant to make them fishe the poole without a bayt,
Protesting ere they there should get the wall
Wee would as English dye, or gieue our foes the fall.

22.

The trompets sound tan tara, tan tan tara right,
The guns were shot founce-founce-founce, fomp-fum, fow-powthow,
The dromze went downe-dun-downe, the fluits fyt-fyte-fyt, fyte,
The weapons clish-clash, and the captaynes nowe-now-nowe:
With billes wee beat them downe, with shafts wee shot them throw:
The gory ground did groane, the smoky shot and cryes
Dimd all the ayre, and thundred through the scyes.

23.

S. *Denise*, cryde the French, and Bretons *glahe-lahee*,
S. *George* the English cryde, fight-fight-fight, kill-kill-kill:
" Fight-fight," quoth I, " come on, they flee, they flee, they flee:"

And there withall wee vsde a poynt of warlike scill,
Wee causde the men within to crye vnto vs still:
" Fight *Suffolke*, now, fight, fight, and *Salsbury:*
Fight, fight, you noble earles, the Bretons flee, they flee."

24.

With that amazed all the Bretons gan recoyle,
Some drowned in the pond, wherin they ran for feare,
And I pursude the flight, to wrecke my captiue foyle,
Wee payde them in the chase disordred as they were,
Seuen hundred slew, tooke fifty prisners there,
Gaynde eyghteene standerds, and one banner more:
Yet I and mine, not fully were fowrescore.

25.

Of this exployt when th'earle of *Richmond* herde,
Which gaue an hoate assault on th'other side the towne,
No lesse was hee displeasde, amazed, than afferde,
To heare the names of those two earles of high renowne,
His guilty courage quaylde, his heart was daunted downe,
Hee causde the trompets sounde retrayte away:
To scale our walles hee durst no longer stay.

26.

At midnight hee dislodgde, from seige hee made departe,
The constable of Fraunce (late earle of *Richemond)* fled,
And toward *Fougiers* sped, with such as tooke his parte,
For haste, perhaps with feare, lest hee should lose his heade:
They left two hundred pypes of flowre and bisket bread,
Greate gunnes foureteene, three hundred pypes of wine,
Two hundred frailes of figs and raysons fine.

27.

Fiue hundred barels they of hering left beside,
Of pouder for our gunnes full forty barels more,
They fled without theyr tents, the dasterds durst not byde,

For feare they coulde not stay, to take away theyr store:
Haue you oft hearde the like of cowards such before?
Those forty thousand, Bretons, Frenche, and Scots,
Fowre score them foyled, made them flee like sots.

28.

When this, that noble man, the duke of *Bedford* hearde,
How I did quit my selfe, and seru'd my prince so well,
Hee mee procured of the king, as great rewarde
As my deserts coulde wish, and more the truth to tell,
Chiefe butlership of *Normandy*, vnto me fell
Reuenues eke in *Normandy* of lands,
A thousand crownes came yearely to my hands.

29.

I after this was sent to make inroade
Upon the coaste of *Bretaine*, for to bate theyr pride,
A band of horsemen tooke without aboade,
The duke of *Somerset* made me theyr guide,
To many townes about theyr bounds wee ride:
Set them on fire, or made them ransom pay,
Tooke store of prisners, wrought them much decay.

30.

Retourned victours safe to *Normandy*,
With good successe, for why the cause was good,
And of our prince were guerdonde gratefully
With laude and gifts, as for our seruice stoode:
This makes the captaynes venture life and bloode,
And souldiers serue with heart in what they may,
Which are assurde of honour, prayse, and pay.

31.

Yee worthy wights aliue, which loue your countrey's weale,
And for your prince's porte such warres doe vndertake,
Learne so for countrey your's with forayne foes to deale,

See that of manhood good, so great accompts yee make:
It nothing vayles in peace, to sweare, stur, face, or crake:
In werres hee winnes the fame of noble wight
Who warlike deales, for prince and publique right.

32.

Yf you so poynted bee, to serue your prince in war,
As erste was I, and muste before the muster take,
Retayne such souldiers as well made, strong, seemely ar
Brought vp to labour harde, of such accompt doe make:
These able are at neede to stand and keepe the stake,
When facing foysters fit for *Tiburne* frayes
Are foodesicke faynt, or hartsicke run theyr wayes.

33.

At home a man may finde a nomber euery day,
Which weare theyr weapons still, as all the worlde were war,
And keepe a coyle to beare the best of blades away,
With buclers braue at backs, to shew what men they are:
In peace at home they sweare, stare, foyste, royst, fight, and iar:
But when abroade they feare of warres the smarte,
Some better souldiers yede[1] from driueing cart.

34.

In warres to serue, as wee, and weapons haue
When warlike stormes do rage, beseemes a warlike man:
In pleasaunt peace who sets him selfe to bandeing braue,
And faceing fares at home, abroade doe nothing can,
Though nere so much hee beaste, fie on him cowerd than:
For not in gauntlet, sworde, targ, oathes, hayre, staring eyes,
But in the breast, good courage, vertue lyes.

35.

But here, perhaps you say, I fall a noate too lowe,
Beneath the persons of these worthy peeres and mee:
Tis true indeede, and yet such fruite hereof may growe,

[1] Proue. N.

As eke the meane hereby, his iarring out may see:
Without good meane, the song can neuer sweetly gree:
Leaue out the meane, or let him keepe no tune,
And you shall sing when Easter falles in June.

36.

Euen so, if meaner sorts doe iangle here and iar
To languish vnder *Mars*, but fill good peace with fight,
As discorde foule in musike, fit they for the war,
They neuer can atchiue the victory aright:
Leade such as square or feare, then farewell all, good night:
A sheepe is euen as good to starteing, stand, and beae:
As hee that iangles, wrangles, rangles, runnes aweae.

37.

Then who so deales for warre, must wisely make his marte,
And choose such souldiers stout will stiffe in warfare stande:
Yf hee not recke what ruffian roysters take his parte,
Hee weeldes vnwisely then the mace of *Mars* in hande:
He must be able eke, to deeme for sea and lande
What men may serue, to best aduauntage make,
And them enstruct fine warlike poynts to take.

38.

With scilfull knowledge fraight hee muste be voyde of feare,
Of wisedom so discreete, so sober, graue and sage,
To deeme, perceiue, abyde, aduentures both to beare
As may in all exployts of fight with fortune wage:
Hee must haue art in vre, and vse not rule by rage:
Wise dealing sets the souldiers sure in ray,
Wilde ouer rashnesse casteth all away.

39.

The cause, grounde, place and time, the order of theyr fights,
The valure of his foes, and what is theyr intent,
The weather fayre or foule, occasion of the nights,

What witty wyles and pollicies may them preuent,
And how the time or store of th'enmies hath beene spent:
All these, I say, must well be weyde before,
By him that sets in warres of credit store.

40.

In all which poynts that noble duke his grace did passe,
I meane the regent good, for chuseing, vseing men,
By nature framde thereto, hee wonders[1] scilfull was,
And frendly vsed all, instructing now and then
Not only captaynes stout, that were his countrey men,
But also sondry souldiers as occasion came,
And taught them how to warres themselues to frame.

41.

His princely grace and gesture yet mee thinks I see,
And how hee bare himselfe, to deale for warre or peace:
In warre full *Mars*-like, hardy, sterne, and bolde was hee:
And meeke and prudent, mercifull, when stormes of warres did cease:
Whom pity mou'd as much inflicted paynes to releace,
As euer wight in whom the broyles of war,
Or force of fights, had entred in so far.

42.

Which if agayne to rue the losse of such a frend,
In sight with playnts, of teares the fountaynes out might flow:
So all lamenting muses would mee waylings lend,
The dolours of my heart in sight agayne to show:
I would deplore his death, and England's cause of woe,
With such sad mourning tunes, and such sobs, sighes, and teares,
As were not seene for one, this ten times twenty yeares.

43.

For why this noble prince, when wee had needed moste
To set the states of Fraunce and England in a stay,
That feared was of foes in euery forayne coaste,

[1] Wondrous. N.

As eke the meane hereby, his iarring out may see:
Without good meane, the song can neuer sweetly gree:
Leaue out the meane, or let him keepe no tune,
And you shall sing when Easter falles in June.

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39.

The cause, grounde, place and time, the order of theyr fights,
The valure of his foes, and what is theyr intent,
The weather fayre or foule, occasion of the nights,

Which English armyes all gaynste foes with fortunes led,
They liude at large, rebeld against their soueraygne head,
Forsooke their oathes, alleageaunce all denyde,
And English men with all their force defyde.

48.

While hee did liue, they durst not so to deale,
They durst not dare, with th'English oft to fraye,
They found it was not for theire owne or publique weale,
To rise againste theire lorde the regent, in araye:
Soone after hee was deade, departed hence away,
Both French and Normanes close to win did cloase,
And wee deuided were, our rightes abroade to loase.

49.

The feende (I thinke) deuisde a way to make the breache,
By enuye bred in breastes of two right noble peeres,
Which mischiefe hatcht in England, then may teache
All noble men that liue, hence many hundreth yeares,
Beware of enuye blacke, how far shee deares:
Euen their examples tell, how true our Christe doth say:
Each realme, towne, house, in ciuile strife, shall desolate decay.

50.

Perdie the duke of *Yorke* was regent made of Fraunce,
At which the duke of *Somerset* did much repine,
Hee thought they rather ought him so t'aduaunce
King *Henrie's* kin, for honour of his princely lyne:
But marke the grape which grew on this vngracious vine,
I will not say it after stroyde their lynes and houses nye,
But this I say, wee dayely sawe dishonour came thereby.

51.

For though the hauty duke were worthy it to haue,
As well for courage good, as vertues honour due:
Yet sith to th'duke of *Yorke* th'election first it gaue,

And hee the sadle mist, what neded hee to rue?
When tumultes great and sturres in Fraunce yet daylye grew,
Hee nilde the regent hence dispatche[1] in many dayes:
That losse might win him hurte, or long disprayse.

52.

Wylde wengand on such ire, wherby the realme doth lose,
What gayne haue they, which heaue at honour soe?
At home disdayne and greefe, abroade they frend their foes:
I must bee playne in that which wrought my webs of woe,
My webs (qd.[2] I:) would God they had wrought no moe:
It was the cause of many a bleeding English breaste,
And to the French, their end of woefull warres addresse.

53.

I dare aduouche yf they had firme in frendship boade,
And soothly, as beseemde, ioynde frendly hand with hands,
They had not felt defame in any foraine roade,
Nor had not so beene sent, with losse from *Gallia* strands:
They might possession kept, still of their conquerde lands,
And able beene to tryde them selues so true,
As myght haue made their enmyes still to rue.

54.

For while the duke of *Somerset* made here so greate delayes,
That into Fraunce the succours smale and slackly came,
Not only Paris than was loste, within few dayes,
That famous flowre of Fraunce, of far renowmed fame,
The Frenche, I say, not only gate and kept the same,
But by this meanes, in Fraunce we dayly felt such smarte,
As might with pitie perst[3] an adamantine harte.

55.

O great mishap, the noble duke of *Bedford* once being dead,
Our welth went backe, by discords foule dispite wee loste
Not only townes iu Fraunce, and captaines armyes led,

[1] Dispatcht. N. [2] Quoth. N. [3] Pierce. N

But many soldiers eke with labour, spence, and cost:
And though full oft wee made the Frenche men smell of the rost,
Yet in the end wee gayne of fyght the fame,
And they by craſte and treason gate the game.

56.

What resteth more, it were, perdie, to long to tell,
Of batayles great and broiles which happened dayly still,
The stories eke declare aduentures which befell:
Although, God wot, the writers wanted poyntes of scill,
Of whom to speake a while, degresse agayne I will,
And partely shewe what one hee oughte to bee,
Which takes on him to write an historie.

57.

A chronicler should well in diuers tongues bee seene,
And eke in all the artes hee oughte to haue a sighte,
Whereby hee myght the truth of diuers actions deeme,
And both supply the wantes, correct that is not righte:
Hee should haue eloquence, and full and fitly write,
Not mangle stories, snatching here and there:
Nor gloaze to make a volume greate appeare.

58.

Hee should bee of such countenaunce and wit,
As should giue witnes to the histories hee writes,
Hee should bee able well his reasons so to knit,
As should continue well the matter hee resytes:
Hee should not prayse, disprayse, for fauour or dispytes,
But should so place each thing in order due,
As myght approue the stories to bee true.

59.

But this may haps the time may seeke at length redresse,
And then such stories nowe and noble acts as dye,
May come agayne to lighte (at least defaced lesse)

Yf from the *Britaynes* first antiquities they try:
In greate defects yf they the trueth supply:
Then shall the readers fuller stories finde,
And haue wherby to recreate the minde.

60.

But now retourne I must, and breifly heare declare
Before my death, what sundry happes wee had:
In warres right variously the states of captaynes fare,
Now weale, now woe, now ioyfull, now right sad:
But who well ends, though all his haps were bad,
Let him earst sinke or swim, lose, wyn, bee slayne, die, fall,
Yf hee dye well, h'is thrise and fower tymes blest of all.

61.

In Fraunce eyght leagues from *Paris*, *Pontoise* stands,
(Tweene that and *Roane)* which wee had wonne before:
And so wee held it English safely in our handes:
For to our prince the men allegeaunce swore,
And they remaynd obedient euermore,
Tyll from their necks to reaue the English yoke,
They might finde meanes by whom to stricke the stroke.

62.

When these sawe *Paris* loste, and cities moe beside,
And what in Fraunce and *Normandie* reuoltes had done,
They thought no longer subiect to abyde,
But sought occasion how they might by Frenche be won?
As of our losse reports did dayly to them run,
So with king *Charles* th'agreede when to betray the towne,
And force the English flee, or yeelde, or beate them downe.

63.

For why, the powre of Fraunce coulde not with mighty hoste
Performe, to wyn by force from vs th'assaulted towne,
Them scaleing often from the walles wee toste,

On euery syde full fast wee flang the French men downe:
Our noble actes before had gotten such renowne,
And fortune erste had past with vs so farre,
They had small hope to wyn our fortes by warre.

64.

Wherefore king *Charles* assayde the secrete saute,
Not by his force of French, but by his golden fee,
Corrupting diuers burgeses to make the faute,
Whereby an entry shoulde to his oppugning bee:
And they, as erste is sayde, were willing to agree,
Like periurde theeues conspirde, by secrete fynè deuice
Gaue *Pontoise* vp, and tooke the promiste price.

65.

But in Nouember next, when it was sharpe and colde,
And dayly froste had dryde and parched hard the grounde,
Wee were in hope agayne to get of *Pontoise* holde,
Which erste the townesmen sold for gayne of many a pound:
The snow fell fast, lay thick, and couered well the ground,
And ditches were so harde about the towne before,
That on the ise by euery syde wee safely might get ore.

66.

The lorde Ihon *Clifforde* was cheife captayne then,
Which with vs captaynes did this pollicie deuise,
That wee in clothing white and soldiers euery man,
Should in our armoure finelye vs disguyse:
The nexte nyght so wee should to the assaute aryse,
And passe the frozen ditche vnto the wall,
With laders scale, and kill the watchmen all.

67.

Wee so preparde our selues as time occasion gaue,
And drest in white coates trim, it ioyde our hartes to see
How fine wee paste the ditch, what good successe we haue:

How on the walles we fynde the watch nigh frozen bee:
As noble Greekes on *Troie*, on *Pontoise* seasonde wee,
Wee slewe the watch, wee beate the soldiers downe,
Some prisners tooke, and tooke with all the towne.

68.

Of stately captaynes, French, was *Iohn de Villers* one
Within the taken towne, and *Narrabon*, a knight
Burgunion: yet they fled, away they gate them gone:
They durst not bide againste the blanched boyes to fight:
Wee paide the periurde knaues the burgesses that night,
And gate as much of honour and renowne
As they gate shame and losse, which bought and solde the towne.

69.

Marke well the Frenchmen's foyles in all our worthy war,
In these two regall *Henrye's* times, and you shall see
How wee surpast the French in valure farre:
And bend for prince and realme so valiaunt for to bee:
Which if yee shall, and deale in seruice as did wee,
I nothing doubt renowne and fame shall say,
That noble England beares for warres the palme away.

70.

But when king *Charles* had heard how *Pontoise* men had sped,
His army strayght assembled hee therefore agayne,
Wherewith to win this towne afresh th'assaute hee led,
Hee pyners set to trenche and vnder mine amayne,
Made bastiles for defence, yet all this toyle was vayne,
For battery of our walles hee spent his pouder still,
Made freshly Frenche assaults, but did no ill.

71.

The noble duke of *Yorke* discharged late before,
When now the earle of *Warwicke* chaunst at *Roane* to dye,
Being regent chosen once agayne of Fraunce, as yore,

(Th'earle of *Warwicke* regent was two yeares, perdy)
Arryude in Fraunce, to rowse the Frenche king he did hye,
Which lay beseiging *Pontoise*, as I sayde,
With him to fight, and eke to bring vs ayde.

72.

The Frenche king fled, for haste he left his store behinde:
When hee was once assurde the duke of *Yorke* drue nere,
Hee durst not stay to bide the time or place assinde
To fight our regent with; but fled away for feare:
By these assayes you see what men in Fraunce they were,
Discouragde oft, slayne, put to flight, and fall:
By sight, force, fight, and names, of nombers small.

73.

There when the duke had fortefyde our *Pontoise* towne,
Then he pursude the Frenche king erst that fled,
To *Poyssy*, where hee laye with lords of Frenche renowne:
Before which towne, the duke his noble army led:
The Frenche king durste not out of *Poyssy* put his head:
And yet there came to skirmish out Frenche gentilmen,
Of which some slayne, fowre tane, the reste retyrde agen.

74.

The duke to bid him batayle did pretend,
Yf hee coulde there encounter with him thoe:
But forth agayne hee durste not come nor send,
For feare hee should receiue the foyle and ouerthroe:
On which the duke dislodgde, departeing *Poyssy* froe,
To *Maunte*, and *Roane*, from thence his grace did hye,
T'appease the broyles of strife in *Normandy*.

75.

But then the Frenche king, calling vnto mynde his losse,
His charges in the seige, his bastiles trenches made,
How erste wee did them thence, sans bag and bagage tosse,

Eke how from seige hee durste not staye the store to lade,
And how their fortunes ofte, in fighte went retrograde,
How neighboures ill to *Paris*, wee of *Pontoise* were:
Hee cast asyde his Frenche and faynteing feare.

76.

The rather yet, for why, *Parisiens* ay did rayle,
They sayde hee wanted courage good, hee durst not fight,
Hee lackte no soldiers good, his feeble heart did fayle:
" *Le Roy* (quoth they) *du France, les Anglois point ne nuit:*
Le Roy ne ose pas pour Pontoise faire poursuit:
Le Roy est Lourd, sans cueur: car peu de gens,
Fait nostre Roy & pais faire grande dispens."

77.

On this king *Charles* retournde with mighty hoste,
To vindicate this great reproche and shame:
And vnto *Pontoise* gaue assaulte in poste,
Full hotly, when wee feared leaste the same:
Whereon, to fight agaynst him all our force wee frame,
But number great at th'entry gote such hand,
Wee could not forth agayne their force aband.

78.

With trompets sounding, tan tan-tar'aloude
The larum bell wee rong, our selues to try dispose,
To make them pay the price of our distresse wee vowde,
Before wee would possession got, of *Pontoise* loze:
In euery streete wee met the strength of all our foes,
And made them passe by deadly dint away,
Which ventured first our English mates to slay.

79.

'Why now my frends, for England fighte,' I cryde:
'Yf euer English hearts your noble breasts posseste,
I promise you to make them flinche, yf I may byde:

Mates follow me.' Amongst my foes I rusht before the rest:
' O here come on,' quoth I, ' now fighte wee for the beste.'
And therewithall I vsde such courage, force, and myghte:
As made my foes to fall, and soldiers fitly fighte.

80.

' Yf we doe leese,' quoth I, ' the Frenche men shall not gayne:
So if wee wyn, 'tis worth the while to keepe arraye:
Yf yee stand stiflye toet, welc make them peaze the paine,
And leade with losse of lyuely lymmes the laude awaye.
Although they fearcely fighte, in hope vs all to slaye:
Lo, sixe to one they fall, and deade they lye:
Wee English men, in triomphe fight and honour dye.'

81.

With bloody broiles of war, the haplesse towne did smoke,
The children sawe theire fathers deare, to bleede their last:
The wyues bewayled muche the fatall stroke,
Which forste their husbands bleede, fall, dye so fast:
" Helas," the weemen cryde, the woefull streets that past:
(When soe they sawe the channels bloody streame)
" What plague is this, that pesters so our reame?

82.

" Is no remorce of lyfe, but kill, kill, kill? helasse:
Kill, kill, the English cry, and valiantly they fighte:
What hap had wee to see these mischiues com to passe?"
" *Helas, le sang de nous amis, la mort, helas:*"
The maydens cry: the widowes wayle, and aged mourne,
With wringing hands vplift, and wish them selues vnborne.

83.

Of vs one thousand Englishmen within the towne,
Sustaynde the force, the powre, and puissaunce of their king:
And of the French that faught, wee beate three thousand downe,

Wee slew no lesse, for all the nomber hee did bring:
Yf this vntrue shall seeme, discredite myne to ring,
A French historian writeing for them selues shall say:
Three thousand Frenchmen there, were slayne that day.

84.

Four hundreth Englishmen that tyme were slayne in fighte,
My selfe was one, with losse they wan the towne, perdie:
But if I might haue liude t'aue tride our righte,
With one for euery seuen, by ods as wee did dye:
I doubte not (so the rest, would done their partes as I:)
But that king *Charles*, his lords, nor all his men,
Should scarce haue tane the towne of *Pontoise* then.

85.

What neade I more debate of these thinges here:
In England was the faulte, though we did feele the smarte:
While they at home, at bate and strife for honours were,
They lost abroade of *Normandy* the greater parte:
To thinke on this torments agayne my wounded harte,
That lords at home, should striue about the name,
And loose abroade their countrie's weale and fame.

86.

Let English peeres abandon such contentious strife,
It hurtes the publique weale, decayes the state:
It reaues the yeares too soone of longer lyfe:
It freates the breste with ruste of baend debate:
It giues the checke to him that giues the mate:
Then thus I ende, that wight of all is bleste
Which liues in loue with God, his prince, and country best.

87.

So *Higins*, yf thou write, how this my fall befell:
Place it in *Baldwine's* Miroir with the reste:
From crazed scull sith here my mynde I tell,

Sith bleedeing hart these ruefull rymes expreste,
This mangled tale beseemes my person beste:
Do so?" quoth hee "and let it passe euen thus:"
"*Viuit*" quoth I, "*post funera virtus.*"

Iohn Higins.[1]

[1] This legend first published in ed. 1587.

["THIS knight, my maisters," quoth one, "came somwhat to late in order." "That is maruaile," quoth maister *Ferrers*, it seemes that hee was forwarde enoughe in seruice." "Yea," quoth another, "hee came the later home for that, and therefore wee must accept his cause." "How ere hee came," quoth M. H.[1] "hee sayes well, and like a noble gentleman, as no doubt hee was." "Hee should haue beene placed," quoth one, "after king *Iames* the first, king of *Scots*, of whome wee spake in the yeare 1437." "Now," quoth I, "that you talke of king *Iames*, I haue king *Iames* the fourth here, which was slayne at the batayle of *Brampton*, or *Floddon fielde*, but hee is very rude"[2] "I like him," quoth one, "the better: for if hee should bee otherwise, it would not well beseeme his person, nor the place whence he comes." "Reade it," quoth they, "as it is." "Thinke then," quoth I, "that you see him standing all wounded, with a shafte in his body, and, emongst other woundes, one geuen by a byll, both deadly, to say in his rude and faithlesse maner as followeth."]

[1] M. H. i. e. Maister Higins.

[2] This and the following legend are only inserted in the edition of 1587. There are copies of both in the Harleian MS. 2252, and not improbable that which furnished Higgins with his copy. The notes will shew the alterations.

THE LAMENTATION OF

King James the fourth, King of

Scots, slayne at Brampton, in

the fiuthe yeare of King Henry

the eight, Anno Christi, 1513.

1.

As I lay musing, my selfe alone,
In minde not stable, but wauering here and there,
Morpheus my frend espyed mee anone,
And as hee was wont, whistered in mine eare:
Shortly conuyede I was, I wist not where:
Mine eyes were closed fast, I could not see:
I hearde a man crying[1] sore, trembling for feare:
" *Miserere mei Deus et salua mee.*

2.

Miserere mei Deus:" oft hee did reporte,
With sorowfull sighes as euer man herde:
For sorowe and pity, I gan[2] nere to resorte:
His sore exclamations made mee afferde:[3]
Mine eyes opened, I sawe his grim bearde:[4]

[1] Crye. MS. [2] Began. MS. [3] Sore aferde. MS.
[4] Sawe hee had a berd. MS.

I knewe not verely, who it should bee:
Hee cryde, as hee had beene stickt with a swerde:
" *Miserere mei Deus & salua mee.*

3.

Of *Scotland* (hee sayde) late I was king,
With crowne on my[1] head, and scepter in hand:
In wealth and honour, I wanted[2] nothing:
In peaceable maner I ruled my land:
Full frendly and faythfull my subiects I fand:[3]
Now am I exiled from life,[4] land, and liberty:
King without realme, loe, now where I stand:
Miserere mei Deus & salua mee.

4.

Thus for my folly, I feele I doe smart,
Both law and nature doth me accuse
Of great vnkindnes: that I should take part
Against my brother, and his liege refuse:
I purposed war, yet I fayned trucc:
Thus did I, Frenche king, for the loue of thee,
Inordinate affection so did mee abuse:
Miserere mei Deus & salua mee.

5.

All this, king *Lewis*, I suffred for thy sake,
Wo be to the time that euer I thee knewe:
For thee am I put in a[5] sorowfull brake,
Thy wilfull appetite, doth me sore rewe:
This worlde is not stable, it chaungeth a newe:[6]
Now am I bond, some time I was free:

[1] My, wanting. MS. [2] Lackyd. MS.
[3] Order my realme I cowde w[t]. a whyte wand. MS.
[4] Life, wanting. MS. [5] A, wanting. MS.
[6] Chaungeth aye me. MS.

Exiled from liberty, I am kept in a mewe:
Miserere mei Deus & salua mee.

6.

Moreouer for thee, and thy realme of Fraunce,
(Contrary to mine[1] othe solemnly made)
Unto king *Henry* I made defiaunce,
To follow thine appetite was all the grace I hade:[2]
In most cruell wise, I did his realme inuade:
I troubled his subiects, by land and by sea:
My rewarde is no more, but the showle and spade:[3]
Miserere mei Deus & salua mee.

7.

For my wilfull periury, thus am I brought
From high degree, to the lowest of all:
Whom should I blame? I found that I sought,
By mine owne foly,[4] I had a great fall:
Wherefore I feare mee, that now I shall
Haue payne long lasting, for mine iniquity:[5]
Lord full of mercy yet to thee I call,
Miserere mei Deus & salua mee.

8.

Vanquished in fielde I was to the rebuke
Of mee and all my realme: to our immortall shame:[6]
There faught agaynst mee neyther king, nor duke,
Prince, ne marquise, ne many lords of name:
One valiaunt earle, our power ouercame:
Yet were wee in nomber, to his one, three:
Lord whom thou fauourest, winneth[7] the game:
Miserere mei Deus & salua mee.

[1] My. MS. [2] To folow yo[r] apetyte I dyde as ye me badde. MS.
[3] But showyll and spade: varied in the margin to: hence for to fade. MS.
[4] Yn my men torne. MS. [5] Payn eternall for my inequyte. MS.
[6] And my realme and ek to owr shame. MS. [7] He wynneth. MS.

9.

I was th'only[1] author, of myne owne woe;
But yet I began it by[2] wicked counsell,
Of my lords spirituall and temporall also:
Which for their merits in fielde with mee fell:
I was curst (in deede) the truth for to tell,
And could not (by falshoode) eyther thriue or thie:
To assist my brother's foe I did not well,[3]
Miserere mei Deus et salua mee.

10.

Christe's commaundements,[4] I did all refuse:
The breatch of myne oathe,[5] I did not regarde:
Therfore I am domed[6] as faythlesse as the Jewes:
Sore is the sentence, and cruell is the swerde:[7]
Excepte thy mercy helpe, O Lord, I am marde:
Saue mee; for whom thou suffredst on a tree,
To thy mercye I appeale for my sauegarde:
Miserere mei Deus & salua mee.

11.

Herafter (by mee) my successours may beware,
An ensample[8] take by my wretched ruyne:
Lest in lykewyse they bee taken with[9] the snare,
As I am nowe: and pay the[10] lyke fyne:
Vanquished wee were, by[11] power devyne:
For by manne's power it seemed not to bee:

[1] Was only. MS. [2] But began by. MS.
[3] I was curssyd w^t^. candyll boke & bell,
I cowde not achyve yn no maner a degre,
To assyste 'a sysmatyke' me dyde not well. MS.
The last varied to 'an enemye,' in margin.
[4] Awtoryte. MS.
[5] The seusurys of the chyrche. Corrected in margin as above. MS.
[6] Dam̄ed, also altered as above. MS. [7] Cruell swerde. MS.
[8] And exsampyll. MS. [9] Yn. MS. [10] A. MS. [11] With. MS.

Here now I ly, in an homely shrine,
Miserere mei Deus & salua mee.

12.

I am a spectacle also in lyke case,
To the Frenche king, yf hee list to take heede,
I feare that hee cannot for lacke of grace,
The king[1] and hee, bee not yet agreede:
Therefore let him looke, for a lyke speede,
As wee had that were of his leage and vnity,
I trow hee doth neither God[2] loue, nor dreede,
Miserere mei Deus & salua mee.

13.

Who euer knew christian king in such a case,[3]
As[4] I wretched creature that cannot haue
In churche or in[5] churchyard any maner place,
Emong christen people to lye in a graue:
The earth mee abhorreth,[6] all men mee depraue,
My frends forsake mee, and haue[7] no pity,
The worlde taketh from mee all that hee mee gaue:
Miserere mei Deus & salua mee.

14.

There is no more now, I must take my leaue,
In this wretched worlde I may no longer dwell:
But one thing there is doth mee sore greaue,
I not where to rest, in heauen or in hell,
None else thereof but only God can tell:
Adieu, this worlde is full of vanity,
I may no longer be with thee, farewell:
Miserere mei Deus & salua mee.

[1] Chyrche, altered as above in the margin. MS.
[2] God neythyre. MS. [3] Crystyn man yn worse case. MS.
[4] Then. MS. [5] In, wanting. MS. [6] Abhorryth me. MS.
[7] Forsakyth me & hathe. MS.

15.

Farewell my queene, sweete lady *Margaret:*
Farewell my prince, with whom I vsde to play:
I wot not where wee shall together meete:
Farewell my lords and commons eke for aye:
Adieu, ye shall no ransom for mee pay:
Yet I beseeche you of your charity,
To the high Lorde mercifull that yee pray:[1]
Miserere mei Deus & salua mee."]

[1] Mercyfull Lord, for me pray. MS.

["KING *Iames*," quoth one, "wil bee misliked for his *Miserere*." "No," quod another, "hee cryes *Peccaui*." "It is to late," quoth he, "there is no man that will like or beleeue him." "Than," quod M. H. "he is still one and the same man: for in life he was neither well liked, beleeued, nor trusted." "Why than," quoth one, if hee speake as hee was, let him passe as hee is, and if not, let him bee mended." "Mended," quoth hee, "nay, hee is paste mending, hee is to olde: for it seemes by the copy, that it was pende aboue fifty yeares agone, or euen shortly after the death of the sayd king: for I found therewith, in an olde hand, the copyes of the sayd king *Iames*' letters sent unto king *Henry* at *Turwin*, and the king's aunsweres and letters sent to him againe, with this lamentation ensuing them: and lastly the sayd batayle of *Floddon fielde*, in such verse described, with the order of the same, and the names of the noble men, knights, and gentlemen, which serued at the same fielde." "That would I faine heare," quoth one, "it were pity that such particulers should bee lost." "They would," quoth another, "pleasure not only such as write our historyes, but also encourage our countreymen well, to the like loyall seruice of their prince, and especially those who should finde therein of their parents or auncestours to haue bene praysed for valure." "I pray you," quoth hee, "let us haue them." "There they are," quoth I, "but I haue altered the verse, which wee call *Intercalaris*, because the rest else would not haue beene well liked; but of the history I haue not chaunged one word."]

THE BATAILE OF

Brampton, or Floddon fielde, faught

in the yeare of our Redeemer 1513,

and in the fiuth yeare of the raygne

of that victorious prince, King Henry

the eyght.

1.

O Rex regum in thy realme celestiall,
Glorified with ioyes of *Gabriell's* company,
King *Iames* is dead, haue mercy on vs all:[1]
For thou haste him prostrate so sodaynly,
(Which was our noble prince his enemy)
That vs to withstand hee had no might:
So thy helpe O Lord, preserude king *Henrye's* right.

2.

Into England this prince prowdly did come,
With fourscore thousand in goodly aray:
And the castle of *Norham* first hee had won,

[1] O Rex regum in thy realme celestyall,
Gloryfied with joyes of Gabryall's company,
Haue mercy onn kyng Jemy's sowle.
Thy pete on hym Lord do magnyfye,
For thow haste hym prostrate so sodenlye
That vs to withstonde he had no myghte
By the helpe of Saynte George, our ladye's knyghte. MS.

The first three lines altered in the margin conformable to the above text. The last line forms the conclusion of every stanza.

Prospering victoriously from day to day:
But agaynst him is gone the earle of *Surrey*,
With him manfully for to fight,
By the helpe of God and in his prince's right.

3.

This noble earle full wisely hath wrought,
And with thirty thousand forwarde is gone:
After wisedom and pollicy wondrously[1] hee sought,
How by the *Scottish* ordinaunce hee might well come:
Thereto helped well *Basterd Heron*,
On the Scots hee did harme both day and night,
So thy helpe O Lord, preserude our prince's right.

4.

Our herald of armes to king *Iemy* did say:
"My lord of *Surrey* greetes[2] you well by mee,
Maruayling greatly of this your array,
And what you make here in this countrey:
Peace you haue broken, and olde amity:
Wherefore if yee abide hee will with you fight,
By the helpe of God and in his prince's right."

5.

"Abyde:" hee sayde, "els were it great dishonour hye,
That a king crowned an earle durst not abide:
Yf *Surrey* bee so bolde to[3] gieue battayle to mee,
I shall him tarry on *Floddon* hill side:
Open warre then soone was there cryde,"[4]
And our doughty men were[5] redily dight,
By the helpe of God, and in theyr prince's right.

[1] Wonderly. MS. [2] Gretythe. MS. [3] As. MS.
[4] Than sone was cryed. MS. [5] Ar. MS.

6.

S. Cutberd's banner with the byshop's men bolde,
In the vaunt garde[1] forward fast did hye,
That royall relike more precious than golde,
And sir *William Bowmer* nere stoode it by:
" *Adiuua pater*," then fast did they cry,
" Pray wee that God will graunt vs his might,
That wee may haue the powre to saue our prince's right."

7.

The lord *Clifford* and the lord *Latimer* also,
With the lord *Couiers*[2] of the north countrey,
And the lord *Scrope* of *Vpsalle* forwarde did goe,
With the lorde *Howarde* admirall of the see,
Of noble hearte and courage good was hee,
As any went that time agaynst the Scots to fight,
By the helpe of God, and in theyr prince's right.[3]

8.

Sir *William Percy* and lorde *Ogle* both same,
And sir *William Gascoyne*, theyr cosin nere was hee:
The shryue of *Yorkeshyre* sir *Ihon Eueringame*,
And the nobles of *Chesshyre* in theyr degree:
The lord *Dacres*, and *Basterd Heyron* with heart free,
Which did harme the Scots by day and by night,
By the helpe of God, and in theyr prince's right.

9.

Sir *Edmond Haward* of lusty franke courage
Boldly aduaunced himselfe eke in that stounde,
To the Scots our enemies he did great hurte and domage,

[1] Daunt warde. MS. [2] Conyes. MS.
[3] For hym pray all England for hee
Was the noblest man yn that that fyghte,
By the helpe of S. George owr ladye's knyght MS.

Which were right greedy him and his bloud to confound:
But theyr mischieuous intent on themselues did rebound,
And many a deadly stroke on them there did light,
So the helpe of God preserude our prince's right.

10.

The baron of *Killerton*, and both *Astones* were there,
With sir *Iohn Bouthe*, and many knightes moe:
Sir *John Gower* and sir *Walter Griffin* drewe nere,
With sir *Thomas Butler* and maister *Warcoppe* also,
Sir *Christopher Warde*, and sir *William Midylton* both two,
And sir *William Maliuer*, all did manly fight,
By the helpe of God, and in theyr prince's right.

11.

In the mydle warde was the earle of *Surrey*,
That noble man, stoute, bolde, and hardy,[1]
The father of wit wee call him may,[2]
The deputy of England most trusty was hee:
With him lorde *Scrope* of *Bolton*, and sir *George Darcye*,
And sir *Richard Maliuer* with bucks heades bright,
By the helpe of God, and in their prince's right.

12.

Sir *Phillip Tilney* was there ready and prest,
In the same warde, with all his mighty powre,
And sir *Iohn Willowghby* as ready as[3] the best,
With sir *Nicholas Aplyard* his[4] helpe, ayde, and succour:
O what ioy was it to see that[5] same howre,
How valiauntly our noble men with the Scots did fight,
By the helpe of God, and in theyr prince's right.

[1] Ever more blessyd mote thowe be. MS.
[2] Wyte well call hym we may. MS.
[3] As delygente as. MS.
[4] Ded helpe. MS. [5] Yt was to see at that. MS.

13.

Yong sir *William Gascoyne* was there indeede,
With sir *Richard Aldburgh*, and sir *Christofer Danebe*,
Sir *William Scarkell*, and M. *Frost's* help at neede,
With sir *Raphe Ellarkar* and M. *Thomas Lee*,
M. *Raphe Beeston*, and M. *Hopton* men might see
Full well, perdy,[1] they quite themselues in that fight,
By the helpe of God, and in theyr prince's right.

14.

Sir *Edward Stanley* in the rear warde was hee,
A noble knight both wise and hardy,
With many a noble man of the west countrey,
And the whole powre of the earle of *Darby*,
With a right[2] retinue of the bishop *Elye*,
And of *Lankeshyre* men manly[3] did fight,
By the helpe of God, and in theyr prince's right.

15.

Soone then the gunnes began[4] a new play,
And the vaunt garde together are gone:
But our gunnes disseuered them out of aray,
And our bolde bilmen of them slewe many one:[5]
So that of them scarce retourned[6] none:
Thus were they punished by helpe of God almight:
So thy helpe O Lord, preseru'd our prince his right.

16.

Then they sought embushments, but with[7] small chere,
And in fowle[8] maner brake theyr aray:
Yet some of our men by policy fled were,[9]

[1] Perdy, not in the MS. [2] A royall. MS. [3] Which manly. MS.
[4] Begyn. MS. [5] A one. MS.
[6] Whoo durst abyde strokks neuer retourned. MS.
[7] They devyded them yn bushements with. MS.
[8] Yn thys maner. MS. [9] Men that tyme fled for fere. MS.

That sawe[1] king *Iemy* on the hill where he lay:
" They flee," he sayes, " follow fast I you pray:"
But by that fit of flying[2] wee wan the fight:
So the helpe of God preserude our prince's right.

17.

To the earle of *Surrey* king *Iemy* is gone,
With as comly company as euer man did see:[3]
Full boldly theyr big men agaynst vs did come
Downe the hill, with great myrth and melody:
And our men marked them to the Trinity,[4]
Beseeching him there to shew[5] his might,
In theyr whole defence, and in theyr prince his right.

18.

The red lyon with his owne father's bloud inclynate,
Came towards the white lyon both meeke and mylde,
And there by the hand of God he was prostrate,
By the helpe of th'eagle with her swadled chylde:
The buckesheads also the Scots has beguilde,
And with theyr grey goose wings doulfully them dight,
By the helpe of God, and in our prince his right.

19.

The moone that day did shine full bright,
And the luce head that day was full bent:
The red cressent did blinde the Scots sight,
And the ship with her ancre many Scots spent:[6]
But, alas, the good white griffin was felde on *Floddon* hil,
Yet escape hee did, not vanquisht in the fight:[7]
So thy helpe, O Lord, preserude our prince his right.

[1] Seyne. MS. [2] That gracyous fleyng. MS.
[3] W^t. the comlyeste company y^n crystentte. MS.
[4] Holy Trenyte. MS. [5] To show there. MS.
[6] Ancre the Skotts dyd myche tene. MS.
[7] Dyd by grace of God almyght. MS. Altered in the margin according to the above text.

20.

The treyfell was true, and that did well appeare,
And boldly the great griffin vp the hill is gone:
The antlet did lace them with arrowes so nere,
That buffits the Scots bare, they lacked none:
The cinquefoile also was stedfast as the stone,
And slewe of the Scots like a worthy wight:[1]
So thy helpe, O Lord, preserude our prince his right.

21.

The yong white lyon was angry in that stounde,
And with his merry mariners the myrth him made,
His bells rang lay[2] couched in the grounde,
Whereof the Scots were[3] right sore affrayde:
And round about rydeing euermore he sayde
Go to my fellowes all shalbe all or night,[4]
By the helpe of God, wee saue our prince his right.

22.

The *Cornish* choughe did picke them in the face,
And the crab them blinded that they might not see:
They flewe and fell,[5] they had none other grace,
With theyr new conquerour: but where now is hee,
Caryed in a cart, to his rebuke and his posterity,
And his bullies so bonnye are put all to[6] flight:
So thy helpe, O Lord, preserude our prince his right.

23.

Of Scots lay[7] slayne full xii thousande,
And xi earles, the sooth for to say,
Xiii lords, and three byshops as I vnderstande,

[1] Scotts by powr. of God almyght. Altered in margin as above. MS.
[2] Bells dyd ryng that lay. MS. [3] They were. MS.
[4] Go we to hyt good fellows, all shalbe owrs by the grace of God's might. MS.
[5] To sle and fall. MS. [6] Vnto. MS. [7] Lythe. MS.

With two abbots, which haue learnde a new play,
They should haue bene at home for peace to pray:
  Wherefore they were thus wise punished by right:
  So thy helpe, O Lord, preserude our prince his right.

24.

Theyr ordinaunce is lost, and theyr royalty,
Wee haue theyr riches, God haue the prayseing:[1]
What ech man[2] would take, hee had his[3] liberty:
Wherefore laude and honour to[4] such a king,
From dolefull daunger vs so defending:[5]
  Hee has graunted vnto vs now his might,
  And by his only ayde preserude our prince's right.

25.

O rex regum, ruler[6] of vs all,
As thou for vs sufferedst[7] thy passion,
Gieue the Scots grace, by king *Iemye's* fall,
For to eschue for euer like transgression,[8]
Preserue the red rose, and be his protection:
  Laude, honour, prayse be vnto God almight,
  Who thus suppreste our foes, preserud our prince's right.[9]

26.

O yee noble lordes and knights victorius,
I you beseech to haue mee excused,
Your noble acts no better that I discusse,
And that my simple saying be not refused:

[1] Haue the lovyng. MS.
[2] Euery. MS.
[3] His, wanting. MS.
[4] Be to. MS.
[5] From danger dolefull vs defendyng. MS.
[6] And ruler. MS.
[7] Suffryd. MS.
[8] Haue mʳcye oʳ kyng Jemy's sowle,
Indulgens graunt hym for hys transgression. MS.
[9] And lawde honor & prayse he to the oʳ Lord almyght,
For the redde lyon ys confusyd, & yᵉ. whyte hath vyctory. MS.

Where in any thing I haue mee misused,
I mee submit to your charitable correction:
And in this maner shall be my conclusion.

qd. Frauncis Dingley.[1]]

[1] Explycit bellum de Brampton.
Qd. Fraunces Dyngley de manston. MS.

[THE[1] open bruite of princes falles and such as bare sway in this realme, made mee poore haplesse woman (though once in great place,) presume to shew my selfe emong that infortunate flock. And making more haste then good speede, I appeared fyrst to one *Baldwine* a minister and a preacher: whose function and calling disdaynes to looke so lowe, as to searche the secrets of wanton women, (though commonly a preacher with sufferaunce may rebuke vice.) Wherefore I haue better bethought mee, and so doe sodaynly appeale and appeare to some martiall man, who hath more experience both in defending of women's honour, and knowes somwhat more of theyr conditions and qualityes: and the rather because my tragedy was in question among some that would not spare due commendation to the autor therof. I now appeare to him that fyrst set mee forth, a writer of good continuaunce, and one that dayly is exercised to set out both matter tragicall, and other prophane histories and verses, whose name is *Churchyard:* hee shall not only haue the fame of his owne worke (which no man can deny)[2] but

[1] The induction to the following legend of Jane Shore, in the edition of 1563, is that already given at p. 394, continuing from the sentence "so yll a person. And to supplye that whych is lackinge in him, here I haue Shore's Wyfe, an eloquent wentch, whyche shall furnishe out both in meter and matter, that which could not comlily be sayd in his [K. Richard's] person. Marke, I praye you, what she sayeth, and tell me howe you like it."

In the editions of 1571. 75, 78, where this legend comes by transposition next after Michael Joseph, the Blacksmith, it has the induction printed at p. 415—17, to the words "God will suffer none of his to be tempted aboue their strength. But because [it continues] these two persons last before rehersed were thoughte not onelye obscure in the matter but also crabbed in the meeter, I haue here redy to supply that which lacked in them, Shore's wyfe, an eloquent wench," as just quoted, varying "his person" to "their persons."

[2] Although the name of Churchyard was affixed to the legend of Jane Shore in common with the other authors in the edition of 1571, it is certain that his title to that production was often questioned, (unless it may be believed that the doubt was started to assist in obtaining notoriety,) from the many laboured assertions made in various places in support of his title, and it is to that circumstance the above passage alludes.

Jane Shore did not die until about 1527, and her popularity long survived her: the events of her life were then almost recent and well known from the interesting

shall likewise haue all the glory I can gieue him, if hee lend mee the hearing of my woefull tale, a matter scarce fit for woman's

---

character drawn of her by Sir T. More, which will be found in a future note, and must have given celebrity to this poem beyond many other of the same poet's productions. After a lapse of thirty years from its first appearance, Churchyard reprinted "the tragedie of Shore's Wife, much augmented with divers newe additions," with other pieces in his *Challenge*, 1593, and in a dedication strenuously defended himself against those who had attempted to wrest from him this portion of his literary honours. This fact was first pointed out by that accurate and diligent researcher into the productions of the elder poets, Mr. Park, in the *Censura Literaria*, Vol. II. p. 309, (where the whole legend had been previously inserted) and from that source with the advantage and kindness of a further collation of the additions with the original by Mr. Park, those additions are now inserted in their repective places in the body of the work. They consist of 21 stanzas, viz. from 11 to 14—29 to 31—34 to 36—52 to 60—68 and 74, and are distinguished with asterisks. To complete the additions there is now given the author's dedication.

"To the right honorable the Lady Mount-Eagle and Compton, wife to the right honourable the Lord of Buckhurst's son and heire.

"Good Madame. For that the vertuous and good ladie Carie, your sister, honourablie accepted a discourse of my penning, I beleeved your ladiship would not refuse the like offer, humbly presented and dutifully ment, I bethought me of a tragedie that long laye printed and many speake well of: but some doubting the shallownesse of my heade, (or of meere mallice disdaineth my doings) denies me the fathering of such a worke, that hath won so much credit: but as sure as God lives, they that so defames me, or doth disable me in this cause, doth me such an open wrong, as I would be glad to right with the best blood in my body, so he be mine equall that moved such a quarrell: but mine old yeares doth utterly forbid me such a combat; and to contend with the malicious, I thinke it a madnesse; yet I protest before God and the world, the penning of Shore's Wife was mine; desiring in my hart that all the plagues in the worlde maie possesse me, if anie holpe me, either with scrowle or councell, to the publishing of the invencion of the same Shore's Wife: and to show that yet my spirits faile me not in as great matters as that, I have augmented her tragedie, I hope in as fine a forme as the first impression thereof, and hath sette forth some more tragedies and tragicall discourses, no whit inferiour, as I trust, to my first worke. And, good madame, because "Rosimond" is so excellently sette forth (the actor* whereof I honour) I have somewhat beautified my Shore's Wife, not in any kind of emulation, but to make the world knowe my device in age is as ripe and reddie as my disposition and knowledge was in youth, so having chosen a noble personage to be a patrones to support poore Shore's Wife's tragedie againe I commend all the verses of her, olde and newe to your good ladiship's judgment, hoping you shall lose no honour in the supportation of the same because the true writer thereof, with all humblenesse of mind and service, presents the tragedie unto your honourable censure, wishing long life and increase of vertue's fame to make your ladiship's day happie.

T. CHURCHYARD."

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* Samuel Daniel.

shamefastnes to bewray. But since without blushing I haue so
long beene a talkatiue wench (whose words a world hath
delighted in) I will now goe on boldly with my
audacious manner: and so step I on the
stage in my shrowdeing sheete
as I was buried.]

HOW SHORE'S WIFE,

King Edward the Fourth's Concubine,

was by King Richard despoyled of

all her goods, and forced to doe open

penaunce.

1.

AMONG the rest, by fortune ouerthrowne,
I am not least, that most may wayle her fate:
My fame and bruite abroade the world is blowne,
Who can forget, a thing thus done so late?
My great mischaunce, my fall, and heauy state,
Is such a marke, whereat each tongue doth shoote,
That my good name is pluckt vp by the roote.

2.

This wandring world bewitched mee with wyles,
And won my wits, with wanton sugred ioyes:
In fortune's frekes, who trustes her when shee smiles,
Shall finde her false, and full of fickle toyes,
Her triumphs all, but fill our eares with noyse,
Her flattring giftes, are pleasures mixt with payne,
Yea, all her wordes are thunders threatning rayne.

3.

The fond desire that wee in glory set,
Doth thirle our hearts to hope in slipper hap,
A blast of pompe is all the fruite wee get,

And vnder that lies hid a sodayne clap:
In seeking rest vnwares wee fall in trap,
In groping flowres with nettels stong wee are,
In labring long wee reape the crop of care.

4.

Oh darke disceite, with painted face for sho,
Oh poysned bayte, that makes vs eger still,
Oh fayned frend, deceiuing people so,
Oh world, of thee, we cannot speake too ill:
Yet fooles wee are that bend so to thy skill:
The plague and scourge that thousands dayly feele,
Should warne the wise to shun thy whirling wheele.

5.

But who can stop the streame that runnes full swift?
Or quench the fyre that is crept in[1] the strawe?
The thirsty drinkes, there is no other shift,
Perforce is such that neede obayes no lawe:
Thus bounde wee are in worldly yokes to drawe,
And cannot stay, nor turne agayne in tyme,
Nor learne of those that sought too high to clyme.

6.

My selfe for proofe, loe, here I now appeare,
In woman's weede, with weeping watred eyes,
That bought her youth and her delights full deare,
Whose lowde reproch doth sound vnto the skies:
And bids my corse out of the graue to ryse,
As one that may no longer hyde her face,
But needes must come and shew her piteous case.

7.

The sheete of shame, wherein I shrowded was,
Did moue mee oft to playne before this daye,
And in myne eares did ring the trompe of brasse,

[1] "That is crept is in" is the text and corrected among the faults escaped to "that crept is in the strawe." 1563.

Which is defame, that doth each thing[1] bewraye:
Yea, though full deade and lowe in earth I laye,
I heard the voyse, of mee what people sayde,
But then to speake, alas, I was affrayde.

8.

And nowe a tyme for mee I see preparde,
I heare the lyues and falles of many wights:
My tale therfore the better may bee harde,
For at the torch the litle candell lights:
Where pageants bee, smale things fill out the sights:
Wherefore geue eare, good *Churcheyard*,[2] do thy best
My tragedy to place among the rest.

9.

Because the[3] truth shall witnes well with thee,
I will rehearse in order, as it fell,
My lyfe, my death, my dolefull desteny,
My wealth, my woe, my doing euery deale,
My bitter blisse, wherein I long did dwell:
A whole discourse by[4] mee, *Shore's* wife by name,
Now shalt thou heare as thou hadst seene the same.

10.

Of noble bloud I cannot boast my byrth,
For I was made out of the meanest molde,
Mine heritage but seuen foote of th'earth,[5]
Fortune ne gaue to mee the gifts of golde:
But I could brag of nature, if I wolde,
Who fild my face with fauour fresh and fayre,
Whose beauty shon like Phœbus in the ayre.

11.*

By beautie blas'd like torch of twinckling starre,
A lively lamp that lends darke world some light,
Faire Phœbus beames scarse reacheth halfe so farre

[1] Eche vice. 1563. [2] Good Baldwyn. 1563. [3] That. 1563.
[4] Of. 1563. [5] "Of the earth," in the text corrected as a fault escaped to "of earth." 1563.

As did the rayes of my rare beautie bright:
As summer's day exceedes blacke winter's night,
So *Shore's* wive's face made foule *Brossetta* blush,
As pearle staynes pitch, or gold surmounts a rush.

12.*

The damaske rose or *Rosamond* the faire,
That *Henry* held as deere as jewells be,
Who was kept close in cage from open ayre,
For beautie's boast could scarse compare with me:
The kindly buds, and blosomes of brave tree,
With white and red and deckt my cheekes so fine,
There stoode two balles, like drops of claret wine.

13.*

The beaten snow, nor lily in the field,
No whiter sure then naked necke and hand:
My lookes had force to make a lyon yeld,
And at my forme in gase a world would stand:
My body small, fram'd finely to be span'd,
As though dame *Kind* had sworne, in solemne sort,
To shrowd herselfe in my faire forme and port.

14.*

No part amisse, when nature tooke such care
To set me out, as nought should be awry,
To fornish forth, in due proportion rare,
A peece of worke should please a prince's eye:
O would to God, that boast might prove a lie!
For pride youth tooke in beautie's borrowde trash,
Gave age a whippe, and left me in the lash.

15.

My shape, some sayde, was seemely to ech sight,
My countenaunce did shew a sober grace,
Mine eyes in lookes were neuer proued light,

My tongue in words was[1] chast in euery case:
Mine eares were deafe and would no louers place,
Saue that, alas, a prince did blot my browe,
Loe, there the strong did make the weake to bowe

16.

The maiesty that kings to people beare,
The stately port, the awefull cheere they showe,
Doth make the meane to shrinke and couch for feare,
Like as the hounde that doth his maister knowe:
What then? since I was made vnto the bowe,
There is no cloake can serue to hide my fault:
For I agreede the fort hee should assault.

17.

The eagle's force subdues ech bird that flies,
What metall may resist the flaming fire?
Doth not the sun dasill the clearest eyes,
And melt the yse, and make the frost retyre?
Who can withstand a puissaunt king's disire?
The stiffest stones are perced through with tooles,
The wisest are with princes made but fooles.

18.

Yf kynde had wrought my forme in common frames,
And set mee forth in coulours blacke and browne,
Or beauty had beene percht in Phœbus' flames,
Or shamefast wayes had pluckt my fethers downe,
Then had I kept my fame and good renowne:
For nature's gifts were[2] cause of all my greefe:
A plesaunt pray entiseth many a thiefe.

19.

Thus woe to thee that wrought my peacock's pryde,
By clothing mee with nature's tapestry:
Woe worth the hewe wherein my face was dyde,

[1] Were. 1563. [2] Was. 1563.

Which made mee thinke I pleased euery eye:
Like as the sterres make men beholde the skye,
So beautye's showe doth make the wise full fond,
And brings free harts full oft to endlesse bond.

20.

But cleare from blame my frends can not be founde,
Before my time my youth they did abuse:
In mariage a prentise was I bounde,
When[1] that meere loue I knew not how to vse:
But, welaway, that can not mee excuse,
The harme is mine though they deuisde my care,
And I must smart and sit in slaundrous snare.

21.

Yet gieue mee leaue to pleade my cause at large:
Yf that the horse do run beyond his race,
Or any thing that keepers haue in charge,
Doe breake theyr course where rulers may take place:
Or meate bee set before the hungrye's face,
Who is in fault, th'offender,[2] yea, or no,
Or they that are the cause of all this woe?

22.

Note well what strife this forced mariage makes,
What lothed liues do come where loue doth lacke,
What scratching breers do growe vpon such brakes,
What common weales by it are brought to wracke,
What heauy loade is put on pacient's backe,
What straunge delights this braunch of vice doth breede,
And marke what grayne springs out of such a seede.

23.

Compell the hauke to sit that is vnmande,
Or make the hound vntaught to drawe the dere,
Or bring the free against his will in band,

[1] Then, misprint. 1587. [2] The offendour. 1563.

Or moue the sad a pleasaunt tale to here:
Your time is lost and you no whit the[1] nere:
So loue ne learnes of force the knot to knit,
She serues but those that feele sweete fancie's fit.

24.

The lesse defame redounds to my disprayse,
I was entiste by traynes, and trapt by trust:
Though in my powre remayned yeas, and nayes,
Unto my frends yet needs consent I must,
In euery thing, yea, lawfull or vniust:
They brake the bowes and shakte the tree by sleight,
And bent the wand that mought haue growne full streight.

25.

What helpe in this, the pale thus broken downe,
The dere must needs in daunger run astray:
At mee therefore why should the worlde so frowne?
My weakenes made my youth a prince's pray:
Though wisdome should the course of nature stay,
Yet try my case, who list, and they shall proue
The ripest wits are soonest thralles to loue.

26.

What neede I more to clere my selfe so[2] much?
A king me wan, and had mee at his call,
His royall state, his princely grace was such,
The hope of will, that women seeke for all,
The ease and wealth, the gifts which were not small,
Besieged mee so strongly round about,
My powre was weake, I could not holde him out.

27.

Duke *Hanniball* in all his conquest great,
Or *Cæsar* yet, whose triumphes did exceede,
Of all theyr spoyles which made them toyle and sweate,

[1] You are never the. 1563. [2] To. 1563.

Were not so glad to haue so rich a meede,
As was this prince when I to him agreede,
And yeelded mee a prisoner, willingly,
As one that knewe no way away to fly.

28.

The nitingale, for all his mery voyce,
Nor yet the larke, that still delights to sing,
Did neuer make the hearers so reioyce,
As I with words haue made this worthy king:
I neuer iarde, in tune was euery string,
I tempred so my tongue to please his eare,
That what I sayde was currant euery where.

29.*

Sweete are the songs that merry night crow[1] singes,
For many parts are in those charming notes:
Sweete are the tunes and pipes that pleaseth kings:
Sweete is the love wherein great lordings dotes:
But sweetst of all is fancie where it flotes,
For throwe rough seas it smoothly swimmes away,
And in deepe flouds where skulles of fish doe play.

30.*

And where love slides, it leaves no signe nor showe,
Where it hath gon the way so shuts againe:
It is a sport to heare the fine night crow
Chaunt in the queere upon a pricke-song plaine:
No musicke more may please a prince's vaine
Than descant strange, and voice of faurets breest,
In quiet bower when birds be all at rest.

31.*

No such consort as plaine two parts in one,
Whose rare reports doth carry cunning clean,
Where two long loves and lives in joy alone

[1] The nightingale.

They sing at will the treble or the meane,
Where musicke wants the mirth not worth a beane:
The king and I agreed in such concorde,
I rul'd by love, though he did raigne a lord.

32.

I ioynde my talke, my iestures, and my grace,
In witty frames, that long might last and stand,
So that I brought the king in such a case,
That to his death I was his chiefest hand:
I gouernd him that ruled all this land:
I bare the sword, though hee did weare the crowne,
I strake the stroke that threw the mighty downe.

33.

Yf iustice sayd that iudgement was but death,
With my sweete wordes I could the king perswade,
And make him pause and take therein a breath,
Till I with suite the fautor's peace had made:
I knewe what way to vse him in his trade,
I had the arte to make the lyon meeke,
There was no poynt wherein I was to seeke.

34.*

I tooke delight in doying each man good,
Not scratting all myselfe as all were mine,
But lookt whose life in neede and danger stoode,
And those I kept from harme with cunning fine
On prince's traine I alwayes cast mine eine:
For lifting up the servants of a king,
I did throw court myselfe in fauour bring.

35.*

I offered ayde before they sued to me,
And promis'd nought, but would performe it streight
I shaked downe sweete fruit from top of tree,

Made apples fall in laps of men by sleight:
I did good turnes whiles that I was a height,
For fear a flawe of winde would make mee reele,
And blowe me downe when fortune turn'd her wheele.

36.*

I fil'd no chests with chynks to cherish age,
But in the harts of people layde my gold,
Sought love of lord, of maister, and of page,
And for no bribbe I neuer fauour solde:
I had inough, I might doe what I would,
Saue spend or give or fling it on the ground,
The more I gave the more in purse I found.

37.

Yf I did frowne, who then did looke awrye?
Yf I did smile, who would not laugh outright?
Yf I but spake, who durst my words denye?
Yf I pursude, who would forsake the flight?
I meane, my powre was knowne to euery wight:
On such a height good hap had built my bowre,
As though my sweete should nere[1] haue turnde to sowre.

38.

My husband then, as one that knewe his good,
Refusde to keepe a prince's concubine,
Forseeing th'end,[2] and mischiefe as it stood,
Against the king did neuer much repine:
Hee sawe the grape whereof hee dranke the wine:
Though inward thought his heart did still torment,
Yet outwardly hee seemde hee was content.

39.

To purchase prayse, and win the people's zeale,
Yea rather bent of kinde to do some good,
I euer did vpholde the common weale,

[1] Neuer. 1563. [2] The ende. 1563.

I had delight to saue the guiltles blood:
Each suter's cause, when that I vnderstode,
I did prefer as it had bene mine owne,
And help[1] them vp, that might haue bene orethrowne.

40.

My powre was prest to right the poore man's wrong,
My hands were free to geue where neede required:
To watch for grace I neuer thought it long,
To do men good I neede not bee desyred:
Nor yet with gyfts my heart was neuer hyred:
But when the ball was at my foote to guyde,
I playde to those that fortune did abyde.

41.

My want was wealth, my woe was ease at will,
My robes were rich, and brauer then the sunne,
My fortune then was far aboue my skill,
My state was great, my glasse did euer runne:
My fatall threede so happely was spunne,
That then I sate in earthly pleasures clad,
And for the tyme a goddesse' place I had.

42.

But I had not so soone this lyfe possest,
But my good hap began to slyp asyde,
And fortune then did mee so sore molest,
That vnto playnts was tourned all my pryde:
It booted not to rowe agaynst the tyde,
Myne oares were weake, my heart and strength did fayle,
The wynde was rough I durst not beare a sayle.

43.

What steps of stryfe belong to high estate?
The climing vp is doubtfull to endure,
The seate it selfe doth purchase priuy hate,

[1] Helpt. 1563.

And honour's fame is fickle and vnsure,
And all shee brings is flowres that bee vnpure:
Which fall as fast as they do sprout and spring,
And cannot last they are so vayne a thing.

44.

Wee count no care to catch that wee doe wishe,
But what wee win is long to vs vnknowen,
Tyll present payne bee serued in our dishe,
Wee scarce perceiue wheron our greife hath growen:
What grayne proues well that is so rashly sowen
Yf that a meane did measure all our deedes,
In steede of corne wee should not gather weedes.

45.

The setled mynde is free from fortune's power,
They neede not feare who looke not vp aloft:
But they that clyme are carefull euery hower,
For when they fall they light not very softe:
Examples hath the wisest warned oft,
That where the trees the smalest braunches bere,
The stormes do blowe and haue most rigoure there.

46.

Where is it strong but nere the ground and roote?
Where is it weake but on the highest sprayes?
Where may a man so surely set his foote,
But on those bowes that groweth lowe alwayes?
The litle twygs are but vnstedfast stayes,
Yf they breake not, they bend with euery blast:
Who trusts to them shall neuer stand full fast.

47.

The wynde is great vpon the highest hylles,
The quiet lyfe is in the dale belowe,
Who treades on yse shall slyde agaynst their wills,

They want not cares[1] that curious artes would knowe:
Who liues at ease and can content him so,
Is perfect wise, and sets vs all to schoole,
Who hates this lore may well bee calde a foole.

48.

What greater griefe may come to any life,
Then after sweete to taste the bitter sowre?
Or after peace to fall at warre and strife,
Or after myrth to haue a cause to lowre?
Under such props false fortune buildes her bowre,
On sodayne chaunge her flittering[2] frames bee set,
Where is no way for to escape the net.[3]

49.

The hasty smart that fortune sendes in spite,
Is harde to brooke where gladnes wee embrace,
Shee threatens not, but sodaynly doth smite,
Where ioy is most there doth shee sorrow place:
But sure I thinke, this is too straunge a case
For vs to feele such griefe amid our game,
And know not why vntill we taste the same.

50.

As erst I sayde, my blisse was tournde to bale,
I had good cause to weepe and wring my hands,
And showe sad chere with countenaunce full pale,
For I was brought in sorrowe's wofull bands:
A pirry came and set my ship on sands,
What should I hyde, or coulour care and noy?
King *Edward* dyde in whome was all my ioy.

[1] No care. 1563.
[2] Flitting. 1563. Which appears intended to be altered, as in the faults escaped we are directed to read "her flitting frames."
[3] Her net. 1563.

51.

And when the earth receiued had his corse,
And that in tombe this worthy prince was layde,
The worlde on mee began to showe his force,
Of troubles then my parte I long assayde:
For they, of whome I neuer was afrayde,
Undid mee[1] most, and wrought mee such dispite,
That they bereft mee from my[2] pleasure quite.

52.*

Brought bare and poore, and throwne in worlde's disgrace,
Holds downe the head that never casts up eye:
Cast out of court, condemn'd in every place,
Condemn'd, perforce, at mercie's foote must lye:
Hope is but small when we for mercie crye:
The birde halfe dead, that hauke hath fast in foote,
Lay head on blocke where is no other boote.

53.*

The rowling stone that tumbleth downe the hill,
Fynds none to stay the furie of his fall:
Once under foote for euer daunted still:
One cruell blowe strikes cleane away the ball:
Left once in lacke feeles alwayes want of will:
A conquerd mind must yeeld to every ill,
A weake poore soule, that fortune doth forsake
In hard extreames, from world her leave may take.

54.*

From those that fall, such as doe rise doe run:
The sound with sicke doe seldome long abide:
Poore people passe as shadowes in the sun,

[1] Wee, misprint. 1587. [2] From me. 1563.

Like feeble fish, that needes must follow tyde:
Among the rich a beggar soone is spied:
When weake *Shore's* wife had lost her staffe of stay,
The halt and blind went limping lame away.

55.*

The poore is pincht and pointed at indeed,
As baited bull were leading to a stake:
Wealth findes great helpe, want gets no friend at neede,
A plaged wight a booteles mone may make,
A naked soule in street for colde may quake:
But colde or hot, when mischiefes comes a roe,
As falles the lot, the back beares of the bloe.

56.*

Prefarment past, the world will soon forget:
The present time is daily gaz'd upon:
Yf merchant rich from wealth doe fall in debt,
Small count is made of his good fortune gon:
We feede on flesh, and fling away the bone,
Embrace the best and set the worst aside,
Because faire flowers are made of in their pride.

57.*

You yonglings nowe, that vaine delights lead on
To sell chaste life for lewd and light desires,
Poore gaine is got when rich good name is gon:
Foule blot and shame lives under trimme attires:
Worlde soone casts off the hackney horse it hiers:
And when bare nagge is ridden out of breath,
Tibbe is turn'd loose to feed on barren heath.

58.*

Of flowers a while men doe gay poses make:
The sent once past, adue dry withered leaves:
Love lasts not long, prickt up for pleasure's sake:

Straw little worth, when corne forsaks the sheaves:
A painted post the gazar's eye deceives:
But when foule fauts are found that blear'd the sight,
The account is gone of girlls or gugawes light.

59.*

Young pooppies play, small season lasts you see:
Old appish sportes are quickly out of grace:
Fond wanton games will soone forgotten be:
As sowre as crabbe becomes the sweetest face:
There needes no more be spoken of this case:
All earthly joyes by tract of time decayes:
Soone is the glase runne out of our good dayes.

60.*

My fall and facte makes proofe of that is spoke,
Tels world to much of shadowes in the sunne,
Dust blowne with winde, or simple proofe of smoake,
That flies from fire and fast throwe aire doth run:
It ends with woe that was with joy begun:
It turnes to teares that first began with sport:
At length long paine finds pleasure was but short.

61.

As long as lyfe remaynde in *Edward's* brest,
Who was but I? who had such frends at call?
His body was no sooner put in chest,
But well was hee[1] that could procure my fall:
His brother was myne enmye most of all,
Protectour then, whose vice did still abound,
From yll to worse tyll death did him confound.

62.

Hee falsely faynde[2] that I of counsell was
To poyson him, which thing I neuer ment,
But hee could set thereon a face of brasse,

[1] Him. 1563. [2] Fayned. 1563, 71.

To bring to passe his lewde and false entent:
To such mischiefe this tyrant's heart was bent,
To God, ne man, hee neuer stoode in awe,
For in his wrath hee made his will a lawe.

63.

Lord *Hastings'* bloude for vengeaunce on him cryes,
And many moe, that were to long to name,
But most of all, and in most woefull wise,
I had good cause this wretched man to blame:
Before the worlde I suffred open shame,
Where people were as thicke as is the sand,
I penaunce tooke, with taper in my hand.[1]

[1] The description of the person and the character of this frail, though not quite unamiable beauty, was faithfully delineated in her lifetime by the eloquent sir Thomas More, in the history of Richard III. That that description is now given from *Hall's Chronicle*, ed. 1548, may need requiring the reader's indulgence, as much apposite matter, less known, has been, of necessity, omitted in the notes, from the unusual size of the present volume, but the relation appeared too interesting to reject. After the execution of Lord Hastings, the historian says: "By and by, as it were for anger and not for coueteous, the protectoure sent sir Thomas Hawarde to the house of Shore's wyfe (for her husbande dwelte not with her) whiche spoyled her of all that euer she had, aboue the valure of twoo or thre thousande markes, and sent her bodye to pryson. And the protectoure had layde to her for the maner sake that she was a counsaill with the lorde Hastynges to destroye hym. In conclusion, when no coloure could fasten vpon these matters, then he layed heynously to her charge that thyng that she could not denye, for all the world knewe that it was true, and that notwithstandyng euery man laughed to heare it then so sodeynly, so highly taken, that she was naught of her body. And for this cause as a godly continent prince cleane and fautlesse of hym selfe, sent out of heauen into thys vicious worlde, for the amendement of men's maners, he caused the byshop of London to putte her to open penaunce, goyng before a crosse one Sondaye at procession with a taper in her hand. In the whiche she went in countenaunce and peace so womanly, and albeit she was out of all aray sauyng kyrtel only, yet went she so fayre and louely, and namely when the wondryng of the people cast a comely red in her chekes, of the whiche she before had most mysse, that her great shame wanne her much prayse amongest them that were more amorous of her body then curious of her soule, and many good folke that hated her liuyng and were glad to se synne corrected, yet pitied they more her penaunce then reioysed it, when they considered that the protector did more of corrupt mynd then any vertuous affection.

"This woman was borne in London, well frended, honestly brought vp and very well maryed, sauyng somewhat to sone, her husbande an honest and a yong citezen, godly and of good substaunc, but forasmuche as they were coupled or she

64.

Each eye did stare and looke mee in the face,
As I past by the rumours on mee ran,
But patience then had lent mee such a grace,

---

were well rype, she not very feruently loued for whom she neuer longed, which was the thyng (by chaunce) that the more easily made her to encline to the kynge's appetite, when he required her. Howbeit the respect of his ioyaltie, the hope of gaye apparell, ease, pleasure, and other wanton wealth, was hable sone to perce a softe tendre hart: but when the kyng had abused her, anone her husband beyng an honest manne and one that could his good, not presumyng to touche a kynge's concubyne left her vp to hym altogether. When the kyng dyed, the lorde Hastynges toke her, whiche in the kynge's dayes albeit that he was sore enamoured with her yet he forbare, either for a pryncely reuerence or for a certayne frendely faithfulnesse. Proper she was and fayre, nothyng in her bodye that you could haue chaunged, but yf you would haue wished her somewhat higher. This saye they that knewe her in her youthe, some sayed and iudged that she had bene well fauoured, and some iudged the contrary, whose iudgement seameth like as menne gesse the beautye of one long before departed, by a scaple taken out of a chanell house, and this iudgment was in the tyme of kyng Henry the eyght in the xviii. yere of whose reigne she dyed, when she had nothing but a reueled skynne and bone. Her beautye pleased not menne so muche as her pleasaunt behauoure, for she had a proper wytte and coulde both reade and wryte, mery in compaigny, redy and quicke of answere, neyther mute nor full of bable, somtyme tantyng without displeasure, but not without disporte. Kyng Edward would saye that he had thre concubines, which in diuerse proparties diuersly excelled, one the meriest, the other the wyliest, the thirde the holyest harlot in the realme as one, whom no man coulde get out of the churche to any place lightly, but if it were to his bed, the other two were somwhat greater personages then mastres Shore, and neuerthelesse of their humilitie were content to be nameles and to forbeare the prayse of these properties. But the meriest was Shore's wyfe in whom the kyng therfore toke great pleasure, for many he had, but her he loued, whose fauoure to saye the trueth (for it were synne to lye on the deuil) she neuer abused to any man's hurt, but to many men's comforte and reliefe. For where the kyng toke displeasure, she would mitigate and apeace his mynde, where men were out of fauour, she would bryng them into his grace, for many that had highly offended, she obteyned pardon, and of forfeatures she gat remission; and, finally, in many weighty suites she stode many menne in great steade, either for none or very small rewarde: and those rather gaye then riche, either for that she was content with the dede well done, or for that she delighted to be sued vnto, and to shewe what she was able to do with the kyng, or for that that wanton women and welthy be not alwaies couetous, I doubt not some man wyl thynke this woman to be to slight to be written of emong graue and weyghtie matters, whiche they shall specially thynke that happely sawe her in her age and aduersite, but me semeth the chaunce so much more worthy to be remembred, in how much after wealth she fell to pouertie, and from riches to beggery

My quyet lookes were praysde of euery man:
The shamefast bloud brought me such coulour than,
That thousands sayde, which sawe my sober chere,
It is great ruth to see this woman here.

65.

But what preuaylde the people's pitie there?
This raging wolfe would spare no giltless blood:
Oh wicked wombe that such ill fruit did beare,
Oh cursed earth, that yeeldeth forth such mud:
The hell consume all things that did thee good,
The heauens shut their gates agaynst thy spreete,
The world tread downe thy glory vnder feete.

66.

I aske of God a vengeaunce on thy bones,
Thy stinking corps corrupts the ayre I knowe:
Thy shamefull death no earthly wight bemones,
For in thy lyfe thy workes were hated so,
That euery man did wish thy ouerthroe:
Wherfore I may, though parciall now I am,
Curse euery cause whereof thy body came.

67.

Woe worth the man that fathered such a childe,
Woe worth the howre wherein thou wast begate:
Woe worth the brests that haue the world begylde,

---

vnfrended, out of acquaintance, after great substaunce, after so great fauour with her prince, after as great suite and sekyng to with all those which in those dayes had busynes to spede as many other men were in their tymes, whiche be now famous onely by the infamy of their euill deedes, her doynges were not muche lesse, albeit they be muche lesse remembred, because they were not euyll, for men vse to write an euyll turne in marble stone, but a good turne they wryte in the dust, which is not worst proued by her, for after her wealth she went beggyng of many that had begged them selfes if she had not holpen them, suche was her chaunce." See *Percy's Reliques*, 1794, Vol. II. p. 256. *More's Utopia, by Dibdin*, Vol. I. p. lxxxiii.

To norish thee, that all the worlde did hate:
Woe worth the gods that gaue thee such a fate,
To lyue so long, that death deserude so oft:
Woe worth the chaunce that set thee vp aloft.

68.*

Woe worth the day, the time, the howre, and all,
When subiects clapt the crowne on *Richard's* head:
Woe worth the lordes, that sat in sumptuous hall,
To honour him that princes blood so shead:
Would God he had bin boyld in scalding lead,
When he presumde in brother's seat to sit,
Whose wretched rage rul'd all with wicked wit.

69.

Yee princes all, and rulers euerychone,
In punishment beware of hatred's yre:
Before yee scourge, take heede, looke well thereon:
In wrothes ill will, if mallice kindle fyre,
Your hearts will burne in such a hote desyre,
That in those flames the smoke shall dim your sight,
Yee shall forget to ioyne your iustice right.

70.

You should not iudge till things bee well discerned,
Your charge is still to mayntayne vpright lawes,
In conscience rules yee shoulde bee throughly learned,
Where clemency bids wrath and rashnes pause,
And further sayth, stricke not without a cause:
And when yee smite doe it for iustice sake,
Then in good parte ech man your scourge will take.

71.

Yf that such zeale had mou'd[1] this tyrant's minde,
To make my plague a warning[2] for the rest,
I had small cause such fault in him to fynde,

[1] Moved. 1563.
[2] 'Warning,' corrected by the faults escaped in ed. 1563. The text of every copy is 'warrant.'

Such punishment is vsed for the best,
But by yll will and powre I was opprest:
Hee spoylde my goods, and left mee bare and pore,
And caused mee to beg from dore to dore.

72.

What fall was this, to come from prince's fare,
To watch for crums among the blynde and lame?
When almes were delt I had[1] an hungry share,
Because I knew not how to aske for shame,
Tyll force and neede had brought mee in such frame,
That starue I must, or learne to beg an almes,
With booke in hand, to[2] say S. Dauid's psalmes.

73.

Where I was wont the golden chaines to weare,
A payre of beades about my necke was wound,
A lynnen cloth was lapt about my heare,
A ragged goune that trailed one the ground,
A dish that clapt and gaue a heauy sound,
A staying staffe and wallet therewithall,
I bare about as witnesse of my fall.

74.*

The fall of leafe is nothing like the spring,
Ech eye beholdes the rising of the sunne,
All men admire the fauour of a king:
And from great states growne in disgrace they run,
Such sodaine claps ne wit nor will can shun:
For when the stoole is taken from our feete,
Full flat on floore the body falls in streete.

75.

I had no house wherein to hyde my heade,
The open streete my lodging was perforce:
Full oft I went all hungry to my bed,

[1] Bad. 1563. [2] And say. 1563.

My flesh consumde, I looked lyke a corse:
Yet in that plight who had on mee remorse:
O God, thou knowste my frends forsooke mee than,
Not one holpe mee, that succred many a man.

76.

They frownd on mee that fawnd on mee before,
And fled from mee, that followde mee full fast:
They hated mee, by whome I set much store,
They knew full well, my fortune did not last,
In euery place, I was condemnde and cast,
To pleade my cause at bar it was no boote,
For euery man did treade mee vnder foote.

77.

Thus long I liu'd, all weary of my lyfe,
Tyll death approcht, and rid mee from that wo:
Example take by mee, both mayde and wyfe,
Beware, take heede, fall not to folly so:
A Mirour make by[1] my greate ouerthro,
Defy the[2] world and all his wanton wayes,
Beware by mee, that spent so yll her dayes.

Tho. Churchyard.[3]

[1] Of my. 1563. [2] This. 1563, 7 , 75, 78.
[3] Signature added 1571.

[As *Baldwine* indeede being a minister, had bene most fit to set forth the life of a cardinall and byshop (for causes belonging to his knowledge and ministery) so to encourage a writer now aliue to play the part of a *Pasquill*, and rather make his pen his plough, then in a hard season, liue like a labourer that doth seruice to many and litle good to himselfe, I thought it necessary in a kinde of beneuolence and curtesy of minde, to bestow some credit on that person that not only hath preferred my tragedy to the printer, (being of his owne deuice and penning) but also hath enlarged, by playne and familier verse, the matter the world desires to heare or read, and makinge common among a multitude that were secret and priuat among a fewe. Which study and paynes of his owne purpose procures mee (as one whom fortune hath flattered and afflicted) to appeare vnto him, for the hearing of my calamity, and for the setting out both of my rising vp and falling downe. So, to the whole worlde, by his helpe and mine owne desire, I step out from the graue, where long I lay in forgetfulnes, and declare in the voyce of a cardinall, a curious discourse; yet sadly and sorrowfully tolde, as well vnto *Churchyard* (the noter thereof) as to the rest that pleaseth to heare any peece of my misfortune.]

HOW THOMAS WOLSEY

did arise vnto great authority and

gouernment, his maner of life,

pompe, and dignity, and how hee

fell downe into great disgrace, and

was arested of high treason.

1.

SHALL I looke on, when states step on the stage,
And play theyr parts, before the people's face:
Some men liue now, scarce four score yeares of age,
Who in time past, did know the cardnall's grace:
A gamesom worlde, when byshops run at bace:
Yea, get a fall, in striuing for the gole,
And body loase, and hazarde seely sole.

2.

Ambitious minde, a world of wealth would haue,
So scrats and scrapes, for scorfe, and scoruy drosse:
And till the flesh, and bones, be layde[1] in graue,
Wit neuer rests, to grope for mucke and mosse:
Fye on prowde pompe, and gilted bridels' bosse:
O glorious golde, the gaping after thee,
So blindes men's eyes, they can no daunger see.

[1] Hid. N.

3.

Now note my byrth, and marke how I began,
Beholde from whence rose all this pryde of mine:
My father but, a plaine poore honest man,
And I his son, of wit and iudgement fine,
Brought vp at schoole and prou'd a good diuine,
For which great gifts, degree of schoole I had,
And batchler was, and I a litle lad.

4.

So, tasting some of fortune's sweete consayts,
I clapt the hoode, on shoulder, braue as son,
And hopt at length to bite at better bayts,
And fill my mouth, ere banket halfe were don:
Thus holding on, the course I thought to ron:
By many a feast my belly grue so big,
That *Wolsey* streight became a wanton twig.

5.

Lo, what it is to feede on daynty meate,
And pamper vp the gorge with suger plate:
Nay, see how lads, in hope of higher seate,
Rise early vp and study learning late:
But hee thriues best that hath a blessed fate:
And hee speeds worst that worlde will nere aduaunce,
Nor neuer knowes what meanes good lucke nor chaunce.

6.

My chaunce was great, for from a poore man's son,
I rose aloft, and chopt and chaungde degree:
In Oxford first my famous name begon,
Where many a day the sholers honourd mee:
Then thought I how I might a courtier bee:
So came to court, and fethred there my wing,
With *Henry* th'eight, who was a worthy king.

7.

Hee did with words assay mee once or twice,
To see what wit and ready sprite I had:
And when hee saw I was both graue and wice,
For some good cause, the king was wondrous glad:
Than downe I lookt, with sober countnaunce sad,
But heart was vp, as high as hope could go,
That suttell fox might him some fauour so.

8.

Wee worke with wiles, the mindes of men like wax,
The fauning whelp gets many a peece of bred:
Wee follow kings, with many coning knacks,
By searching out how are their humoures fed:
Hee haunts no court, that hath a doltish hed:
For as in golde, the pretious stone is set,
So finest wits, in court the credit get.

9.

I quickely learnde to kneele and kysse the hand,
To waite at heele, and turne like top about,
To stretch out necke and lyke an image stand,
To taunt, to skoffe, and face the matter out,
To preace in place, among the greatest rout:
Yet like a priest, my selfe did well behaue,
In fayre long gowne, and goodly garments graue.

10.

Where *Wolsey* went, the world like bees would swarme,
To heare my speach, and note my nature well:
I coulde with tongue vse such a kinde of charme,
That voyce, full cleare, should sounde like siluer bell:
When head deuisde a long discours to tell,
With stories straunge, my speach should spised bee,
To make the worlde to muse the more on mee.

11.

Each tayle was sweete, each worde a sentence wayde,
Each ear I pleasde, each eye gaue mee the vewe,
Each judgment markt, and paysed what I sayde,
Each minde I fed, with matter rare and newe,
Each day and howre my grace and credit grewe:
So that the king, in hearing of this newes,
Deuysed howe hee might my seruice vse.

12.

Hee made mee then his chaplayne, to say masse
Before his grace, yea, twise or thrise a weeke:
Now had I time, to trym my selfe by glasse,
Now founde I meane, some liuing for to seeke,
Now I became both humble, mylde, and meeke:
Now I applyde my wyts and sences throwe,
To reape some corne, if God would speede the plowe.

13.

Whom most I sawe in fauour with the king,
I followde fast, to get some hap thereby:
But I obserude another finer thing,
That was, to keepe me still in prince's eye:
As vnder wyng the hawke in winde doth lye,
So for a pray, I prowled heere and there,
And tryed frendes and fortune euery where.

14.

The king at length sent mee beyonde the seas,
Embastour then, with message good and greate:
And in that time, I did the king so pleas,
By short dispatch, and wrought so fine a feate,
That did aduaunce my selfe to higher seate,
The deanrie then of Lincolne hee mee gaue:
And bownty shewde before I gan to craue.

15.

His amner to, hee made mee all in haste,
And threefolde gyftes hee threwe vpon mee still:
His counslour straight listewise was *Wolsey* plaste,
Thus in shorte time I had the world at will:
Which passed far man's reason, wit, and skill:
O hap, thou haste great secrets in thy might,
Which long lye hyd from wily worldlyngs sight.

16.

As shures of raine fall quickly on the grasse,
That fading flowres are soone refresht thereby:
Or as with sun the morning dewe doth passe,
And quiet calme makes cleare a troubled skye:
So prince's powre, at twinkling of an eye,
Sets vp a lofte a favret on the wheele,
When giddy braynes about the streetes doe reele.

17.

They are but blinde that wake where fortune sleepes,
They worke in vayne that striue with streame and tyde:
In double garde, they dwell that destnye keepes,
In simple sorte they liue that lacke a gyde:
They misse the marke that shoote theyr arrowes wide,
They hit the pricke that make theyr flight to glaunce
So nere the white, that shafte may light on chaunce.

18.

Such was my lucke I shot no shafte in vayne,
My bow stoode bent and brased all the yeere:
I wayted harde but neuer lost my payne:
Such wealth came in to beare the charges cleere:
And in the end, I was the greatest peere
Among them all, for I so rulde the land,
By king's consent, that all was in my hand.

19.

Within on yeare three bishoprickes I had,
And in small space a cardnall I was made:
With long red robes rich *Wolsey* then was clad,
I walkte in sun when others sate in shade:
I went abroade with such a trayne and trade,
With crosses borne before mee where I past,
That man was thought to bee some god at last.

20.

With sonnes of earles and lordes I serued was,
An hundreth chaynes at leaste were in my trayne:
I dayly dranke in gold, but not in glas,
My bread was made of fynest flowre and grayne:
My daynty mouth did common meates disdayne,
I fed like prince on fowles most deare and straunge,
And bankets made of fine conceites for chaunge.

21.

My hall was full of knightes, and squires of name,
And gentlemen, two hundreth tolde by powle:
Tall[s] yeomen to did howrely serue the same,
Whose names each weeke I saw within checke rowle:
All went to church, when seruis bell did knowle,
All dinde and supte and slepte at cardinall's charge,
And all would wayte, when *Wolsey* tooke his barge.

22.

My householde stuffe, my wealth and siluer plate,
Mighte well suffice a monarke at this day:
I neuer fed but vnder cloth of state,
Nor walkt abroade till ushars clearde the way:
In house I had musitions for to play,
In open streete my trompets lowde did sownde,
Which pearst the skies and seemde to shake the grownde.

[s] Tale, misprint, 1587. N.

23.

My men most braue, martcht two and two in ranke,
Who helde in length, much more then halfe a mile:
Not one of these, but gaue his maister thanke,
For some good turne, or pleasure got some while:
I did not feede my seruantes with a smile,
Or glosing wordes, that neuer bring forth frute,
But gaue them golde, or els preferde theyr sute.

24.

In surety so, whiles God was pleasde, I stoode,
I knewe I must leaue all my wealth behinde:
I sawe they lou'd mee not for byrth or bloode,
But serude a space to try my noble minde:
The more men gieue the more in deede they finde
Of loue, and troth, and seruice, euery way:
The more they spare, the more doth loue decay.

25.

I ioyde to see my seruantes thriue so well,
And go so gay with little that they gote:
For as I did in honour still excell,
So would I oft the wante of seruantes note:
Which made my men on maister so to dote,
That when I sayde let such a thing bee donne,
They woulde in deede through fyre and water ronne.

26.

I had in house so many of'sars[1] still,
Which were obayde and honourde for their place,
That carelesse I might sleepe or walke at will,
Saue that sometyme I wayde a poore man's case,
And salude such sores whose griefe might breede disgrace:
Thus men did wayte and wicked world did gaze
On mee and them, that brought vs all in maze.

[1] Off'cers. N.

27.

For worlde was whist, and durst not speake a woorde,
Of that they sawe, my credite curbde them so:
I waded far, and passed ore the foorde,
And mynded not, for to returne I troe:
The worlde was wise, yet scarce it selfe did knoe,
When wonder made, of men that rose by hap:
For fortune rare, falls not in each man's lap.

28.

I climde the clouds, by knowledge and good wit,
My men sought chaunce by seruice or good lucke:
The worlde walkte lowe when I aboue did sit,
Or downe did come to trample on this mucke:
And I did swim as dainty as a ducke,
When water serues to keepe the body braue,
And to enioy the gyftes that fortune gaue.

29.

And though my pompe surpast all prelates nowe,
And like a prince I liu'd and pleasure tooke:
That was not sure so great a blur in browe,
If on my workes indiffrent eyes doe looke:
I thought great scorne such liuings heare to brooke,
Except I built some howses for the poore,
And order tooke to gieue great almes at doore.

30.

A colledge fayre in Oxford I did make,
A sumptuous house a stately worke in deede:
I gaue great lands to that, for learning sake,
To bring vp youth and succour scholer's neede:
That charge of myne full many a mouth did feede,
When I in courte was seeking some good turne,
To mend my torch, or make my candell burne.

31.

More houses gay I builte, then thowsands do
That haue enough, yet will no goodnes shoe:
And where I built I did mayntayne it to,
With such great cost as few bestowes I troe:
Of buildings large I could reherse a roe,
That by mischaunce this day haue lost my name,
Whereof I do deserue the only fame.

32.

And as for sutes, about the king was none
So apte as I, to speake and purchase grace:
Though long before, some say, *Shore's* wife was one
That oft kneelde downe before the prince's face
For poore men's sutes, and holpe theire woefull case,
Yet shee had not such credite as I gate,
Although a king would beare the parret prate.

33.

My wordes were graue and bore an equall poyes,
In ballaunce iust for many a weighty cause:
Shee pleasde a prince with pretty merry toyes,
And had no sight in state, nor course of lawes:
I coulde perswade and make a prince to pawes,
And take a breath before hee drew the sworde,
And spy the time to rule him with a worde.

34.

I will not say but fancy may do much,
Yet worlde will graunt that wisdom may do more:
To wanton gyrl's affection is not such,
That prince's wise will bee abusde therefore:
One sute of mine was surely worth a score
Of her's indeede, for shee her time must watch,
And at all howres I durst go draw the latch.

35.

My voyce but heard, the dore was open streyght,
Shee might not come, till shee were calde or brought:
I rulde the king by custom, arte, and sleight,
And knew full well the secrets of his thought:
Without my minde all that was done was nought,
In wars, or peace, my counsayle swayed all,
For still the king would for the cardnall call.

36.

I kept a court my selfe, as great as his,
(I not compare vnto my maister heere)
But looke my lords what liuely worlde was this,
That one poore man became so great a peere?
Yet though this tale be very straunge to heere,
Wit wins a worlde: and who hath hap and wit,
With triumph long in princely throne may sit.

37.

What man like mee bare rule in any age,
I shone like sun more cleare then morning star:
Was neuer parte so playde, in open stage,
As mine, nor fame of man flewe halfe so far:
I sate on bench, when thowsands at the bar
Did pleade for right; for I in publique weale
Lorde chaunclour was and had the great broad seale.

38.

Now haue I tolde how I did rise aloft,
And sate with pride and pomp, in golden hall,
And set my feete on costly carpets soft,
And playde at goale with goodly golden ball:
But after, Lord, I must rehearse my fall:
O trembling heart, thou canst not now for teares
Present that tale vnto the hearer's eares.

Till wakened wits remembraunce bring agayne:
When heauy teares, do hollow cheekes distayne,
The world will thinke thy sprits are growne so weake,
The feeble tongue hath sure no powre to speake.

40.

A tale by signes with sighes and sobs set out,
Moues people's mindes to pity plaged men,
With howling voyce do rather cry and showt,
And so by arte shew forth thy sorrow then:
For if thou speake some man will note with pen
What *Wolsey* sayde, and what thrue *Wolsey* downe,
And vnder foote flings *Wolsey's* great renowne.

41.

What force of that my fall must needs be herd,
Before I fell I had a time to rise:
As fatall chaunce and fortune mee preferd,
So mischiefe came and did my state despise:
Yf I might pleade my case among the wise,
I could excuse right much of mine offence:
But leaue a while such matter in suspence.

42.

The pope, or pride, or peeuish parts of mine,
Made king to frowne and take the seale from mee:
Now seru'd no words, nor plesaunt speeches fine,
Now *Wolsey*, lo, must needs disgraced bee:
Yet had I leaue (as dolefull prisner free)
To keepe a house (God wot) with heauy cheere,
Where that I founde no wine, ne bread, nor beere.

43.

My time was come, I coulde no longer liue,
What should I make my sorrow further knowne?
Upon some cause that king, that all did giue,
Tooke all agayne and so possest his owne:
My goods, my plate, and all was ouerthrowne,
And looke what I had gathred many a day,
Within one howre was cleanly swept away.

44.

But harken now how that my fortune fell,
To *Yorke* I must, where I the bishop was:
Where I by right in grace a while did dwell,
And was in stawle with honour great to pas:
The priors then and abbots gan to smell,
Howe cardinall must bee honourd as hee ought,
And for that day was great prouision brought.

45.

At *Cawood* then, where I great buildings made,
And did through cause exspect my stawling day,
The king deuisde a secrete vnder shade,
Howe cardnall shoulde bee reste and brought away:
One *Wealsh* a knight, came downe in good aray,
And seasned sure, because from courte hee cam,
On *Wolsey* wolfe that spoyled many a lam.

46.

Then was I led toward courte, like dog in string,
And brought as biefe that Butcherrowe must see:
But still I hoapt to come before the king,
And that repayre was not denyde to mee:
But hee that kept the towre, my guide must bee:
Ah, there I sawe what king thereby did meane,
And so I searcht yf conscience now were cleane.

47.

Some spots I founde, of pryde and popishe partes,
That might accuse a better man then I:
Now *Oxford* came to minde, with all theire artes,
And *Cambridge* to, but all not worth a flye:
For schoolemen can no fowle defects supplye:
My sauce was sowre, though meate before was sweete,
Nowe *Wolsey* lackte both conning, wit, and spreete.

48.

A deepe conceyte of that, possest my heade,
So fell I sicke, consumde as some did thinke:
So tooke in haste my chamber, and my bed,
On which deuise, perhaps, the worlde might winke:
But in the heart sharpe sorrow so did sinke,
That gladnes sweete, (forsooke my senses all)
In those extreemes did yeelde vnto my fall.

49.

O let mee curse the popish cardnall hat,
Whose myters big, beset with pearle and stones,
And all the rest of trash, I know not what,
The saints in shrine, theyr flesh and rotten bones,
The maske of monkes, deuised for the nones,
And all the flocke of freers, what ere they are,
That brought mee vp and left mee there so bare.

50.

O cursed priestes, that prate for profit's sake,
And follow floud and tyde where ere it floes:
O marchaunts fine that no aduauntage take
Of euery grayne, how euer market goes:
O fie on wolues that march in masking cloes,
For to deuoure the lambs when shepperd sleepes,
And woe to you that promise neuer keepes.

51.

You sayd I should be reskude if I neede,
And you would curse, with candell, booke, and bell:
But when yee should now serue my turne indeede,
Yee haue no house I know not where yee dwell:
O freers and monkes your harbour is in hell,
For in this world yee haue no rightfull place,
Nor dare not once in heauen shew your face.

52.

Your fault not halfe so great as was my pryde,
For which offence fell Lucifer from skyes:
Although I would that wilfull folly hyde,
The thing lyes playne before the people's eyes,
On which hye heart a hatefull name doth ryes:
It hath beene sayde of olde, and dayly will,
Pryde goes before, and shame coms after still.

53.

Pryde is a thing that God and man abores,
A swelling tode, that poysons euery place,
A stinking wounde, that breedeth many sores,
A priuy plague, found out in stately face,
A paynted byrd that keepes a pecock's pace,
A lothsome lowt that lookes like tinker's dog,
A hellish hownd, a swinish hatefull hog

54.

That grunts and groanes at euery thing it sees,
And holds vp snowt like pig that coms from draffe:
Why should I make of pride all these degrees,
That first tooke roote from filthy drosse and chaffe,
And makes men stay vpon a broken staffe:
No weaknes more than thinke to stand vpright,
When stumbling blocke makes men to fall downright.

55.

Hee needes must fall that looks not where he goes,
And on the starrs walkes staring goezling like:
On sodayne oft a blostring tempest bloes,
Than downe great trees are tumbled in the dike:
Who knowes the time and howre when God will strike:
Then looke about, and marke what steps yee take,
Before you pace, the pilgrimage yee make.

56.

Run not on head as all the worlde were youres,
Nor thrust them backe that cannot bide a shocke:
Who striues for place his owne decay procures:
Who alway brawles is sure to catch a knocke:
Who beardes a king, his head is neere the blocke:
But who doth stand in feare and worldly dreede,
Ere mischiefe coms had neede to take good heede.

57.

I hauing hap, did make account of none,
But such as fed my humour good or bad:
To fawning dogs, sometimes I gaue a bone,
And flong some scrapps to such as nothing had:
But in my hands still kept the golden gad,
That seru'd my turne and laught the rest to skorne,
As for himselfe was cardnall *Wolsey* borne.

58.

No, no, good men, wee liue not for ourselues,
Though each one catch as mutch as hee may get:
Wee ought to looke to those that diggs and delues,
That alwayes dwell and liue in endles det,
Yf in such sort wee would our compas set,
Wee should haue loue where now but hate wee finde,
And hedstrong will, with cruell hollow minde.

59.

I thought nothing of duty, loue, or feare,
I snatcht vp all and alwayes sought to clime:
I punisht all and would with no man beare:
I sought for all and so could take the time:
I plide the prince, whiles fortune was in prime,
I fild the bags and gold in hoorde I heapt,
Thought not on those that thresht the corne I reapt.

60.

So all I lost and all I gat was nought,
And all by pride and pompe lay in the dust:
I aske you all what man aliue had thought,
That in this world had beene so litle trust:
Why, all thinges heare with time decline they must:
Than all is vaine so all not worth a flye,
Yf all shall thinke that all are borne to dye.

61.

Yf all bee bace, and of so small a count,
Why doe wee all in folly so abound?
Why doe the meane and mighty seeke to mount,
Beyonde all hope where is no surety found,
And where the wheele is alwayes turning round?
The case is plaine if all bee vnderstood,
Wee are so vaine wee knowe not what is good.

62.

Yet some will say, when they haue heapes of golde,
With flocks of friends, and seruaunts at theyr call,
They liue like gods in pleasure treble folde,
And haue no cause to finde no fault at all:
O blinde conceite, these gloryes are but small,
And as for friends, they change their mindes so mych,
They stay not long with neither poore nor rich.

63.

With hope of friends our selues wee do deceaue,
With feare of foes we threatned are with sleepe:
But friends speake fayre yet men alone they leaue
To sinke or swim, to mourne, to laugh, or weepe:
Yet whan for smiles, the snake begins to creepe,
As world falls out these dayes in compasse iust,
Wee knowe not howe the friend or foe to trust.

64.

Both can betray the truest man aliue,
Both are to doubt in matters of greate weight,
Both will somtime for goodes and honour striue,
Both seemeth playne, yet both can shewe great sleight:
Both stoups full lowe, yet both can looke on height,
And best of both, not worth a cracked crowne:
Yet least of both, may loase a walled towne.

65.

Talke not of friends, the name thereof is nought,
Then trust no foes, if frendes theire credit loes:
If foes and frendes of on bare earth were wrought,
Blame nere of both though both one nature shoes:
Grace passeth kinde where grace and vertue floes,
But where grace wantes make foes and frends alike,
The on drawes sworde the other sure will strike.

66.

I prou'd that true by tryall twenty times,
When *Wolsey* stoode on top of fortune's wheele.
But such as to the height of ladder climes,
Knowe not what led lies hanging on theire heele
Tell mee my mates that heauy fortune feele,
Yf rising vp, breede not a gyddy brayne,
And faling downe, bee not a greuous payne.

67.

I tolde youhow from *Cawood* I was led,
And so fell sicke, when I arested was:
What needeth nowe more wordes heere in bee sed?
I knewe full well I must to pryson passe,
And sawe my state as brittell as a glasse:
So gaue vp ghost, and bad the worlde farewell,
Wherein, God wot, I could no longer dwell.[1]

68.

Thus vnto dust and ashes I returnde,
When blase of life and vital breath went out,
Like glowing cole that is to sinders burnde:
All fleshe and bloud so ende, you neede not doubt:
But when the bruite of this was blowne about,
The worlde was glad, the cardnall was in graue,
This is of worlde, lo, all the hope we haue.

69.

Full many a yeare the world lookt for my fall,
And whan I fell, I made as great a cracke,
As doth an oake, or mighty tottring wall,
That whirling winde doth bring to ruin and wracke:
Now babling world wil talke behinde my backe:
A thousand things to my reproache and shame,
So will it to of others do the same.

70.

But what of that? the best is wee are gone,
And worst of all when wee our tales haue tolde,
Our open plagues will warning bee to none,
Men are by hap and courage made so bolde:
They thinke all is theyr owne they haue in holde:
Well let them say and think what thing they please,
This weltring world both flowes and ebs like seas.

qd. Tho. Churchyard.[2]

[1] He died of a continuall flyxe, in the abbey of Leycester, as Stowe writeth. *Margin.*

[2] This concludes the edition of 1587.

HOW THE LORD CROM-

well[1] *exalted from meane estate, was*

after by the enuie of the Bishop of

Winchester, and other his complices,

brought to vntimely end, Anno

Dom. 1540.

1.

" Wak'd, and trembling betwixt rage and dread
With the loud slander (by the impious time)
That of my actions euery where is spread,
Through which to honor falsely I should clime,
From the sad dwelliug of th'vntimely dead,
To quit me of that execrable crime,
Cromwell appeares his wretched plight to show,
Much that can tell, one much that once did know.[2]

2.

Roughly not made vp in the common mould,
That with the vulgar vilely I should die,
What thing so strange of *Cromwell* is not told?

[1] This legend of Cromwell, by Drayton, was entered in the Stationers' books, to Iohn Flaskett, 12 Oct. 1607, and printed in quarto the same year. It was inserted by Niccols in the edition of 1610, from which it is now given, collated with the author's *poems, printed for Iohn Smethwick,* 1637, 12mo.

[2] Can tell as one that much did know. 1637.

What man more prais'd? who more condemn'd then I?
That with the world when I am waxed old,
Most t'were vnfit that fame of me should lie
With fables vaine my historie to fill,
Forcing my good, excusing of my ill.

3.

You, that but hearing of my hated name,
Your ancient malice instantly bewray,
And for my sake your ill deserued blame
Vpon my legend publikely shall lay:
Would you forbeare to blast me with defame,
Might I so meane a priuiledge but pray,
He that three ages hath endur'd your wrong,
Heare him a little that hath heard you long.

4.

Since *Rome's* sad ruine heere by me began,
Who her religion pluckt vp by the root,
Of the false world such hate for which I wan,
Which still at me her poisned'st darts doth shoot:
That to excuse it, do the best I can,
Little, I feare, my labour me will boot:
Yet will I speake my troubled heart to ease,
Much to the mind, her selfe it is to please.

5.

O powerfull number, from whose stricter law
Heart-mouing musicke did receiue the ground
Which men to faire ciuilitie did draw
With the brute beast when lawlesse he was found:
O, if according to the wiser saw
There be a high diuinitie in sound,
Be now abundant prosp'rously to aide
The pen prepar'd my doubtfull case to pleade.

6.

Putney the place made blessed in my birth,
Whose meanest cottage simplie me did shrowd,
To me as dearest of the English earth:
So of my bringing that poore village prou'd,
Though in a time when neuer lesse the dearth
Of happie wits, yet mine so well allow'd
That with the best she boldly durst confer
Him that his breath[1] acknowledged from her.

7.

Twice flow'd proud Thames, as at my comming wood,
Striking the wondring borderers with feare,
And the pale genius of that aged flood
Vnto my mother[2] labouring did appeare,
And with a countenance much distracted stood,
Threatning the fruit her pained wombe should beare:
My speedie birth being added thereunto,
Seem'd to foretell that much I came to do.

8.

That[3] was reserued for those worser daies,
As the great ebbe vnto so long a flow,
When what those ages formerly did raise,
This, when I liu'd, did lastly ouerthrow,
And that great'st labour of the world did seaze,
Only for which immedicable blow
Due to that time, me dooming heauen ordain'd,
Wherein confusion absolutely raign'd.

9.

Vainly yet noted this prodigious signe,
Often predictions of most fearefull things,
As plagues, or warre, or great men to decline,

[1] Me that my breath. 1637. [2] To my sicke mother. 1637. [3] Who. 1637.

Rising of commons, or the death of kings:
But some strange newes though euer it diuine,
Yet forth them not immediatly it brings,
Vntill th'effects men afterward did learne,
To know that me it chiefly did concerne.

10.

Whil'st yet my father by his painfull trade,
Whose laboured anuile only was his fee,
Whom my great towardnesse strongly did perswade
In knowledge to haue educated mee:
But death did him vnluckily inuade,
Ere he the fruits of his desire could see,
Leauing me yong, then little that did know
How me the heauens had purpos'd to bestow.

11.

Hopelesse as helpelesse most might me suppose,
Whose meannesse seem'd their abiect breath to draw:
Yet did my breast that glorious fire inclose,
Which their dull purblind ignorance not saw,
Which still is setled vpon outward showes,
The vulgar's iudgement euer is so raw,
Which the vnworthiest sottishly do loue
In their owne region properly that moue.

12.

Yet me my fortune so could not disguise,
But through this cloud were some that did me know,
Which then the rest more happie or more wise,
Me did relieue when I was driuen low,
Which, as the staier, by which I first did rise,
When to my height I afterward did grow,
Them to requite my bounties were so hie,
As made my fame through euery eare to flie.

13.

That height and godlike puritie of minde
Resteth not still, where titles most adorne
With any, nor peculiarly confinde
To names, and to be limited doth scorne:
Man doth the most degenerate from kinde,
Richest and poorest both alike are borne:
And to be alwaies pertinently good,
Followes not still the greatnes of our blood.

14.

Pitie it is, that to one vertuous man
That marke him lent to gentrie to aduance,
Which first by noble industrie he wan,
His baser issue after should inhance,
And the rude slaue not any good that can,
Such should thrust downe by what is his by chance:
As had not he been first that him did raise,
Nere had his great heire wrought his grandsire's praise.

15.

How weake art thou that makest it thy end
To heape such worldly dignities on thee,
When vpon fortune only they depend,
And by her changes gouerned must bee?
Besides the dangers still that such attend,
Liuel'est of all men purtraied out in mee,
When that, for which I hated was of all,
Soon'st from me fled, scarse tarrying for my fall.

16.

You that but boast your ancestors proud stile,
And the large stem whence your vaine greatnes grew,
When you your selues are ignorant and vile,

Nor glorious thing dare actually pursue,
That all good spirits would vtterly exile,
Doubting their worth should else discouer you,
Giuing your selues vnto ignoble things:
Base I proclaime you though deriu'd from kings.

17.

Vertue, but poore, God in this earth doth place
'Gainst the rude world to stand vp in his right,
To suffer sad affliction and disgrace,
Not ceasing to pursue her with despight:
Yet when of all she is accounted base,
And seeming in most miserable plight,
Out of her power new life to her doth take,
Least then dismai'd when all do her forsake.

18.

That is the man of an vndaunted spirit,
For her deare sake that offereth him to dye,
For whom, when him the world doth disinherit,
Looketh vpon it with a pleased eye,
What's done for vertue thinking it doth merit,
Daring the proudest menaces defie,
More worth then life, how ere the base world rate him,
Belou'd of heauen, although the earth doth hate him.

19.

Iniurious time, vnto the good vniust,
O, how may weake posteritie suppose
Euer to haue their merit from the dust,
'Gainst them thy partialitie that knowes!
To thy report, O, who shall euer trust,
Triumphant arches building vnto those
Allow'd the longest memorie to haue,
That were the most vnworthie of a graue?

20.

But my cleere mettle had that powerfull heat,
As it not turn'd with all that fortune could:
Nor when the world me terriblest did threat,
Could that place win[1] which my hie thoughts did hold,
That waxed still more prosperously great,
The more the world me stroue to haue control'd,
On my owne columnes constantly to stand,
Without the false helpe of another's hand.

21.

My youthfull course thus wisely did I steere,
T'auoid those rockes my wracke that else did thret:
Yet some faire hopes from farre did still appeere,
If that too much my wants me did not let:
Wherefore my selfe aboue my selfe to beare,
Still as I grew, I knowledge stroue to get,
To perfect that which in the embryon was,
Whose birth, I found, time well might bring to passe.

22.

But when my meanes to faile me I did finde,
My selfe to trauell presently betooke,[2]
As much distastfull[3] to my noble minde,
That the vile world into my wants should looke,
And of my selfe industriously[4] inclinde,
To measure other's actions with my booke,
I might my iudgement rectifie[5] thereby,
In matters that were difficult and hie.

23.

When, loe, it hapt that fortune, as my guide,
Of me did with such prouidence dispose,
That th'English merchants then, who did reside

[1] Win that place. 1637.
[2] I tooke. 1637.
[3] For 'twas distastefull. 1637.
[4] Being besides industriously. 1637.
[5] My judgement more to rectifie. 1637.

At Antwerpe, me their secretarie chose,
(As though in me to manifest her pride)
Whence to those principalities I rose,
To pluck me downe, whence afterward she fear'd
Beyond her power that almost she had rear'd.

24.

When first the wealthie Netherlands me traind
In wise commerce, most proper to the place,
And from my countrie carefully me wain'd,
That with the world did chiefly winne[1] me grace,
Where great experience happily I gaind:
Yet here I seem'd but tutor'd for a space,
For hie imploiment otherwise ordaind,
Till which the time I idely entertaind.

25.

For hauing Boston businesse in[2] hand,
The charge thereof on *Chambers* being laid,
Coming to Flanders, hapt to vnderstand
Of me, whom he requested him to aid:
Of which, when I the benefit had scand,
Weighing what time at Antwerpe I had staid,
Quickly me wonne[3] faire Italy to trie,
Vnder a cheerefull and more luckie skie:

26.

For what the meanest cleerely makes to shine,
Youth, wit, and courage, all in me concurre
In euery proiect, that so powerfull trine
By whose kind working brauely I did sturre,
Which to each hie and glorious designe

[1] World it meant to win. 1637.
[2] For Boston businesse hotly then in. 1637.
[3] Soon it me won. 1637.

(The time could offer) freely did me spurre,
As forcing fate some new thing to prepare
(Shewing successe) t'attempt that could me dare.

27.

Where now my spirit got roomth it selfe to show,
To the fair'st pitch doth make a gallant flight,
From things that too much earthly were and low,
Strongly attracted by a genuine light,
Where higher still it euery day did grow:
And being in so excellent a plight,
Crau'd but occasion happily to proue
How much it sate each vulgar spirit aboue.

28.

The good successe th'affaires of England found,
Much prais'd the choice of me that had been made:
For where most men the depth durst hardly sound,
I held it nothing boldly through to wade
My selfe, and through the strait'st waies I woond:
So could I act, so well I could perswade,
As meerely iouiall, me to mirth applie,[1]
Compos'd of freedome and alacritie.

29.

Not long it was ere Rome of me did ring
(Hardly shall Rome so full daies see again)
Of freemen's catches to the pope I sing,
Which wan much licence to my countrimen,
Thither the which I was the first did bring,
That were vnknowne to Italy till then:
Light humours, them when iudgement doth direct,
Euen of the wise win plausible respect.

[1] Jovial in my selfe was I. 1637.

30.

And those, from whom that pensions were allow'd,
And heere[1] did for intelligence remaine,
Vnder my power themselues were glad to shroud,
Russell and *Pace*, yea, oftentimes were faine,
When as their names they durst not haue auow'd,
Me into their societie t'retaine,
Rising before me, mightie as they were,
Great though at home, yet did they need me there.

31.

In forraine parts nere friends I yet forsake,
That had before been deeply bound to mee,
And would againe I vse of them should make,
But still my starres command I should be free,
And all those offers lightly from me shake,
Which to requite, I fettred else might bee,
And though that oft great perils me oppungne,
And meanes were weak, my mind was euer strong.

32.

And[2] those great wants fate to my youth did tie
Me from delights[3] of those rich countries driue,
Thereby inforc'd with painfull industrie
Against affliction manfully to striue,
Vnder her burthen faintly not to lie,
But since my good I hardly must deriue,
Vnto the same to make my selfe a way[4]
Through all the power against me she could lay.

33.

As a comedian where my[5] life I led,
For so a while my need did me constraine,
With other my poore countrimen (that plai'd)

[1] And there. 1637. [2] Yet. 1637. [3] From the pomp. 1637.
[4] Into the same I thought to make my way. 1637. [5] And my. 1637.

Thither that came in hope of better gaine,
Whereas when fortune seem'd me low to tread
Vnder her feet, she set me vp againe,
Vntill the[1] vse me bad her not to feare
Her good and ill that patiently could beare.

34.

Till *Charles* the fift th'emperiall power did bend
'Gainst Rome, which *Burbon* skilfully did guide,
Which sore declining[2] Italy did rend:
For th'right that him her holinesse denide,
Wholly her selfe enforced to defend
Gainst him that iustly punished her pride,
To which my selfe I lastly did betake,
Seeing[3] thereof what fortune ment to make.

35.

And at the siege with that great generall seru'd,
When he did[4] girt her stubborne waste with steele,
Within her walles who well neer being staru'd,
And that with faintnes she began to reele,
Shewing her selfe a little as she swaru'd:
First her then noting I began to feele,
She whose great power so far abroad did rome,
What in her selfe she truly was at home.

36.

That the great schoole of the false world was then,
Where her's their subtill practises did vie,
Amongst that mightie confluence of men,
French plots propt vp by English policie,
The German powers, false shuffling, and agen

[1] Her. 1637. [2] Fast declining. 1637. [3] To see. 1637.
[4] He first. 1637.

All countermin'd by skilfull Italy,
Each one in possibility to win,
Great rests were vp and mightie hands were in.

37.

Here first to worke my busie braine was set,
(My inclination finding it to please
This stirring world which strongly still did whet)
To temper in so dangerous assaies,
Which did strange formes of policies beget:
Besides in times so turbulent as these,
Wherein my studies hopefully did[1] bend
Vnto that point the wisest[2] made their end.

38.

And my experience happily me taught
Into the secrets of those times to see,
From whence to England afterward I brought
Those slights of state deliu'red vnto[3] me,
In t'which were then but very[4] few that sought,
Nor did with th'umour of that age agree,
After did great and fearfull[5] things effect,
Whose secret working few did then suspect.

39.

When though t'were long it hapned yet at last
Some hopes me homeward secretly allur'd,
When many perils strangely I had past,
As many sad calamities endur'd
Beyond the moone, when I began to cast
By my rare parts what place might be procur'd,

[1] Studies wholly I did. 1637. [2] To that which then the wisest. 1637.
[3] Thereto. 1637. [4] There then were very. 1637.
[5] Which after did most fearfull. 1637.

If they at home were to the mightie knowne,
How they would seeme compared with their owne.

40.

Or if that there the great should me neglect,
As I the worst that vainely did not feare,
To my experience how to gaine respect
In other countries that doe hold it deare,
And now occasion seemed to reiect,[1]
Whil'st still before me other rising were,
And some themselues had mounted to the skie,
Little before vnlike to thriue as I.

41.

When now in England bigamie with blood
Lately begot by luxurie and pride,
In their great'st fulnes peremptorie stood:
Some thereunto that diligently pri'd,[2]
Stillie[3] were fishing in that troubled flood
For future changes wisely to prouide,
Finding the world so rankly then to swell,
That till it brake it neuer could be well.

42.

But floting long vpon my first arriue,
Whil'st many doubts me seemed to appall,
Like to a barke that with the tide doth driue,
Hauing not[4] left to fasten it withall,
Thus with the time by suffring I doe striue
Vnto[5] that harbor doubtfull yet to fall:
Vntill inforc'd to put it to the chance,
Casting the fair'st my fortune to aduance.

[1] I no occasion vainly did reject. 1637.
[2] Some that those courses diligently ey'd. 1637.
[3] Slily. 1637. [4] Nought. 1637. [5] Into. 1637.

43.

Making my selfe to mightie *Wolsey* knowne,
That Atlas, which the gouernement vpstai'd,
Which[1] from meane place in little time was growne
Vp vnto him, that[2] weight vpon him lai'd,
And being got the neerest to his throne,
He the more easly the[3] great kingdome swai'd,
Leaning thereon his wearied selfe to breath,
Whil'st euen the greatest farre sat him[4] beneath.

44.

Where learned *More* and *Gardiner* I met,
Men in those times immatchable for wit,
Able that were the dullest spirit to whet,
And did my humour excellently fit,
Into their ranke that worthily did get
There as their proud competitor to sit,
One excellence to many is the mother,
Wit doth,[5] as creatures, one beget another.

45.

This founder of the palaces of kings,
Whose veines with more then vsuall spirit were fild,
A man ordained to the mighti'st things,
In Oxford then determining to build
To Christ a colledge, and together brings,
All that thereof the great foundation wills,
There me imploies, whose industrie he found
Worthie to worke vpon the noblest ground.

46.

Yet in the entrance wisely that did feare
Coyne might fall short, yet with this worke on fire,
Wherefore such houses as religious were

[1] Who. 1637. [2] Up to him which that. 1637. [3] This. 1037.
[4] Sat him far. 1637. [5] Wits doe. 1637.

Whose being no necessitie require,
But that the greater very well might beare,
From Rome the Card'nall cunningly did hire,
Winning withall his soueraigne to consent,
Both colouring with so holy an intent.

47.

This like a symptome to a long disease
Was the forerunner to this mightie fall,
And but too vnaduisedly did sease
Vpon the part that ruinated all,
Which, had the worke been of so many daies,
And more againe, recouer hardly shall:
But loe, it sunke, which time did long vphold,
Where now it lies euen leueld with the mould.

48.

Thus thou, great Rome, here first wast ouerthrowne
Thy future harmes that blindly couldst not se,
And in this worke they only were thine owne,
Whose knowledge lent that deadly wound to thee,
Which to the world before had they not showne,
Nere had those secrets been descri'd by mee,
Nor by thy wealth so many from the plow
Worne those hie types wherein they florish now.

49.

After when as the cardinall againe
Into hie fauour[1] with the king mee brought,
With[2] whom my selfe so well I did demeane,
As that I seem'd to exercise his thought,
And his great liking strongly did retaine
With what before my master me had[3] taught,

[1] For which my master Wolsey might and maine,
Into such favour. 1637.
[2] Tow'rds. 1637. [3] Before that Carc'nall had me. 1637.

From whose example, by those cels were small,
Sprang the subuersion lastly of them all.

50.

Yet many a let was cast into the way,
Wherein I ran so steddily and right,
And many a snare my aduersaries lay,
Much wrought they with their power, much with their slight,
Wisely perceiuing that my smallest stay
Fully requir'd the vtmost of their might,
To my ascendant hasting me[1] to clime,
There as the first predomining the time.

51.

Knowing what wealth me earnestly did wooe,
Which I through *Wolsey* hapned had to finde,
And could the path most perfectly vntoo,
The king thereafter earnestly inclin'd,
Seeing besides what after I might doe
If so great power mee fully were assign'd,
By all their meanes against me strongly wrought,
Lab'ring as fast to bring their church to nought.

52.

Whil'st to the king continually I sue,
And in this businesse faithfully did stirre
Strongly t'approue[2] my iudgement to be true
Gainst those who most supposed me to erre,
Nor the least meanes which any way I knew
Might grace me, or my purposes preferre
Did I omit, till wonne I had[3] his eare,
Most that me mark'd, when least he seem'd to heare.

[1] Hasting then. 1637.
[2] To prove. 1637.
[3] I had won. 1637.

53.

This wound to them thus violently giuen,
Enuie at me her sharpest darts doth[1] roue,
Affecting the supremacie of heauen,
As the first giants warring against Ioue,
Heap'd hils on hils, the gods till they had driuen
The meanest shapes of earthly things to proue:
So must I shift from them against me rose,
Mortall their hate, as mightie were my foes.

54.

But their great force against me wholly bent
Preuail'd vpon my purposes so farre,
That I my ruine scarsely could preuent,
So momentarie worldly fauours are,
That till the vtmost of their spight was spent,
Had not my spirit maintain'd a manly warre,
Risen they had when laid I had been low,[2]
Vpon whose ruine after I did grow.

55.

When the great king their strange reports that tooke
That as[3] pernitious as they potent were,
Which[4] at the faire growth of my fortune strooke,
Whose deadly malice blame me not to feare,
Me at the first so violently shooke,
That they this frame were likely downe to beare,
If resolution with a setled brow
Had not vpheld my peremptorie vow.

56.

Yet these encounters thrust me not awry,
Nor could my courses force me to forsake,
After this shipwrack I againe must trie,

[1] Did. 1637.
[2] When I had laine full low. 1637.
[3] Who as. 1637.
[4] And an. 1637.

Some happier voiage hopefull still to make,
The plots that barren long we see did lie,
Some fitting season plentifully take,
One fruitfull haruest frankly doth restore
What many winters hindred had before.

57.

That to account I strictly call my wit
How it this while had managed my state,
My soule in counsell summoning to sit,
If possible to turne the course of fate,
For waies there be the greatest things to hit,
If men could find the peremptorie gate,
And since I once was got so neere the brinke
More then before, 'twould grieue me now to sinke.

58.

Bedford,[1] whose life (some said) that I had sau'd
In Italy, one me that[2] sauoured most,
And reuerend *Hayles*, who but occasion crau'd
To shew his loue, no lesse that I had cost,
Who to the king perceiuing me disgrac'd,
Whose fauour I vnluckily had lost,
Both with him great, a foot set in withall
If not to stay, to qualifie my fall.

59.

High their regard, yet higher was their hap,
Well neere quite sunke, recouer me that could,
And once more get me into fortune's lap,
Which well my selfe might teach me there to hold,
Escap'd out of so dangerous a trap,
Whose praise by me to ages shall be told,

[1] Russel. 1637. [2] One that me. 1637

As the two props by which I only rose,
When most supprest, most trod on by my foes.

60.

This me to vrge the premunire wonne,
Ordain'd in matters dangerous and hie,
In t'which the heedlesse prelacie were runne,
That backe vnto the papacie did flie,
Sworne to that sea, and what before was done
Due to the king, dispensed were thereby,
In t'which first entring offred me the meane
That to throw downe, alreadie that did leane.

61.

This was to me that ouerflowing sourse,
From whence his bounties plentifully spring,
Whose speedie current with vnusuall force
Bare me into the bosome of the king,
By putting him into that readie course
Which soone to passe his purposes might bring,
Where those which late emperiously control'd me
Pale strooke[1] with feare stood trembling to behold me.

62.

When state to me those ceremonies show'd
That to so great a fauorite were due,
And fortune still with honors did me load,
As though no meane she in my rising knew,
Or heauen to me more then to man had ow'd,
(What to the world vnheard of was and new)
And was to other sparing of her store
Till she could giue, or aske I could[2] no more.

[1] Strook pale. 1637. [2] Or I could aske 1637.

63.

Those high preferments he vpon me laid,
Might make the world me publikely to know
Such as in[1] iudgement rightly being wai'd,
Seemed too great for me to vndergo,
Nor could his hand from powring on be stai'd,
Vntill I so abundantly did flow,
That looking downe whence lately I was cloame,
Danger bid[2] feare, if further I should roame.

64.

For first from knighthood rising in degree,
The office of the iewell house my lot,
After the Roles he frankely gaue to mee,
From whence a priuie counseller I got,
Chose of[3] the garter: and the[4] earle to bee
Of Essex: yet sufficient these not[5]
But to the great vicegerencie I grew,
Being a title as supreame as new.

65.

So well did me these dignities befit,
And honor so me euery way became,
As more then man I had been made for it,
Or as from me it had deriu'd the name:
Where was that man[6] whose loue I not requit
Beyond his owne imaginarie aime,
Which had me succour'd, neerely being driuen,
As things to me that idlely were not giuen?

[1] Were such in. 1637. [2] Bad. 1637. [3] Then of. 1637.
[4] And then. 1637. [5] There were not. 1637.
[6] Was he found. 1637.

66.

What tongue so slow the tale shall not report
Of hospitable *Friscobald* and mee,
And shew in how reciprocall a sort
My thankes did with his courtesie agree,
When as my meanes in Italy were short
That me relieu'd, lesse great that[1] would not bee,
When I of England chancellor was made,[2]
His former bounties librally repai'd?

67.

The maner briefly gentler muse relate,
Since oft before it wisely hath been told,
The sudden change of vnauoided fate,
That famous merchant, reuerend *Friscobald*,
Grew poore, and the small remnant of his state
Was certaine goods to England he had sold,
Which in the hands of creditors, but bad,
Small hope to get, yet lesser meanes he had.

68.

Hither his wants him forciblie constrain'd,
Though with long trauell both by land and seas,
Led by this hope, that only now remain'd,
Whereon his fortune finally he laies,
And if he found that friendship heere were fain'd,
Yet at the worst it better should him please,
Farre out of sight, to perish heere vnknowne,
Then vnrelieu'd be pitied of his owne.

69.

It chanc'd as I toward Westmister did ride,
'Mongst the great concourse passing to and fro,
An aged man I happily espide,

[1] I lesse that. 1637. [2] Was vicegerent made. 1637.

Whose outward looks much inward griefe did show,
Which made me note him, and the more I ey'd
Him, me thought more precisely I should know,
Reuoluing long, it came into my mind,
This was the man to me had been so kind:

70.

Was therewithall so ioyed with his sight,
(With the deare sight of his so reuerend face)
That I could scarcely keepe me from t'alight,
And in mine armes him openly embrace:[1]
Weighing yet (well) what some imagine might,
He being a stranger, and the publike place
Checkt my affection, till some fitter hower
On him my loue effectually might shower.

71.

"Neuer," quoth I, "was fortune so vniust
As to do wrong vnto thy noble[2] hart,
What man so wicked could betray the trust
Of one so vpright, of so good desart?
And though obey necessitie thou must,
As when the great'st[3] the same to me thou art,
Let me alone the last be left of all,
That from the rest declin'd not with thy fall."

72.

And calling to a gentleman of mine,
Wise and discreet that well I knew to bee,
Shew'd him that stranger, whose deiected eyne
Fixt on the earth, nere once lookt vp at mee,
"Bid yonder man come home to me and dine"

[1] Him kindly to embrace. 1637.
[2] Wrong to thy most noble. 1637.
[3] When th'wast great'st. 1637.

Quoth I, " bespeake him reuerently, you see,
Scorne not his habit, little canst thou tell
How rich a mind in those meane rags doth dwell."

73.

He with my name that kindly did him greete,
Slowly cast vp his deadly-mouing eye,
That long time had been fixed on his feete,
To looke no higher then his miserie,
Thinking him more calamitie did greete,
Or that I had supposed him some spye,
With a deepe sigh that from his heart he drew,
Quoth he: " His will accomplisht be by you."

74.

My man departed, and the message done,
He whose sad heart with strange impressions strooke,
To thinke vpon this accident begun,
And on himselfe suspitiously to looke,
Into all doubts he fearefully doth run,
Oft himselfe cheering, oft himselfe forsooke:
Strangely perplext vnto[1] my house doth come,
Not knowing why indg'd, nor dreading yet his doome.

75.

My seruants set his comming to attend,
That were therein not common for their skill,
Whose vsage yet the former did amend:
He hop'd not good, nor guiltie was of ill,
But as a man whose thoughts were at an end:
" Fortune," quoth he, " then worke on me thy will,
Wiser then man, I thinke, he were that knew
Whence this may come, or what thereof ensue."

[1] He to. 1637.

.76.

His honored presence so did me enflame,
That though[1] being then in presence of my peeres,
Daine not the lesse to[2] meet him as he came,
(That very hardly could containe my teares)
Kindly salute him, call him by his name,
And oft together aske him how he cheares,
With still along maintaining the extreame:
Yet thought the man he[3] had been in a dreame.

77.

At length t'awake[4] him gently I began
With this demaund, if once he did not know
One *Thomas Cromwell*, a poore English man
By him relieu'd, when he was driuen low:
When I perceiu'd he my remembrance wan,
Yet with his teares it silently did show:
I wept for woe, to see mine host distrest,
But he for ioy to see his happie guest.

78.

Him to the lords I publisht by my praise,
And at my table carefully him set,
Recounting them the many sundrie waies
I was vnto this gentleman[5] in debt,
How great he was in Florence in those daies,
With all that grace or reuerence him might get:
Which allthe while yet silently he heares,
Moisting among his viands with his teares.

[1] Though, omitted. 1637. [2] Disdaigned not to. 1637.
[3] The man thought sure he. 1637. [4] To wake. 1637.
[5] I was to this good gentleman. 1637.

79.

And to lend fulnesse lastly to his fate,
Great summes I gaue him, and what was his due
Made knowne, my selfe became his aduocate,
And at my charge his creditors I sue,
Recouering him vnto his former state:
Thus he the world began by me anew,
That shall to all posteritie expresse
His honored bountie, and my thankfulnesse.

80.

But muse recount, before thou further passe,
How this great change so quickly came about,
And what the cause of this sad downefall was,
In euery part the spatious realme throughout,
Being effected in so little space,
Leaue not thereof posteritie to doubt,
That with[1] the world obscured else may bee,
If in this place reuealed not by thee.

81.

If the whole land did on the church relie,
Hauing full power kings to account to call,
That to the world read only policie,
Besides heauen's keyes to stop or let in all,
Let me but know from her supremacie
How she should come so suddenly to fall:
'Twas more then chance sure put a hand thereto,
That had the power so great a thing to do.

82.

Or ought there were had biding vnder sunne,
Who would haue thought those edifices great,
Which first religion holily begunne,

[1] To. 1637.

The church approu'd, and wisdome richly seate,
Deuotion nourish'd, faith allowance wonne,
And all that them might any[1] way compleate,
Should in their ruines lastly buried lie,
But that begun and ended from the skie?

83.

And the king late obedient to her lawes,
Against the clerke of Germany had writ,
As he that first stirr'd in the churche's cause,
Against him greatliest that oppugned it,
And wan from her so gratefull an applause,
Then in her fauour chiefly that did sit,
That as the prop, whereon she only stai'th,
Him she instil'd *Defender of the faith.*

84.

But not their power, whose wisdomes them did place
In the first ranke, the oracles of state,
Who that opinion strongly did embrace,
Which through the land receiued was of late,
Then ought at all preuailed in this case,
O powerfull doome of vnaouided fate,
Whose depth not weake mortalitie can know,
Who can vphold what heauen will ouerthrow?

85.

When time now vniuersally did show
The power to her peculiarly annex'd,
With most abundance then when she did flow,
Yet euery hower still prosp'rously she wex'd,
But the world poore did by loose riots grow,
Which serued as an excellent pretext,

[1] With what might make them any. 1637.

And colour gaue to plucke her from her pride,
Whose only greatnesse suffred none beside.

86.

Likewise to that posteritie did doubt,
Those at the first not rightly did[1] adore,
Their fathers that too credulous deuout
Vnto the church[2] contributed their store,
And to recouer only went about
What their great zeale had lauished before,
On her a strong hand violently lai'd,
Preying on that they gaue for to be prai'd.

87.

And now the[3] king set in a course so right,
Which I for him laboriously had tract,
(Who, till I learn'd him, did not know[4] his might)
I still to prompt his power with me to act,
Into those secrets got so deepe a sight,
That nothing lastly to his furtherance lackt,
And by example plainly to him showne,
How all might now be easly ouerthrowne.[5]

88.

In taking downe yet of this goodly frame
He suddenly not brake off euery band,
But tooke the power first from the papall name,
After, a while let the religion stand,
When limbe by limbe he daily did it lame,
First tooke a leg, and after tooke a hand,
Till the poore semblance of a bodie left,
But all should stay it, vtterly bereft.

[1] To. 1637. [2] Had to the church. 1637. [3] Besides the. 1637.
[4] Had not knowne. 1637.
[5] Example it to him was showne,
How Rome might here be eas'ly ouerthrowne. 1637.

89.

For if some abbey hapned void to fall
By death of him that the superiour was,
Gaine, that did first church libertie enthrall,
Only supreame, promoted to the place,
'Mongst many bad, the worst most times of all,
Vnder the colour of some other's grace,
That by the slander, from his life should[1] spring,
Into contempt it more and more might bring.

90.

This time from heauen when by the secret course,
Dissension vniuersally began,
(Preuailing as a planetarie sourse)
I'th'church belieuing, as Mahumitan,
When *Luther* first did those[2] opinions nurse,
Much from great Rome in little space that wan,
It to this change so aptly did dispose,
From whose sad ruine ours so great arose.

91.

That heere that fabrique vtterly did faile,
Which powerfull fate had limited to time,
By whose strong law it naturally must quaile,
From that proud height to which it long did clime,
Letting 'gainst it the contrarie preuaile,
Therein to punish some notorious crime,
For which at length iust dooming heauen decreed,
That on her buildings ruine heere should feed.

92.

Th'authoritie vpon her she did take,
And vse thereof in euery little thing,
Finding her selfe how oft she did forsake,

[1] Slander which from him should. 1637. [2] These. 1637.

In her owne bounds her neuer limiting,[1]
That awfull feare and due obedience brake
Which her reputed holinesse did bring,
From slight regard soone brought her into hate
With those that much disliked her[2] estate.

93.

And that those[3] parts she cunningly had plai'd,
Beliefe vnto her[4] miracles to win,
Vnto the world[5] were euery day bewrai'd,
From which the doubt did of her power begin,
Damnation yet to question what she said,
Made most suspect the faith they had been in,
When their saluation easly might be bought,
Found not this yet the way that they had sought.

94.

When those ill humours ripened to a head,
Bred by the ranknesse of the plentious land,
And they not only strangely from her fled,
Bound for her ancient libertie to stand,
But what their fathers gaue her being dead,
The sonnes rap'd from her with a violent hand,
And those her buildings most of all abus'd,
That with the waight their father's coffins bruis'd.

95.

The wisest and most pronident but build,
For time againe too wastfully destroy,[6]
The costly piles and monuments we guild,
Succeeding time shall reckon but a toy,
Vicissitude impartially wil'd,

[1] Herselfe not limiting. 1637.
[2] Dislik'd of her. 1637.
[3] Seeing those. 1637.
[4] To her great. 1637.
[5] To the wise world. 1637.
[6] Againe but onely to destroy. 1637.

The goodliest things be subiect to annoy,
And what one age did studiously maintaine,
The next againe accounteth vile and vaine.

96.

Yet time doth tell, in some things they did erre,
That put their helpe her brauery to deface,
When as the wealth, that taken was from her,
Others soone raised, that did them displace,
Their titles and their offices conferre
On such before, as were obscure and base,
Who would with her they likewise downe should go,
And o'rthrew them that her did ouerthrow.

97.

And th'Romish rites, that with a cleerer sight
The wisest thought they iustly did reiect,
They after saw that the receiued light,
Not altogether free was from defect,
Mysterious things being not conceiued right,
Thereof bred in the ignorant neglect,
For in opinion something short doth fall,
Wants there haue been, and shall be still in all.

98.

But negligent securitie and ease
Vnbridled sensualitie begat,
That only sought his appetite to please,
As in the midst it of abundance[1] sat,
The church not willing others should her praise
That she was leane, when as her lands were fat,
Her selfe to too much libertie did giue,
Which some perceiu'd that in those times did liue.

[1] As it in midst of much abundance. 1637.

99.

Pierce the wise plowman, in his vision saw
Conscience sore hurt, yet sorer was affraid
The seuen great sins to hell him like to draw,
Aud to wise clergie mainly cri'd for aid:
Faine ere he wist, whom perill much did awe,
On vncleane priests whil'st faintly he him staid,
Willing good clergie t'ease his wretched case,
Whom these strong giants hotly had in chase.

100.

Clergie call'd friers, which neere at hand did dwell,
And them requests to take in hand the cure,
But for their leechcraft that they could not well,
He listed not their dressing to endure,
When in his eare need softly him did tell
(And of his knowledge more did him assure)
They came for gain, their end which they did make,
For which on them the charge of soules they take.

101.

And voluntarie pouertie profest,
By food of angels seeming as to liue:
But yet with them th'accounted were the best
That most to their fraternitie doe giue,
And beyond number that they were increas'd:
"If so," quoth Conscience, "thee may I beleeue,
Then t'is in vaine more on them to bestow,
If beyond number like they be to grow."

102.

The frier soone feeling Conscience had him found,
And hearing how hypocrisie did thriue,
That many teachers euery where did wound,
For which Contriton miserably did grieue:

Now in deceit to shew himselfe profound,
His former hopes yet lastly so reuiue
Gets the pope's letters, whereof he doth shape
Him a disguise from conscience to escape.

103.

And so towards goodly vnitie he goes,
A strong-built castle standing very hie,
Where Conscience liu'd to keepe him from his foes,
Whom, lest some watchfull centinell should spie,
And him vnto the[1] garrison disclose,
His cowle about him carefully doth tie,
Creepes to the gate, and closely thereat beate,
As one that entrance gladly would intreate.

104.

Peace, the good porter, readie still at hand,
It doth vnpin, and praies him God to saue,
And after saluing, kindly, doth demand
What was his will, or who he there would haue?
The frier low lowting, crossing with his hand,
" T'speak with Contrition (quoth he) I would craue."
" Father (quoth peace) your comming is in vaine,
For him of late hypocrisie hath slaine."

105.

" God shield:" (quoth he) and turning vp the eyes,
" To former health I hope him to restore,
For in my skill his sound recouerie lies,
Doubt not thereof if setting God before:"
" Are you a surgeon?" Peace againe replies:

[1] Him should to the. 1637.

" Yea (quoth the frier) and sent to heale his sore:"
" Come neere (quoth Peace) and God your comming speed,
Neuer of help contrition hath more need."

106.

And for more haste he haleth in the frier,
And his lord conscience quickly of him told,
Who entertain'd him with right friendly cheere:
" O sir (quoth he) intreate you that I could
To lend your hand vnto my cosin deare[1]
Contrition, whom a sore disease doth hold,
That wounded by hypocrisie of late,
Now lieth in most desperate estate."

107.

" Sir (quoth the frier) I hope him soone to cure,
Which to your comfort quickly you shall see,
Will he a while my dressing but endure?"
And to Contrition therewith commeth hee,
And by faire speech himselfe of him assure,
But first of all going thorough for his fee:
Which done, quoth he: " If outwardly you show
Sound, 'tnot auailes if inwardly or no."

108.

But secretly assoiling of his sin,
No other med'cine will vnto him lay,
Saying, that heauen his siluer him should win,
And to giue friers was better then to pray,
So he were shrieu'd what need he care a pin?
Thus with his patient he so long did play,

[1] Hand to my deare cousin here. 1637.

Vntill Contrition had forgot to weepe:
This the wise plowman shew'd me from his sleepe.

109.

He saw their faults, that loosly liued then,
Others againe our weaknesses shall see:
For this is sure, he bideth not with men
That shall know all to be what they should bee:
Yet let the faithfull and industrious pen
Haue the due merit: but returne to mee,
Whose fall this while blind fortune did deuise,
To be as strange as strangely I did rise.

110.

Those secret foes yet subt'ly to deceiue,
That me maligning lifted at my state,
The king to marry forward still I heaue,
(His former wife being repudiate)
To *Anne*, the sister of the duke of *Cleaue*,
The German princes to confederate,
To backe me still 'gainst those against me lay,
Which as their owne retain'd me here in pay.

111.

Which my destruction principally wrought,
When afterward, abandoning her bed,
Which to his will to passe could not be brought,
So long as yet I beare about my head,
The only man her safetie that had sought,
Of her againe and only fauoured,
Which was the cause he hasted to my end,
Vpon whose fall her's likewise did depend.

112.

For in his high distemp'rature of blood
Who was so great, whose life he did regard?
Or what was it that his desires withstood
He not inuested, were it nere so hard?
Nor held he me so absolutely good,
That though I crost him, yet I should be[1] spar'd,
But with those things I lastly was to go,
Which he to ground did violently throw.

113.

When *Winchester*, with all those enemies,
Whom my much power from audience had debarr'd,
The longer time their mischiefes to deuise,
Feeling with me how lastly now it far'd,
When I had done the king that[2] did suffice,
Lastly, thrust in against me to be heard,
When all[3] was ill contrarily turn'd good,
Making amaine to th'shedding of my blood.

114.

And that the king his action doth deny,
And on my guilt doth altogether lay,
Hauing his riot satisfied thereby,
Seemes not to know how I therein did sway,
What late was truth conuerted heresie:[4]
When he in me had purchased his pray,
Himselfe to cleere and satisfie the sin,
Leaues me but late his instrument therein.

[1] Crost him, I could not be. 1637.
[2] What. 1637.
[3] When what. 1637.
[4] Truth, now turn'd to heresie. 1637.

115.

Those lawes I made, my selfe alone to please,
To giue me power more freely to my will,
Euen to my equals hurtfull sundrie waies,
(Forced to things that most do say were ill)
Vpon me now as violently ceaze,
By which I lastly perisht by my skill,
On mine owne necke returning (as my due)
That heauie yoke wherein by me they drew.

116.

My greatnesse threatned by ill-boding eyes,
My actions strangely censured of all,
Yet in my way my giddines not sees
The pit, wherein I likely was to fall:
O were the sweets of man's felicities
Often amongst not temp'red with some gall,
He would forget by his ore weening skill,
Iust heauen aboue doth censure good and ill.

117.

Things ouer rancke do neuer kindly beare,
As in the corne, the fluxure when we see
Fills but the straw, when it should feed the eare,
Rotting that time in ripening it should bee,
And being once downe it selfe can neuer reare:
With vs well doth this similie agree,
(By the wise man) due to the great in all,
By their owne weight being broken in their fall.

118.

Selfe-louing man what sooner doth abuse,
And more then his prosperitie doth wound?
Into the deepe but fall how can he chuse

That ouer-strides whereon his foot to ground?
Who sparingly prosperitie doth vse,
And to himselfe doth after-ill propound,
  Vnto his height who happily doth clime,
  Sits aboue fortune, and controlleth time.

119.

Not chusing that vs most delight doth bring,
And most that by the generall breath is freed,
Wooing that suffrage, but the vertuous thing,
Which in it selfe is excellent indeed,
Of which the depth and perfect managing
Amongst the most, but few there be that heed,
  Affecting that agreeing with their blood,
  Seldome enduring, neuer yet was good.[1]

120.

But whil'st we striue too suddenly to rise
By flattring princes with a seruill tong,
And being soothers to their tyrannies,
Worke out more[2] woes by what doth many wrong,
And vnto others tending iniuries,
Vnto our selues it hapneth oft among,
  In our own snares vnluckily are caught,
  Whil'st our attempts fall instantly to naught.

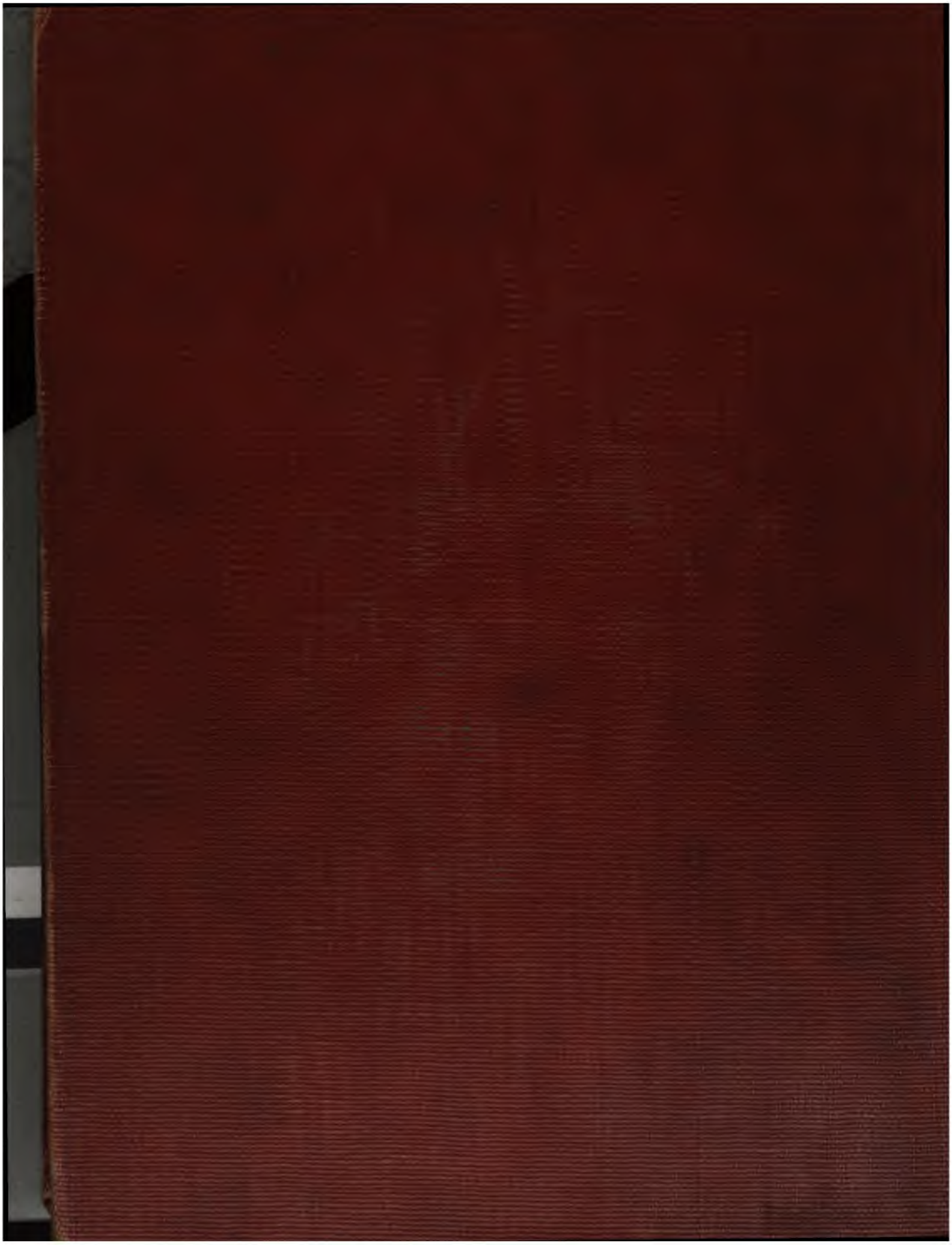
121.

The counsell chamber place of my arrest,
Where chiefe I was, when greatest was the store,
And had my speeches noted of the best,
That did them as hie oracles adore:

[1] Enduring and as seldome good. 1637.
[2] Much. 1637.

A parliament was lastly my enquest,
That was my selfe a parliament before,
The Tower-hill scaffold last I did ascend:"
Thus the great'st man of England made his end.

Michael Drayton.

FINIS.

END OF PART III.